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The Caledonian

NEW YORK
SEPT. 1918

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE, FOUNDED 1901

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FREDERICK LYNCH,
Editor *Christian Worker*

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A BOOK OF ACHIEVEMENT

HERE you have the life-stories told for the first time, of 100 living men who have made their mark in many fields of usefulness: Merchants, Manufacturers, Bankers, Railroad Men, Miners, Inventors, Statesmen, Architects, Engineers, Physicians, Clergymen, Lawyers, Publishers, Contractors, Shipbuilders, Educators, Etc. Most of these men began with nothing, at the foot of the hill, and climbed to the top, through ability, determination and perseverance. Every page is a valuable object lesson to young and old.

Some of the Men in Volume I

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Rev. Hugh Black, D. D.	Richard L. MacLaurin, LL. D., Sc. D.
Thomas J. Blain, <i>Publisher</i>	Andrew McLean, <i>Editor</i>
Hon. William Calder, U. S. Senator	James McLean, <i>Mining</i>
Captain Walter Callender, <i>Merchant</i>	John S. McMaster, <i>Lawyer</i>
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Alex. B. Halliday, <i>Lawyer</i>	Colonel Theodore Roosevelt
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Dr. James Law, <i>Physician</i>	D. G. C. Sinclair, <i>Insurance</i>
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Captain Milo F. McAlpin	Leslie Sutherland, <i>Railway Manager</i>
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Etc., Etc., Etc.

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NOTICE

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE CALEDONIAN IS \$1.25 A YEAR, with postage prepaid to all points in American territory; Canada, 12 cents. For all other countries in the Postal Union, add 25 cents for postage. Single copies, 15 cents. Receipt of subscription is indicated on the wrapper. No other receipt sent except by request.

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D. MacDougall.

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THE CALEDONIAN in November, 1915, began the publication of the HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH CLANS, and each succeeding number will contain the complete history of one of the Clans, with illustrations, portrait of its present Chief and copious notes. Each issue is alone worth a yearly subscription. Clans Macdougall, Scott, Murray, Fraser, MacDonald, MacLeod, Campbell, Graham, Grant, Buchanan (and MacMaster), Kennedy, MacKenzie, Mackintosh, Macpherson, MacArthur, Davidson, Gordon, Stewart, Comyn, Fergus, Drummond, MacDuff, Lamont, MacLaurin, MacNaughton, MacDonell of Glengarry, MacDonald of Clanranald, Macdonald of the Isles, Robertson, Forbes, Menzies, MacLachlan, MacFarlane and Lindsay have appeared.

To Our Subscribers

IT is a good thing to examine the date on the wrapper of your paper now and then. It reveals the exact condition of your subscription account. In case it reads September, 1918, or any date prior to this, your subscription should be renewed at once. This will save postage and unnecessary clerical work. The change of date on the wrapper the following month is the receipt for your subscription, unless otherwise requested. In renewing your own subscription, send us also the address of a friend or neighbor not now receiving the paper.

THE CALEDONIAN

Current Events

Domestic

Eleven editors and publishers of Australian newspapers and six editors of New Zealand papers, passed through the United States in July and August, on their way to England and France, as guests of the British Government on a personally conducted tour to the war zone.

The campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan will begin September 28, and will close October 19. The amount and rate are not definitely announced, but it is understood that the interest will be $4\frac{1}{4}\%$, and the principal not less than \$6,000,000,000.

August 4, the fourth anniversary of Britain's entrance into the war was commemorated in many of the churches throughout the United States. In Great Britain the day was observed as a day of prayer, and throughout the country open air altars were erected, upon which the public laid tributes of flowers in memory of the Nation's dead.

General Pau, hero of the Franco-Prussian War, and who despite his advanced years has seen distinguished service in the present war, arrived in New York, August 4, as a member of a special economic commission to Australia, sent by the French Government at the special request of the Commonwealth.

Special services were held on Sunday, July 28, in Trinity, St. Peter's and other churches in New York, as a God speed to the Australian soldiers, who were about to start for the front.

The Franco-American advance east of Fere-en-Tardenois, on August 7, carried the American troops beyond Chamery, where their comrade, Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt (youngest son of ex-President Roosevelt) fell on June 14, in aerial combat with seven German airplanes. His grave was found at the edge of a wood, marked with a cross bearing the inscription: "Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, Buried by the Germans."

The American Red Cross is supplying complete equipment for 4,361 hospitals in 1,509 places in France. More than 12,614,000 articles have been shipped thither since January, 1915.

The United States is now spending approximately, including loans to the Allies, \$1,500,000,000 a month, while the expenses of Great Britain are in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000,000. The nation's war debt is now a little less than \$12,500,000,000, as compared with Great Britain's \$36,675,000,000.

A committee of British and Americans has been formed with Queen Alexandra as patroness, to provide home comforts for American soldiers at the front. The chief enterprise of the committee will be sending parcels of food and luxuries, which the soldiers cannot obtain at canteens, direct from Britain and other aid similar to that extended to British soldiers. The activities of the committee will include correspondence with the American troops and "adoption" of soldiers.

The American Red Cross hospital at Jouy was deliberately bombarded by German aviators in the night of July 15, while the doctors were engaged in operating. Two enlisted men were killed and nine persons, including Miss Jane Jeffery, an American nurse, were wounded.

It was reported July 22, that Crawford Vaughan, former Premier of South Australia, is to be the representative in America of the Commonwealth of Australia.

A special mission of the Japanese Red Cross headed by Prince Yoshihisa Tokgawa, arrived in Washington, July 16, bearing a message of good will to the people of America, and is making an extensive study of war and philanthropic work in the United States.

Reports from about one-third of the Indian reservations of the United States, indicate a Red Cross membership of nearly 20,000, contributions in money exceeding \$50,000 and further donations of thousands of hospital garments and knitted articles. Many Indians are serving in the American army, where their knowledge of woodcraft and scouting tactics has proven invaluable.

The United States War Risk Insurance Bureau has received 2,954,609 applications and written insurance for \$25,143,118,000, \$3,000,000,000 more insurance than has been written in ordinary life insurance by all the combined legal reserve insurance companies in the country.

American fighting units began to arrive on the Italian front July 27, where they were greeted with enthusiasm by the soldiers and citizens.

The American Red Cross announces another gift of \$150,000 to the Scottish Women's Hospitals, payable in three monthly installments beginning August 1. Appropriations for the Red Cross work in Italy during the next six months total \$12,657,837.50.

Negotiations between American and German delegates concerning the exchange and treatment of prisoners of war began at Berne, Switzerland, August 5.

The people of Lorraine have erected a beautiful granite memorial to the first three Americans killed in France. The monument was designed by the celebrated French artist, Louis Majorelle, and all the neighboring towns and villages from Nancy to the smallest hamlet contributed to the fund.

A shipment of 150 portable houses for use as hospitals in the eighty small American camps in Great Britain, arrived safely July 15. The buildings could not be constructed in Great Britain on account of the shortage of lumber without crippling important war work, so the American Red Cross had them shipped in knock-down form, thus getting them into a far smaller cargo space than would have been required even for the lumber to build them.

How great is the contribution of the people of the United States to the food supply of the Allies in proportion to the small sacrifice involved is shown in the remarkable figures given out by U. S. Food Administrator Herbert Hoover in a letter to President Wilson, July 11. The shipments of meats and fats, including meat products, dairy products and vegetable oils for the fiscal year 1917-1918 was 3,011,100,000 pounds, an increase over 1916-1917 of 844,600,000 pounds. Of cereal products, 340,803,000 bushels were sent, an increase of 80,900,000 bushels. Vast reserves are still held in this country and with the present prospects of bountiful harvests we shall in the coming year be able to help in greater measure.

The Order of Elks, at its golden jubilee convention in Atlantic City, N. J., in July, appropriated \$1,000,000 for war relief work. This is in addition to the two hospitals already presented to the Government.

The Right Rev. Charles Gore, Bishop of Oxford, England, and the Rev. Arthur T. Guttery, of Liverpool, President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, will visit the United States in September and speak throughout the country to clergymen and laymen on the patriotic and moral aims of the war.

The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen has 11,533 men serving with the American army and navy, 2,200 of whom entered the service in the past month. The Brotherhood is carrying paid-up death and total disability insurance for members in the military service, the death policies amounting to more than \$15,000,000.

Colonel, the Earl of Dunmore, V. C., who is in the United States in the interest of the British Government, while recovering from wounds received at the front, delivered an interesting address at a great patriotic meeting on August 1, at the Washington Irving High School, New York.



ADMIRAL SIMS IN LONDON

Admiral Sims

In command of the United States fleet in European waters, now numbering more than 250 ships. Admiral Sims' close and efficient co-operation with the British Navy has won him the high regard of both the officials and the British people.

The Alien Property Custodian had taken over enemy property to the value of \$418,493,581 up to July 5.

Hugh D. MacIntosh, of Sydney, Australia, and J. B. Clarkson, of Christchurch and Dunedin, New Zealand, recent visitors in New York, both reflected the sentiment of their home people for a Dominion of the Pacific Islands to prevent economic influence by Germany in the South Pacific after the war.

Belgian Independence Day, July 12, was celebrated for the first time in America by a great gathering in the Stadium of the College of the City of New York. Major Osterviert, Chief of the Belgian Mission to the United States represented the Belgian Minister and delivered an address and a stirring program of Belgian music included the Belgian national hymn sung by the audience.

Canadian

A severe strike of mail clerks and carriers in Winnipeg and other cities of western Canada, was brought to an end on August 1, when the men voted to accept a proposition by T. W. Crothers, Minister of Labor, which provided for an increase in wages and an investigation by the Civil Service Commission into the conditions of which the men complained.

Recent statistics of the shellfish industry in Canada, excluding the lobster, give the annual value as exceeding \$300,000. Oysters marketed in 1916-1917 were worth \$147,751, and clams and other shellfish, \$249,000. Including the lobster, the shellfish industries bring more than \$5,800,000 yearly.

Sir George Christie Gibbons, K. C., who received his honor of knighthood in 1911 for his services in negotiating the waterways treaty between the United States and Canada, died in Montreal, August 8, in his 71st year. He was chairman of the Canadian section of the International Waterways Commission.

Ten "conscientious objectors," the first to be tried under the amended Military Service Act, were recently sentenced at Hamilton, Ontario, to ten years' imprisonment in the Kingston Penitentiary. The sentences were originally for life, but were commuted by the Ottawa Government.

Canada will contribute approximately 4,000 troops to the expeditionary force the Allied Governments are sending into Siberia.

Lieutenant Bartlett McLennan, of the 42nd Black Watch Canadians, was killed in action in France, August 3. He was in his 50th year, a graduate of Kingston Military Academy and volunteered at the beginning of the war.

The Dominion Railway Board, because of the competitive character of the traffic, authorized an increase in Canadian railway rates, beginning August 1, to conform with the action of the Director General of the United States Railroad Administration in ordering United States carriers to increase transcontinental westbound commodity rates from the Eastern States to Pacific Coast points.

The bulk of the estate of the late John Ross Robertson, proprietor of the Toronto *Evening Telegram*, amounting to more than \$1,000,000, will go to the Hospital For Sick Children.

A new shipbuilding concern, capitalized at \$5,000,000, has been formed and will operate a large shipyard on the St. Lawrence River, opposite Quebec City. The new corporation will take over the affairs of a number of existing concerns of old French interest. The firm will build steel vessels for the French Government. The building of docks and yards began in July.

Prince Arthur of Connaught arrived in Canada, July 26, from Japan. While in Tokio, the Prince presented the baton of a British Field Marshal to the Japanese Emperor.

In 1913 the number of motor cars owned by farmers in Ontario was 996. Last year this number had grown to 23,409. In the Province of Saskatchewan there are 30,000 cars.

The Methodist Church of Canada is planning to raise a fund of \$10,000,000 for missions within the next five years to commemorate the centenary of mission endeavor.

Speakers at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, August 26 to September 3, included Lord Reading, the British Ambassador to the United States; Secretary of War Baker; M. Jusserand, French Ambassador to the United States; Hon. James W. Gerard, Herbert J. Hoover, Samuel Gompers, Brand Whitlock, and many other notable men of the United States and Canada.

The population of the City of Quebec, according to the new directory, is 103,462. The total valuation of the city is placed at \$90,015,857, of which \$70,782,957 is assessable, and \$19,232,857 non-assessable. The city is divided into six wards, the area being 5,660 acres.

The recent campaign in Nova Scotia for the Red Cross brought more than \$40,000 more than its quota of \$250,000. The contributions of Halifax, and Dartmouth, devastated by the great explosion of last December, were particularly noteworthy. Halifax was asked for \$70,000 and gave \$105,000; Dartmouth gave \$8,005, which was \$2,000 more than asked.

The St. John (N. B.) Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Company, which is building a large dry dock and shipbuilding plant at Courtney Bay, has contracted for the largest dry dock in America capable of accommodating the greatest ships of any navy in the world or the largest mercantile vessels now built or contemplated. The length of the new dock will be 1,150 feet, and its width at the bottom 125 feet, with 40 feet of water over the sill. It is expected that steel shipbuilding will form an important part of the enterprise. The work on the new dry dock, it is expected, will be started within sixty days and it will take three years to complete it. The construction and other operations call for an expenditure of \$10,000,000.

Under an arrangement between Canadian Deputy Minister of the Interior W. W. Cory and the United States Employment Service, the great army of American wheat harvesters who were instrumental in saving the banner wheat crop of the Central West, crossed into Canada in July to render similar service to the Canadian farmers, who were confronted with heavy losses in harvesting on account of shortage of labor.

British and Foreign

Castle Menzies and Farleyer House, with some 12,000 acres, including salmon fishing and grouse shooting, are announced for sale.

Princess Mary has begun a regular course of practical nursing work at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond.

British casualties for July were the lowest for some months, the total was 67,291 (as compared with 141,147 in June), divided as follows: Killed or died of wounds—Officers, 521; men, 8,474. Wounded or missing—Officers, 1,537; men, 56,759. Total 67,291.

Earl Reading, British Ambassador and High Commissioner to the United States, arrived safely in England, August 6, where he will spend some time in consultation with his government on war matters. He is expected to return to the United States in the autumn.

Sir John Beale, vice chairman of the Wheat Commission, presided over the conferences of the Allied Food Board, consisting of the Food Controllers of Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States, held in London early in August.

The serious strike of munition workers at Birmingham and Coventry, ended July 29, the men accepting the Government's proposition to resume work pending the sitting of a joint committee to consider the points at issue, the commission to include local representatives of the unions.

In the past year, according to an official report of the Aircraft Board, the British have accounted for 4,102 enemy airplanes, 3,856 on the Western Front and by naval fliers. The losses in the same period were 1,121 aircraft on all fronts.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are in residence at Haddo House, Aberdeen, after a visit in America extending over two years.

A feature of London traffic to-day is the bicycle. After a long period when it has not been much to the front, it has made its reappearance in its thousands, and is employed by men and women of all classes. A number of these cycles have come into action because of the stoppage of motoring; some are used by women who shop not in one suburb, but in many suburbs.

A provisional agreement for the exchange of British and German prisoners of war was reached July 16. It was announced, however, that the terms would have to be examined carefully by the British Government before ratification.

August 4, the fourth anniversary of the declaration of war by Great Britain, was commemorated by special services in St. Margaret's, Westminster, attended by the Royal family, the Cabinet and the members of Parliament, to invoke Divine blessing on the just cause of the Allies.



MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH

Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies on the Western Front. Marshal Foch's mastery of strategy has been demonstrated in two great counter offensives within a month, both of which have resulted disastrously to the German armies. That on the Marne Salient, beginning July 18, in which the Americans participated in force, and the British and French drive north and south of the Somme, beginning August 9, which still continues. These two offensives have reclaimed important territory, and strategical positions, restored many towns, and placed the Germans on the defensive. The prisoners to August 16, numbered 70,000 and more than 1,700 guns and great booty have been captured.

Hugh Cameron, a noted Scottish painter of figure subjects and portraits, died in Edinburgh, July 15, in his 83rd year. Some of his more notable paintings are: "Maternal Care," "Age and Infancy," "A Lonely Life," "The Village Well," "Rummaging," and the "Funeral of a Little Girl on the Riviera."

The British Board of Trade figures for June, issued July 27, show increases in imports of £15,538,000, compared with the total for June, 1917. The increases included food, £4,000,000; cotton, £3,000,000; oils and seeds, £4,000,000, and manufactured articles, £7,000,000. Export increases were £1,374,000, but the increase of £5,000,000 in the export of cotton manufactured goods was offset by the decrease of other manufactured articles.

The British Board of Trade have appointed a committee to examine and report upon the water-power resources of the United Kingdom and the extent to which they can be made available for industries.

Agricultural prospects throughout Scotland are reported as generally good. Cereals and hay are above the average and turnips and potatoes growing well. The lamb crop will make a good average.

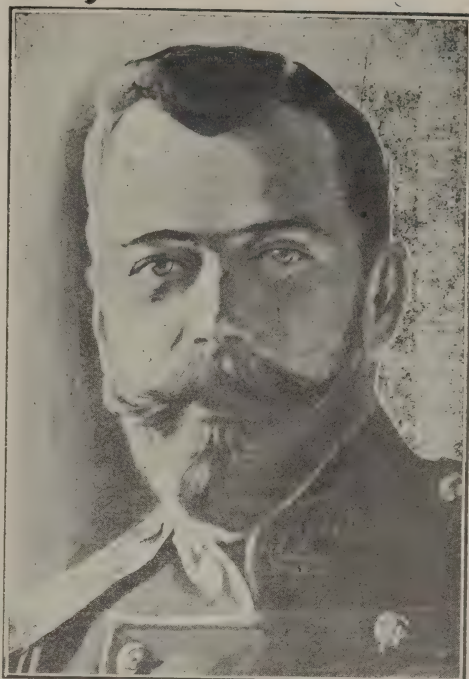
The annual meeting of the Edinburgh branch of the Clan Mackinnon Society was held in Edinburgh recently. Mention was made of the fact that three Clan Mackinnon Beds had been named since the outbreak of war—two in Rouen and one in Oban. The Clan Roll of Honor contains 750 names. Officers were elected as follows: Chief, Mackinnon of Mackinnon; president, Lieutenant-Colonel, G. J. Mackinnon; honorary treasurer, Mr. Angus Mackinnon, 1 Comely Bank avenue; and honorary secretary, Mr. Donald S. Mackinnon, 1 Royston Terrace.

The British Nationality and Status of Alien bill was adopted unanimously by the House of Commons, July 19. It provides that citizenship shall not be granted for a period of five years after the war to any German subject or any subject of any country at war with Great Britain unless he has served in the British or allied forces, is a member of a race or community known to be opposed to enemy Governments, or was a British subject at birth.

John Robert Clynes, formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Food Control Department, has succeeded the late Viscount Rhondda as Food Controller.

U-boat sinkings have fallen the lowest since September, 1916. The output of new ships by the British, Allied and neutral countries is officially announced to have exceeded by 296,696 tons, the losses from all causes.

Robert Thompson, Unionist Member of Parliament for North Belfast, and Privy Councillor, died in Belfast, August 3, at the age of eighty.



CZAR NICHOLAS II OF RUSSIA

The brutal murder of the former Czar Nicholas, on July 16, by the Bolsheviks, has been confirmed. After being hunted from place to place, he was condemned to death and executed by a local Soviet on the pretense of an attempted rescue. So far as known, the Czar's family is still alive.

The Stars and Stripes Club, established in Manchester, England, for American soldiers and sailors, was opened by the Lord Mayor of Manchester on Fourth of July. It was established by the gift of \$6,000 subscribed by generous American women at home and in Britain.

John Haig, a brother of Sir Douglas Haig, who was interested in talc mining in Ontario, though past sixty, enlisted in the Canadian Army and was made a captain solely on his merits, and only after months in the trenches met the Commander-in-Chief, who did not even know that his brother was in the army.

King George has awarded to General John Pershing the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and to General Peyton C. March and Tasker H. Bliss, the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. Major General John Biddle has been made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman has also been honored as Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and Rear Admiral Joseph Strauss, as a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Diary of the Great War XLIII

June 26—Americans take dominating ridge south of Torcy with 240 prisoners.

June 27—Canadian hospital ship *Llandov-ery Castle* torpedoed and sunk by German submarine.

June 28—British advance a mile on a three-mile front near Merville, taking three towns and 350 prisoners.

June 29—French advance southwest of Soissons, take 1,000 prisoners.

June 30—French continue advance, clearing Villers-Cotterets Forest. Italians and Allies launch attack on mountain lines of Italian front, take 800 prisoners.

July 1—Italians take two more Asiago peaks with 2,000 prisoners. Transport *Covington* sunk.

July 2—Americans advance a mile on two-mile front west of Chateau-Thierry, take Vaux and the Bois de la Roche with 500 prisoners. Italians in Monte Grappa region take 621 more prisoners.

July 3—Americans throw back heavy German counterattacks at Vaux. Italians drive back Austrians in the Piave delta, take 1,900 prisoners.

July 4—Australians and Americans, striking on a four-mile front north and south of the Somme, take Hamel with 1,500 prisoners. French, in two-day fight break German lines northwest of Soissons, take 1,066 prisoners. American National holiday celebrated in all the Allied countries.

July 5—Italians drive last of Austrians across the Piave delta.

July 6—German Ambassador Von Mirbach assassinated in Moscow. Ex-Mayor Mitchel of New York killed in airplane flight.

July 7—Russians of the Murman coast go over to the Allies.

July 8—Hundreds killed in street battle in Moscow. French break German lines on a two-mile front on the Aisne near Soissons. Proprietor of New York *Evening Mail* seized as a German agent.

July 9—French advance a mile on two-mile front near Montdidier and extend gains on the Aisne front. British bombs do great damage at Ostend and Zeebrugge.

July 10—Czechoslovaks defeat Bolsheviks and set up new Government in Siberia. Italians force Austrians from the Tomorico valley in Albania.

July 11—French take Corcy, southwest of Soissons. Austrians driven back 25 miles on a 50-mile front in Albania.

July 12—French advance a mile on three-mile front north of Cantigny, extend gains near Soissons. Italians capture Austrian headquarters at Berat, Albania, with large amount of booty.

July 13—Italians and French continue advance in Albania. French cross Savieres river southwest of Soissons.

July 14—Allied troops land on Murman coast of White Sea. British make gains south of Ypres. Quentin Roosevelt killed in air battle on the Marne front behind German lines. All the Allies celebrate Bastille Day.

July 15—Germans launch great drive on 68-mile front east and west of Rheims, from Chateau-Thierry to the Champagne. Cross the Marne on American front, but are driven back by brilliant counterattack losing many prisoners. British advance east of Amiens, take 300 prisoners. Haiti declares war on Germany.

July 16—Battle rages fiercely in the Marne valley. Germans using forces equal to the March drive. French and Americans hold everywhere and retake some villages in counterattacks. Former Czar Nicholas murdered by the Bolsheviks.

July 17—German drive checked without gain east of Rheims. American lines hold at the Marne. British advance southwest of Villers-Bretonneux. Transport *Carpathia* sunk.

July 18—French and Americans in great surprise attack on 28 mile front, from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry, advance six miles, take 17,000 prisoners and 360 large guns, and flank Germans on the Marne-Rheims front.

July 19—Great French-American advance continues on whole front. British in night attack retake Meteren. American cruiser *San Diego* sunk off the Long Island coast.

July 20—Americans gain three miles south of Soissons; French drive last of Germans across the Marne. British drive back Germans at Hebuterne. Transport *Justicia* sunk.

July 21—Germans abandon northern part of Chateau-Thierry; French and Americans drive ahead four miles on a wide front. German submarines again appear off the American coast.

July 22—Germans, burning towns and supplies, fall back on the line of the Vesle river. Americans occupy three more towns north of Chateau-Thierry. British reserves thrown into battle west of Rheims. Honduras declares war on Germany.

July 23—French and Americans close in on German base of Fere-en-Tardenois. Americans cross the Marne at Jaulgonne and capture Buzancy, south of Soissons. French take three towns north of Montdidier with 1,500 prisoners.

July 24—British push forward southwest of Rheims; whole French-American line swings forward two miles between the Ourcq and the Marne north of Chateau-Thierry.

July 25—Allies continue to push in both sides of the Rheims salient. French and Americans advance three miles on the west, British two miles on the east. Whole district now under Allies' guns.

July 26—French take Oulchy-le-Chateau and advance on Marne front; capture 1,800 prisoners.

July 27—Germans retreat from last of Marne positions, closely pressed and fearfully punished by French and Americans.

July 28—French and Americans advance two to seven miles on entire front, cross the Ourcq and take Fere-en-Tardenois and Fere woods with great booty.

(Continued on page 204)

Our Glasgow Letter

Once again the anniversary of Scotland's freedom, "Bannockburn Day," 24th June, has come and gone, leaving behind, in the hearts of Scottish patriots, a feeling of depression and disgust, because the day passed without being recognized, even to the extent of the hoisting of the Lion Rampant at the Bore Stone, which, in previous years, was the custom. We learned, on enquiry, that the flag rope was broken, but for some reason, best known to the Borestone Committee—which seems to exist in name only—this had not been repaired or replaced. More might be said on this point than would be quite complimentary to the committee referred to, but suffice it to remark that it is a disgrace to the Scottish people in general, and to the Borestone Committee in particular, that the anniversary of this battle, which sealed for Scotland her independence, should be passed over so completely. No doubt the war and its exigencies will be blamed for this kind of neglect, but surely, that is all the more reason why we, as a nation, should celebrate and keep in the forefront of our memories and the memories of our fighting men of to-day, the magnificent traditions of our nation. We must cling to our nationality, and this is one most effective way of doing so, in the celebrating of notable historical events. Does America forget her Independence Day, or any other day that marked an epoch in her independence or progress as a nation? Why, then, should Scotland be so apathetic in fostering and keeping alive the anniversaries of those events which are responsible for the proud position which Scotland holds among the nations, that of never having been conquered?

Apropos of America, we learn that the Americans who have come over to this side to help with the war, and are in Glasgow at the present time, are organizing to "keep green" the memory of their Independence Day, July 4th, and that we in Glasgow here will be in no doubt as to the patriotism of our Allies of the Stars and Stripes. Brave America!

We hear that the Raeburn "MacNab," which, it will be remembered, was pur-

chased by Sir Thomas Dewar, of whiskey fame, for an enormous sum of money, will be exhibited at the autumn exhibition of pictures in the Glasgow Institute. It will also be remembered that a big effort was made to purchase this picture for the Glasgow Corporation, but Sir Thomas Dewar's bid got it. However, it is quite a nice action on the part of the possessor to lend the portrait to the Glasgow Institute.

Much controversy has been caused and great differences of opinion have been expressed over the majority of votes in the Glasgow Town Council in favor of the Band of the Scots Guards playing in Kelvingrove Park, Glasgow, on Sunday, 30th July. All innovations, nowadays, foreign to our usual custom, are tolerated in the name of charity, or on account of the war, but we are rather afraid we are running a very serious risk of losing our personality as a nation, if we may put it that way, the result of which will be more far-reaching than perhaps some realize. It would be interesting to know—out of the 6,000 people who crowded the park on Sunday, the 30th—just what proportion was Scottish.

The "Paisley Bodies" seem always, somehow, to come out on top. One of the new Peers, Sir Matthew Arthur, belongs to Paisley, as does also Lord Glentanar—scarcely recognizable as yet by his new title—but a member of the Coats family (of thread fame). One of Lord Glentanar's daughters, by the way, married the Marquis of Douro, heir to the Duke of Wellington. Well done, Paisley!

There is going to be some trouble in our fair capital over the proposal to extend the tramways to Queensferry. A strong minority is opposing the scheme, although it has the obvious advantage of helping to solve the housing problem at Rosyth. However, when the Provisional Order goes to Parliament we shall see what happens. It has been suggested that it would be better policy to expend some of the money that would be required for the Queensferry scheme in improving the Edinburgh tramways system, and this, too, is not a bad idea, in the minds of those who have traveled by them.

A notable Scottish Peer has just passed away in the person of the Earl of Camperdown. He was seventy-seven years of age, and was Civil Lord of the Admiralty in the Gladstone administration, in the early seventies. He is succeeded by his younger brother, the Hon. George Alexander Haldane Duncan.

Sir George Alexander, whose death we commented upon in a previous letter, left £90,672. His will is characteristic of the man, embodying, as it does, thought for the organizations connected with his profession, which exist for the purpose of assisting those less fortunate than he was. On the death of Sir George Alexander's wife, all property, subject to the trusts of a settlement dated 1896, as to one-fourth to Actors' Orphanage, one-fourth to King Edward's Hospital Fund, and one-fourth to the vicar of Chorley Wood, for the poor of the parish.

There are bequests of £1,000 each to Miss Lillian Braithwaite and Lady Cicely Arderne Baillie Hamilton, and numerous members of the permanent staff at St. James's Theatre and servants.

To Vyvyan Holland, son of Oscar Wilde, deceased leaves his interests in the plays "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."

The late Miss Menzies, Chieftain of the Clan Menzies, left £400, free of legacy duty, to the Perthshire Scout Council, to be applied for the maintenance of the Menzies Boy Scouts. Further, her wish is that the Scouts should wear the Menzies tartan and kilts.

Mr. Neil Munro, one of our foremost literary men and war correspondents, has removed from Gourrock, where he has resided for some sixteen years, to Craighendran, near Helensburgh. This is a favorite spot for men of letters. J. J. Bell, of "Wee Macgregor" fame, and B. W. Bone, have both resided there for some years.

The Scottish Veterans' Garden City Association have acquired about twenty-five acres of ground in the Summerhill district of Aberdeen, for the settlement of ex-service men. This ground was inspected by Lord Salvesen, on Saturday, the 15th June. Donations for several cottages have been intimated, and the ground itself has been paid for, but owing to war conditions,

the shortage of labor, etc., practical progress will not be possible for some time.

We regret to notice the death, on service, of Lieutenant John Brown, who had but recently won the Military Cross. He was a grandson of Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends" and was a young man of great promise. GRACE D. WILSON, 64 Terregles Avenue, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Neil Bruce MacKelvie Drowned

Neil Bruce MacKelvie, one of the most trust-worthy and successful of the younger men of the great financial center of New York, who from training, ability, hard work and fine personality had advanced to the forefront of American business, was drowned Saturday, August 17, 1918, while bathing at his estate Sands Point, Port Washington, Long Island.

Mr. MacKelvie was born in Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada, December 9, 1879, son of Neil and Lizzie M. (Stewart) MacKelvie. His grandfather, Robert MacKelvie, was a teacher in West Kilbede, Island of Arran, Scotland, and emigrated to America in 1816. His father, who was manager of the Union Bank of Prince Edward Island, was for a time a resident of Detroit and was one of the charter members of the Detroit Caledonian Club, and was recording secretary for two years.

Mr. MacKelvie was educated in Prince Edward Island and had his banking training in Summerside and Halifax. He came to Boston in 1896, as an employee of Hayden, Stone & Company, brokers, and was soon taken into the firm. In 1906, he removed to New York as its representative. He was also vice president of the Nassau Light and Power Company and a director in the Alaska-Gestineau Mining Company, the American Zinc Lead and Smelting Company, the Butte-Superior Mining Company and the Wright-Martin Aircraft Company. Mr. MacKelvie was fond of sailing, and three years ago made a visit to Prince Edward Island in his own yacht.

He was vice president of the New York Canadian Society, and a member of the Presbyterian Church. He leaves a wife, who was Miss Jeanette Thomson, of Boston, a son and daughter. (See biography *Scots' and Scots' Descendants in America*).

July 29—French take Grand Rozoy and Cugny, northwest of Oulchy. Americans defeat the Prussian Guards at Sergy, which changes hands nine times in 24 hours. Australians advance on two-mile front near Morlancourt.

July 30—Americans advance two miles beyond Serges and take Seringes. French advance on Grand Rozoy plateau. Australians capture Merris, southwest of Ypres.

Clan Rose and Its Chiefs

Clan Badge: Wild Rosemary *Ros-Mairi Fhiadhaich*.

The Arms of the Clan is: Gold, a red boar's head couped between three black water budgets. Crest: A blue harp.

Motto: *Constant and True*.

As with many other clans of the north, the origin of the Roses of Kilravock has been the subject of considerable debate. It has been urged that the name is derived from the Gaelic "Ros," a promontory, in the same way as that of the Rosses farther north; but in Douglas's *Baronage* the similarity of the coat armour of the chiefs to that of the Rosses or Roses of Normandy and England is taken as evidence that the race was of Saxon origin, and in his account of the house in *Sketches of Early Scottish History*, Mr. Cosmo Innes, who was closely connected with the family, and had made an exhaustive study of its charters and other documents, supports the Norman source. Innes declares the history of the house written in 1683-4 by Mr. Hew Rose, parson of Nairn, to be a careful and generally very correct statement of the pedigree of the race. Much interesting matter about the Roses and their ancient stronghold is also to be found in that valuable work the *History of Nairnshire*, by Mr. George Bain.

The original patrimony of the Roses appears to have been the lands of Geddes in the County of Inverness. In the days of Alexander II, as early as 1219, Hugh Rose of Geddes appears as a witness to the founding of the Priory of Beaulieu, now Beaulieu. The founders of that priory were the Byssets, at that time among the great houses of the north, the downfall of whose family forms one of the strangest stories of Alexander's reign. The incident is detailed in Wyntoun's *Chronicle*. In 1242, after a great tournament at Haddington, Patrick, the young Earl of Atholl, was treacherously murdered and "burnt to coals" in his lodging at the west end of that town. Suspicion fell upon the Byssets, who were at bitter feud with the house of Atholl. Sir William Bysset had just enter-

tained the King and Queen at his castle of Aboyne, and on the night of the murder had sat late at supper with the Queen in Forfar. In vain the Queen offered to swear his innocence. In vain Bysset himself had the murderers cursed "Wyth buk and bell," and offered to prove his innocence by ordeal of battle. All men believed him guilty. The Byssets saw their lands harried utterly of goods and cattle, and before the fury of the powerful kinsmen of Atholl, they were finally banished the Kingdom. Sir John de Bysset, however, had left three daughters, the eldest of whom inherited the lands of Lovat and Beaufort, and became ancestress of the Frasers, while the youngest inherited Redcastle in the Black Isle and Kilravock on the River Nairn, and married Sir Andrew de Bosco. Mary, one of the daughters of this latter union, married Hugh Rose of Geddes, and brought him the lands of Kilravock and of Culcowie in the Black Isle as her marriage portion. This was at the latter end of the reign of Alexander III, and from that day to this the Roses have been lairds of Kilravock in unbroken succession.

No house in Scotland seems to have kept more carefully its charters and family papers from the earliest times, and from these Cosmo Innes derived many interesting facts for his sketch of the intimate customs and history of this old Scottish family.

From a very early time, even before there is evidence of their lands having been erected into a feudal barony, the Roses were known as Barons of Kilravock. They were never a leading family in the country. The heads of the house preferred to lead a quiet life, and though by marriage and otherwise they acquired and held for many generations considerable territories in Ross-shire and in the valleys of the Nairn and the Findhorn, we find them emerging only occasionally into the limelight of history. For the most part the Roses intermarried with substantial families of their own rank. William, son of the first Rose of Kilravock, married Morella or Muriel,

daughter of Alexander de Doun, and Andrew, his second son, became ancestor of the Roses of Auchlossan in Mar. William's grandson, Hugh, again, married Janet, daughter of Sir Robert Chisholm, Constable of Urquhart Castle, who brought her husband large possessions in Strathnairn. This chief's grandson, John, also, who succeeded in 1431, married Isabella, daughter of Cheyne, laird of Esslemont in Aberdeenshire, and further secured his position by procuring from the King a feudal charter *de novo* of all his lands. It was his son, Hugh, who built the existing old tower in Kilravock in 1460, and his energy, or his need for protection, is shown by the fact, recorded as marvelous, that he finished it within a year.

The family at this time was at serious variance with one of its most powerful neighbors, the Thane of Cawdor. The Thane's father, six years earlier, had built the present keep of Cawdor Castle, and Thane William himself had made one of the best matches of his time by marrying a daughter of Alexander Sutherland of Dunbeath, whose wife was a daughter of one of the Lords of the Isles. Thane William was an ambitious man. He had his estates changed into a Crown holding by resigning them into the hands of the King and procuring a new charter; and, to make sure of the permanence of his family, he set aside with a pension his eldest son, William, who had some personal defect, and settled the whole thanedom and heritage of the family on his second son, John, whom, to close the feud between the families, he married to Isabella, daughter of Rose of Kilravock. The marriage, however, was not happy, and out of it arose one of the most curious romances of the north.

The young Thane John did not long survive his marriage; he died in 1498, leaving as sole heiress to the Cawdor estates an infant daughter, Muriel. The old thane, William, and his four sons, were naturally furious. They did their best to have Muriel declared illegitimate; but their efforts were useless. By reason of the new charter, the child was a ward of the Crown, and the Earl of Argyll, who was then Justiciar of Scotland, procured her wardship and marriage from James IV. The Roses were no doubt glad to have the keeping of the child

entrusted to so powerful a guardian, but old Lady Kilravock was evidently not without her doubts as to the good faith of Muriel's new protector. When the Earl's emissary, Campbell of Inverliver, arrived at Kilravock to convey the child south to Loch Awe, the old lady is said to have thrust the key of her coffer into the fire and branded Muriel with it on the thigh.

Inverliver had not gone far on his way to the south when he was overtaken by the child's four uncles and their following. With shrewd ability, he devised a stratagem. Sending Muriel off hotfoot to the south under a small guard, he dressed a sheaf of corn in her clothes, placed it where it could be seen by the enemy, and proceeded to give battle with the greater part of his force. Seven of his sons, it is said, fell before he gave way, and even then he only retired when he felt sure the child was far beyond the reach of pursuit. When someone afterwards asked whether he thought the prize worth such a sacrifice, and suggested that the heiress might die before reaching womanhood, he is said to have replied: "Muriel of Cawdor will never die as long as there's a red-haired lassie on the shores of Loch Awe." Muriel, however, survived, and indeed lived to a good old age. The Earl of Argyll married her when twelve years old to his second son, Sir John Campbell, and the Earls of Cawdor of the present day are descended from the pair.

Hugh Rose, of Kilravock, grandson of him who built the tower, for some reason now unknown, seized William Galbraith, Abbot of Kinloss, and imprisoned him at Kilravock. For this he was himself arrested and kept long a prisoner in Dunbarton Castle, then commanded by Sir George Stirling of Glorat. A deed is extant by which, while a prisoner, in June, 1536, the laird engaged a burgess of Paisley as a gardener for Kilravock—"Thom Daueson and ane servand man with him is comyn man and servand for all his life to the said Hucheon."

The next laird was known as the Black Baron. He lived in the troublous time of the Reformation, and in his youth he fought and was made prisoner at Pinkiecleugh; yet he managed to pay his ransom, 100 angels, and to provide portions for his seventeen sisters and daughters, build the

manor place beside his ancient tower, and reign as laird of Kilravock for more than fifty years. It was in his time that Queen Mary paid her visit to Kilravock. The Castle of Inverness, of which the Earl of Huntly was keeper, had closed its gates against her and her half-brother, whom she had just made Earl of Moray, and the Queen, while preparing to take the stronghold by storm, took up her quarters at Kilravock. Here possibly it was that she made the famous remark that she "repented she was not a man, to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or walk the rounds with a jack and knapskull." A few days later, overawed by her preparations, the captain of Inverness Castle surrendered and was hanged, and shortly afterwards the Queen defeated Huntly himself at Corrichie, and brought the great rebellion in the north to an end.

The Black Baron of Kilravock was justice depute of the north under Argyll, sheriff of Inverness and constable of its Castle under Queen Mary, and commissioner for the Regent Moray. He lived to be summoned to Parliament by James VI, in 1593.

In the time of the eleventh and twelfth Barons we have pictures of Kilravock as a happy family house, where sons and grandsons were educated and brought up in kindly, wise and hospitable fashion. The thirteenth baron, who died young in 1649, was well skilled in music, vocal and instrumental. Hugh, the fourteenth baron, lived through the trying times of Charles II and James VII, but, though sharing his wife's warm sympathy with the persecuted Covenanters, managed himself to avoid the persecutions of his time. The fifteenth baron, again, educated in a licentious age, began life as a supporter of the divine right of kings, but afterwards admitted the justice and necessity of the Revolution. He voted against the Act of Union, but declared openly for the Protestant succession, and after the Union was appointed one of the Scottish Commissioners to the first Parliament of Great Britain. On the outbreak of the Earl of Mar's rebellion in 1715, he stood firm for King George's Government, armed two hundred of his clan, kept the peace in his country side, and maintained Kilravock Castle as a refuge for persons in dread of harm by the Jacob-

ites. He even planned to reduce the Jacobite garrison at Inverness, and, along with Forbes of Culloiden and Lord Lovat, blockaded the town. His brother, Arthur Rose, who had but lately been ransomed from slavery with the pirates of Algiers, and whose portrait in Turkish dress may still be seen at Kilravock, tried to seize the garrison. At the head of a small party, he made his way to Tolbooth, but was betrayed by his guide. As Rose pushed past the door, sword in hand, the fellow called out, "An enemy! An enemy!" Upon this the guard rushed forward, shot him through the body, and crushed the life out of him between the door and the wall. On hearing of his brother's end, Kilravock sent a message to the garrison, ordering it to leave the place, or he would lay the town in ashes, and so assured were the governor and magistrates that he would keep his word that they evacuated the town and castle during the night, and he entered and took possession next day.

In 1704 Kilravock's following was stated as five hundred men, but in 1725 General Wade estimated it at no more than three hundred.

In 1734 the sixteenth baron was returned to Parliament for Ross-shire, and he might have been elected again, but preferred the pleasures of country life. He built the house of Coulmonie on the Findhorn, and married Elizabeth Clephane, daughter of a soldier of fortune, and friend of the Countess of Sutherland. He was engaged in the quiet life of a country gentleman, hawking and shooting and fishing, when in 1745 the storm of Jacobite rebellion again swept over the country. Two days before the Battle of Culloden, Prince Charles Edward rode out from Inverness to bring in his outposts on the Spey, which were retiring before Cumberland's army, and he spent an hour or two at Kilravock Castle. He kissed the children, begged a tune on the violin from the laird, and walked out with him to see some plantations of trees he was making. Before leaving he expressed envy of the laird's peaceful life in the midst of a country so disturbed by war. Next day the Duke of Cumberland arrived at the castle, where it is said he spent the night. His boots, a pair of huge Wellingtons, are still to be seen there. In

(Continued on page 239)

Unveiling of the Hugh Cairns Bust of the Late Captain John Lauder

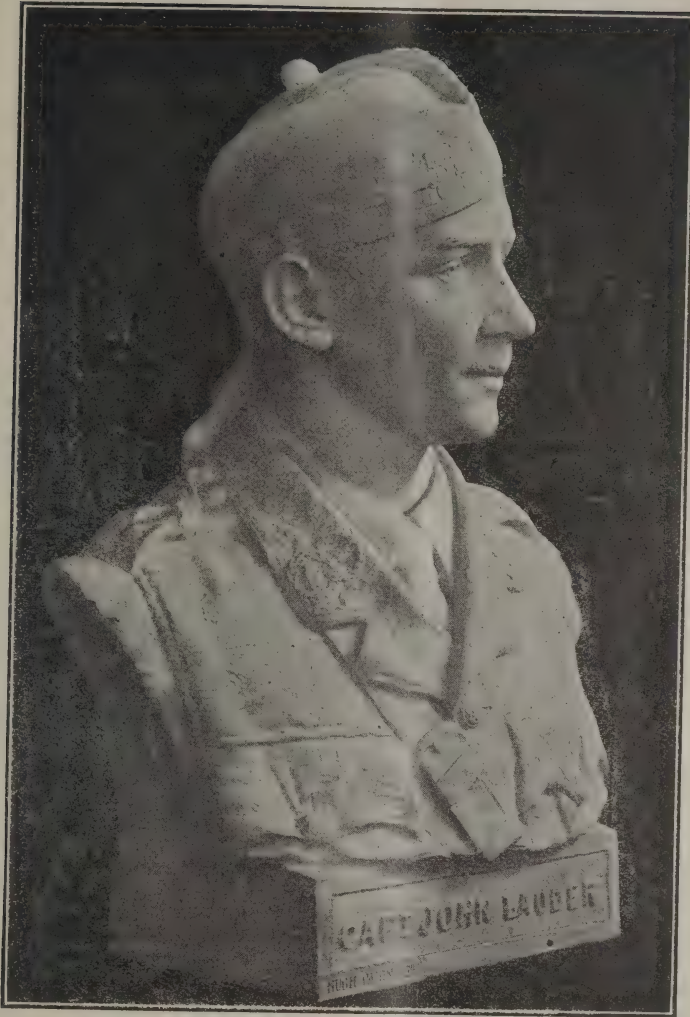
A Wonderful Piece of Sculptural Art is Viewed by a Notable Gathering

On Saturday afternoon, July 27, 1918, Captain George A. Mitchell, of the Military and Naval Veterans' Association of Boston, with his full staff, including bugler and bag-piper, several officers from H. M. Ships "Hurtssend" and "Vivid" and from the British and Canadian Army and Navy headquarters in Boston, together with a number of civilian lady and gentlemen friends and admirers of Hugh Cairns, the well known Scottish Boston sculptor, visited the studio of Mr. Cairns, in Cambridge, to witness and take part in the unveiling of the bust of the late Captain John Lauder, that Mr. Cairns had been commissioned by the late captain's father—Mr. Harry Lauder, to produce. Captain Mitchell was in full charge of the exercises, which were faultlessly carried out with full military honors. When the company had been properly placed, Captain Mitchell, called the assembly to order and signaled the bugler to sound the opening call, when the color bearers marched to the front and ranged themselves on either side of the veiled bust, the United States color on the right and the British King's colors on the left, which were a present from King George to the British Military and Naval Veterans' Association. Captain Mitchell then explained the object of the gathering, and said that it was not only a tribute to the memory of the late Captain John Lauder, but a well earned tribute to Mr. Cairns, the sculptor, who certainly deserved great praise and credit, not only for the wonderful piece of art which they had come here to unveil, but for the many and varied works of art he had produced, several of which he had gifted to the various British organizations in the vicinity. He then introduced Mr. Robert Pirie, past president of the Scots Charitable Society, who had been requested to unveil the bust. Mr. Pirie, in the course of a most brilliant address, replete in patriotic sentiment, referred to the late Captain Lauder's heroic patriotism in his services on the front, in which he gave his life as the supreme sacrifice. A young Scotsman, full of promise, whose record would undoubtedly have led to the rank of general officer. The splendid qualities of his honored father who, notwithstanding his hopeful and only son had paid the tribute of his life to the great cause, and bearing the full weight of a great sorrow could yet overcome these and in the hours of his greatest grief go forward to cheer the boys in the trenches as he only could cheer them, surely demonstrated that both father and son were imbued by the highest patriotism to help forward the final

triumph of the Allies. Mr. W. Lawson Reid, M. A., also addressed the gathering in a somewhat similar strain, and explained that Mr. Harry Lauder had several requisitions from sculptors on the other side for the privilege to produce the bust of his son, but had replied that he had a sculptor friend in Boston, Massachusetts (a Scotsman), whom he knew would put his whole heart into the work, and to whom he was going to give the commission. Captain J. O. Walton, was the next speaker, and gave some interesting reminiscences of his life as a soldier, and paid a high tribute to the genius of Sculptor Cairns, and to the genuine quality of his manhood and patriotic spirit, together with his deep veneration for everything that was emblematic of Britain's greatness, and the glory of the land of his adoption.

Our representative, James Henderson, who was present, was introduced, and recited his original poem, "Coming to His Own," which was well received and considered very appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Cairns himself was next introduced and said that while he had been commissioned by Mr. Lauder to produce a bust of his son, Captain Lauder, he also considered it a high honor to be entrusted with the work, as he felt he was not only doing it for Mr. Lauder, but it was in line with other work he had done and was still doing in the interest of the "Allies"; work along these lines was honorable, irrespective of what it might consist. He then explained the circumstances in connection with his commission to produce the bust. Mr. Lauder gave him a front view photograph of his son, and said in his own pawky manner, "I'm very sorry Hughie, that I hav'na a side view to gie ye' as I can un'erstan it would be very us'fu tae you in your work, but jist remember that John was about my ain size and build and very like mysel in feature, so there you are; get ti wark I ken you'll mak' a guid job o't, if I had'na felt that way aboot it ye' wad'na a got it." Mr. Cairns, then stated that he had another piece of work to unveil, which he felt would be specially interesting to those present, as he had produced it for presentation to the British Naval and Military Veterans' Association of Boston, and stepping across the room he drew aside the drapery, exposing to view a beautiful piece of sculptural art, in bronze of the Lion and the Eagle, entitled "United", united in heart and purpose to execute whatever work may be assigned to them with the view of rendering the world safe for democracy.

Sergeant Robert Bryden, of the Royal



Captain John Lauder

Hail and Farewell; thou sterling type of the
 patriotic Scot,
 Who when Scotland called for men unanim-
 ous service sought;
 Nor stop'd to count the awful cost, though
 loving hearts might break,
 Old Scotia's altar gets their all, when
 liberty's at stake.
 Son of a Sire who stirr'd mankind with Scot-
 tish song and story,
 Whose loyalty and death adds one more page
 to Scotland's glory;
 That land whose fight for freedom makes all
 the world applaud Her,
 And bend their knees in reverence at the
 grave of Captain Lauder.

H. W. BARNES

Scots, sang "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and Sergeant John Shedden, of B. N. and M. V. A., sang "The Soldiers of the King." The exercises closed by the whole company singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee." The bust was on exhibition in Caledonian Grove all during the day of the Caledonian games, the cynosure of all eyes and universally admired. Many of those present, including Colonel Scott, and other distinguished visitors from New York, expressed themselves to the effect that, in view of the patriotic efforts Mr. Lauder was making in behalf of the Allies, that every prominent Scottish Society in the country, should be in possession of a duplicate of the bust, which no doubt Mr. Cairns would be glad to execute. Mr. Cairns in response to numerous calls, is having a number of photographs made of the bust, and same can be had at a nominal cost, by applying to the office of THE CALEDONIAN magazine, Bible House, New York, or to Mr. Hugh Cairns, sculptor, Cambridge, Mass.

Following are a few of the names of those present: Robert Pirie, past president Scots Charitable Society; Hugh Cairns, sculptor; Hugh Cairns, Jr., Captain George A. Mitchell,

Captain J. O. Walton, Military and Naval Veterans' Association; William Lawson Reid, M. A., John S. Pirie, William MacAusland, Boston; Sergeant W. Haskell, Sergeant Major Mandiside, East Surrey Regiment; Sergeant Kiddier, Princess Pat. Can. L. I.; Pr. Leslie Lent, 14th Canadian Battalion; Lieutenant John Morrison; Sergeant Robert Bryden, 1st Battalion, Royal Scots; Sergeant W. R. Hodgkin, W. S. Smith, Piper, B. M. and N. Veterans; Sergeant Major M. J. Butler, William Alexander, Edwin T. Niver, J. S. Von Schoppe, Bugler Major, George Morris, F. Ford, James Bright, all of the B. M. and N. Veterans; A. Taylor, Harold Terry, Leading Seaman, Thomas W. Buckland, Alfred E. Harris, Andrew Williamson, John McPhail, all of the H. M. S. Huntsend; R. Robson, Leading Seaman, H. M. S. "Vivid"; Mrs. C. F. Boyer, Red Cross Brittish Mission; E. S. Fernald, attorney at law, Boston; Sergeant F. McLennan, British Army; Edwin F. Gamwell, press agent; Lieutenant Colonel John R. Smith, Sergeant John Sheddon, both of B. N. and M. Veterans; James Henderson, CALEDONIAN representative.

The Island of Lewis: Its History and Its People

PART III

It is obvious that during the sixteenth century law and order, as we understand that term, was at a low ebb in Lewis and other Islands of the Hebrides, and that the improvement of the Western Islands had often engaged the attention of the Privy Council. In 1587 Parliament passed an Act, the object of which was "the quieting and keeping in obedience of the disordourit subjectis inhabitantis of the Bordouris, Hielandis and Ilis." In the same year there was issued "the Roll of the names of the Landlordis and Baillies of landis in the Hielandis and Isles quhair broken men hes duelt and presentlie duellis." In this Roll we find the name of "M'Cleud of the Lewes." In the same year there was issued a similar roll of the clans in which we have the entry, "Clenlewid of the Lewis." In a "Roll of the Broken Clans in the Highlands and Isles," in 1594, we have "Clanleyid of the Lewis" In a note to these Rolls contained in "Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis," we are told that the chief mentioned in the first Roll was Roderick MacLeod of the Lewis, Coigach and Assynt. This Roderick was apparently an uneducated man who did not pay his rents

and dues to the Bishop of the Isles. In 1573 he entered into an obligation with regard to his dues, etc., in favor of John Campbell, Bishop of Argyle. This document was executed at the Manse of Uig. In course of the obligation, MacLeod states that he has authorized Rev. Ronald Angusson to sign it for him, "becaus I culd nocht writt myself." This document concludes thus:

I Ronald Anguson, persoun of Wig, in Lewis, subscribis this present obligation at the command of ane honourable man, Roderick M'Cloid of the Lewis, because he could not writt himself, his hand held on the pen, I Ronald Angusoun, persoun of Wig, with my hand, ad premissa.

Ita est Alexander Monro, notarius publicus, requisitus in premissis teste manu propria.

The obligation is given in full on pages 6-8 of "Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis," Iona Club publications, 1839.

The chief being innocent of letters, we cannot be surprised to learn that the clansmen continued illiterate for a long time.

William MacLeod of Hamera, in Gledale, Skye, under the nom de plume, "Theophilus Insulanus," published in 1763 a treatise on "Second Sight." At this date,

Rev. Norman Morrison, a grandson of John Morrison, of Bragar, was minister of the Parish of Uig. MacLeod wrote him, asking him to subscribe for a copy. Morrison, in ordering one copy, wrote to the author: "There are none but myself in the parish to see the book." (See History of the Morrisons, page 45.) This apparently means that the minister was the only person in the parish who could read. The population of Uig at this time was 1,898 or thereby!

THE FIFE ADVENTURERS

In 1597 an Act of Parliament was passed ordaining the inhabitants of the Isles and Highlands to show their titles to the lands which they possessed, and to find security for the regular payment of his Majesty's rents and for their peaceable and orderly behavior in future. At this period Highland chiefs held their lands by their swords rather than by "scraps of paper," or even sheets of sheepskin, and we do not know what title, if any, old Rorie MacLeod submitted to the Barons of Exchequer as required by the Act of Parliament. Apparently he did not satisfy the Barons, for the King found himself in a position to make a grant of Lewis, Roña-Lewis and other lands, in 1508, to a number of Fife notables, popularly known as "the Fife Adventurers." In the deed granting the Islands it is set forth that the said lands and isles are, by the special providence and blessing of God, "in rychit with ane incredibill fertilitie of cornis and store of fischeningis, nottage the same are possest by inhabitants quha ar void of any knowledge of God or His religion, and naturally abhorring all kynd of civilitie quha hes gevin themselves over to al kynd of barbaritie and inhumanitie, quha utteris daylie the effectis thairof not onlie by their treasonable practizes and attentis aganis his Majestie, his estait and quyetes of his Realm, bot by most odious abominable murthuris, fyres and depredationis made amangis thame selfis extendit maist unmercifullie to all aiges and sextis quhair they can find theme maisteris of their awin revenge, occupying in the meintyme and violentlie possessing his hienes proper landis without payment of maill or gressum thairforr."

The Fife Adventurers were to erect Burghs of Barony, appoint Bailies and do various other things for the success of

their enterprise and the improvement of the general condition of the island. They, however, met with much opposition and many discouragements.

MACLEODS AND MORRISONS

In the little volume entitled *Feuds and Conflicts Among the Clans in the Northern Parts of Scotland and in the Western Islands*, published in the seventeenth century, there is a chapter dealing with "The Troubles of the Lewis." From this and other sources we learn that old Roderick MacLeod was thrice married. His first wife was Barbara Stewart, daughter of Lord Methven. She bore him a son, who is called Torcul Oighre, or Torquil the heir. This Torquil died without lawful issue before his father. After the death of his first wife, old Roderick married as his second wife, Janet Mackenzie, a lady of the Kintail family. In course of time she had a son, who was also named Torquil. Old Rorie, however, repudiated the paternity of the child, calling him a bastard, and contending that his father was Morrison, who was at the time Brieve of Lewis. Janet sent the child to Strathconon, to be brought up among her own friends and relatives there; hence the name Torquil Cononnach by which he is known in Highland tradition and story. Janet, who was apparently unhappy with old Rorie, eloped with John Mac Ille Chaluim, one of the MacLeods of Raasay. After the elopement, old Rorie divorced her, and then married as his third wife Janet MacLean, a sister of MacLean of Duart, who bore him two sons—Torquil Dubh and Tormod. Besides these Rorie had three base sons—Neil MacLeod, Rory Og and Murdo. A later writer states the number at five, including the three above named. Old Rorie again sought to disinherit Torquil Cononnach, and declared the eldest son of the Duart lady his heir. In this he was supported by three of the bastard sons, while the other two supported Torquil Cononnach. Torquil Cononnach received the support of the Mackenzies of Kintail, and also of the Brieve and other Morrisons of Lewis.

A meeting was held on the mainland, probably in Kintail, attended by the then Chief of Kintail, Torquil Cononnach, and his half-brother, Murdo MacLeod, to advise by what means Torquil Cononnach might

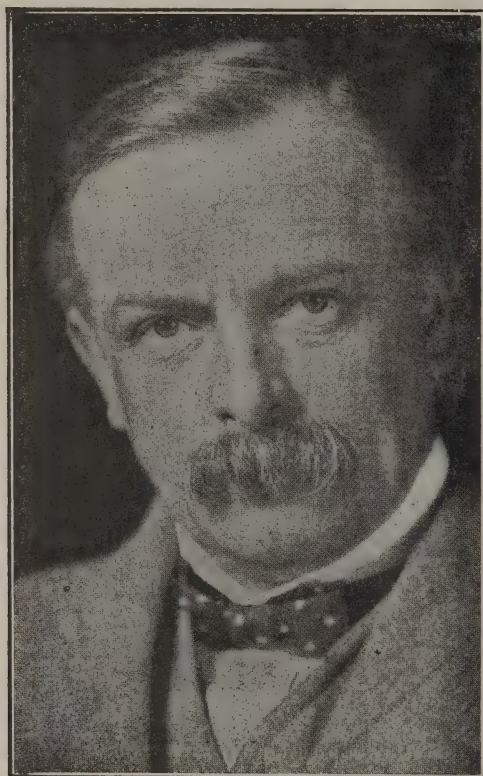
(Continued on page 238)

Geniuses Discovered by Lloyd George

BY R. W. CAMPBELL

Author of "Sgt. Spud Tamson, V.O."

This is a war of ideas. The man who can produce "the goods" must be rewarded, promoted and honored. *We are fighting for our lives*, and no "muddled oofs" or



RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

"flannelled fools" must bar the door to men of push and go. Lloyd George knows that, and no man has been more ready to promote brain power. He has frequently ignored the claims of successful politicians in the interest of efficiency. Sir Joseph Maclay, the Director of Shipping, is an example. This man, by reason of his sagacity and business ideals, has defeated the aim of Tirpitz. Sir Joseph realizes that an army and a nation fights on its stomach. He has worked like a Trojan. Out of chaos

he has created order. To-day *we know* that the food supplies of Great Britain are assured for at least six months. Sir Joseph recently made that statement to a friend in Glasgow. It is an important declaration. To the Germans it is a *terrible blow*. The proof is found in the fact that our meat coupons, formerly worth fivepence, *are now worth eightpence*. Our imaginative newspapers have almost ignored the significance of this change. In view of the recent submarine menace, and the fact that we are now in the fourth year of the war, the value of our meat coupon is something for which all of us ought to heartily thank our God. Austria is starving. We know that. German morale is breaking. We also know that. Yet we are well fed, and have not felt the pinch at all.

This good news also reflects credit on the magnificent work of the Royal Navy. Sea power has proved the key in this food question. Without the fleet we should be serfs of the Kaiser to-day. The navy was never better organized, thanks to Sir Eric Geddes, one of the many brilliant men discovered by Lloyd George. Without Geddes I am convinced the navy could not have achieved such striking results. Carson was a failure at the Admiralty. He is a talker, not an organizer. And it does seem absurd that men of Carson's calibre should be considered for such posts. The party system was no doubt responsible for his appointment. By appointing Sir Eric Geddes, the Premier smashed a useless tradition, and is therefore entitled to our gratitude. Therein you discover the secret of the Premier's success, also the reason for his unpopularity in certain political circles. Disappointed job-seekers usually distil their poison, and much of the poisonous stuff you find in the Press is the outcome of spleen. Remember that.

In Lord Rhondda we had another man who was undoubtedly a genius. Rhondda smashed the illusion that the German is a born organizer. The German Food Con-

troller failed to ration Germany. Rhondda succeeded in keeping our people fed and happy. Food is closely linked to morale, as every soldier knows. If Rhondda had failed, we should have lost the war, *despite all the millions of fighting Americans*. He tided this country over a very grave crisis. Let us be generous. Let us not stint our praise, for, mark you, we are *not* kindly to our successful public men. Often we are petty, mean and bitter. But I hope we shall mend our parish pump attitude.

Another successful man is Lord Beaverbrook, who is running the Ministry of Information. Beaverbrook is a peer with the hustle of a Yank. He is not at all polite to failures or greasers, but he gets results. In "making good" he has had to say some nasty things, but the end will no doubt justify his means. And Beaverbrook must have been appalled at the stupidity of those who previously conducted our propaganda. For example, a shipload of propaganda stuff was sent to Russia, printed in English. In another section of his department, he discovered brainless people were still sending out letters to neutral countries containing that musty wheeze, "a scrap of paper." Now he has shoved Mr. James Heddle, managing editor of Houltons, on to the job. "Jimmy" is making good. Neutrals are now beginning to realize that we are fighting for *the freedom of the whole world*, and not for our own hand. At the same time I cannot endorse Lord Beaverbrook's appointment of Arnold Bennett to his department, which was announced in a London paper. Bennett has not carried a gun in this war. He has been up against Lloyd George in no uncertain manner. His bitter and destructive criticism has done much to upset our morale. Why are these appointments not open to men who have seen the war—men who have seen our noble dead hanging on the wires? We should like this answered, for we have absolutely no time for non-fighting intellectuals. Apart from this question, I regard Lord Beaverbrook as a brilliant organizer. He is also a brilliant writer. And if he can put behind him Canadian political methods, there is no doubt he will figure large in the history of this country. We need men of this type. We are a sleepy-headed crowd.

Sir William Weir is another discovery of the war. "Ooor Wullie" has been a great

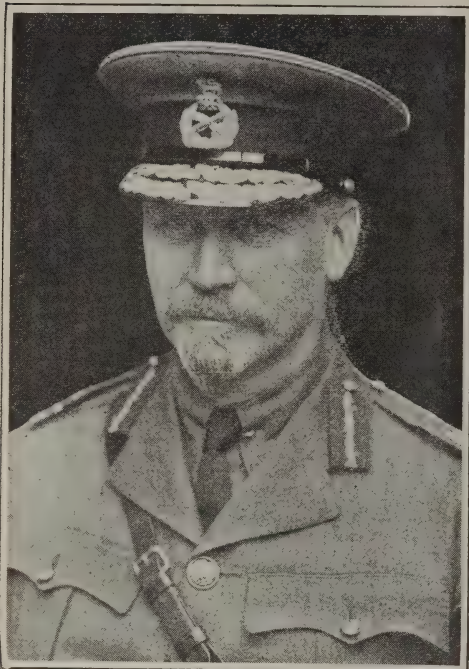


SIR ERIC GEDDES

Britain's Ablest Executive, Now at the Head of the British Navy

success. As an engineer he has few equals. And at organizing, he can give many of us points. Weir's works at Cathcart deserve more than a passing note. These works will do much to end the war, for the aeroplane will be a deciding factor. At the same time, Sir William owes quite a lot to Lord Rothermere, for this peer had the heavy end of the stick at the Air Ministry. The unfortunate Trenchard affair must not cloud our judgment. By joining the R. F. C. and the R. N. A. S. into one force, Lord Rothermere accomplished what was deemed impossible. It remains to Sir William Weir to complete this great task. He will do it well, but in the doing of it he must dispense with the theory that he is not going to advertise the Royal Air Force. Official communiques are all very well, but the British people all want heart-gripping human stories of the brave airmen. Our Air Force being supreme, it deserves the best propaganda we can give it. Let us hope that we have misinterpreted Sir Wil-

liam in this important point. Otherwise, we wish him well, and will back him through thick and thin.



GENERAL JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS

Conqueror of German East Africa, Member of the British Cabinet and a Strong Advocate of the League of Nations

These gentlemen I have mentioned are just a few of the many brilliant men selected by the Premier to help us win the war. All of them enjoy the public confidence. What better proof have we of Lloyd George's leadership? The ability to select men is a great factor in winning a war. But we must not rest content on our laurels. Every department should be subjected to the closest scrutiny. Vacancies must be filled with the brightest men. For example, the Home Command is vacant. Sir Ian Hamilton has been mentioned, but let us hope that this most important position will be filled by a distinguished General from the Front. It would also be a good thing if the Premier and Lord Milner will agree to concentrate in the War Office a large selection of the brightest intellects of the army. In Sir Henry Wilson we already have a man of imagination. Sir John Cowans is an able second. But we must have more. If Lord Milner will

gather around him every brilliant member of "The New School," the War Office will soon cease to be a target for music hall comedians. Meantime let us be very grateful to Lloyd George for the discovery of so many wonderful men. *This is a war of brains.*—*Scots Pictorial.*

From Turkish Toils

The hideous crimes of inhuman atrocities committed by the Turks on the Armenians of Kharpout and Diarbekir, is told by Mrs. Esther Mugerditchian, the wife of an Armenian pastor, in a pamphlet of forty-five pages, written to her husband who is at present serving the British authorities in Egypt. Mrs. Mugerditchian and her six children dressed in Kurdish costume, succeeded in making their escape into a country held by the Russians. From Tiflis, she was able to send the whole story to her husband, and writes: "My dear husband—One hour after you sailed from Beyrout, strict orders were received from Constantinople for your arrest, but it was too late. As one of those who have been saved, in an almost miraculous way, from hell which is called Turkey, I write to you all that I have seen, all that I have felt, and all that the glance of the Armenian martyrs who were shot and who suffered, all that the last glance of your sisters who were violated, conveyed to me. Words fail me to describe adequately the barbarous means—burning and flaying—by which the Turks murdered the Armenians.

"See the inhabited villages of the district of Kharpout and Diarbekir have been burnt; no Armenian males over the age of from ten to twelve were left."

Mrs. Mugerditchian speaks of the callous behaviour of the Germans, which can only be interpreted as connivance in crime. When the murder and burning of the Armenians were called to the attention of the German officers, they would say, "It is impolite to interfere."

She appeals to Armenians living in America to take an interest in the fate of the orphans and widows, and to help in supplying financial aid to save those who have survived.

Australia has enlisted 426,000 soldiers, 320,000 of which have been transported 14,000 miles. The Commonwealth paid for the equipment, maintenance and transportation. For more than two years she has maintained five divisions in France, the equivalent of one cavalry division in Egypt and Palestine, and kept up all the forces to strength by voluntary enlistment. The Royal Australian Navy has more than 9,000 men. The cruiser *Adelaide*, one of several large warships completed since the beginning of the war and on active duty, was launched July 27. She was built by Australian workmen entirely of material produced in the Commonwealth.

A Prayer For The Flag

Our Father, we thank Thee for our flag. We bless Thee for its beautiful symbolism and its glorious history. We praise Thee for the red and the blue and the white. The red speaks of sacrifice, the blue of loyalty and the white of purity. May these royal colors adorn our own hearts. Grant, we beseech Thee, most merciful Father, that we, Thy privileged children, may have the spirit of sacrifice that our sainted fathers had. Make us loyal to all those high ideals that they held dear. Cleanse us, we pray Thee, in the fountain that washes away every defilement and whitens every unclean stain. We bless Thee that even the scarlet spot can be removed, that even the crimson deed can be forgiven. We rejoice that the old blood has still power to whiten the black robe. Come then, O Master, and make the vessel clean and use it to do Thy work and fulfil Thy glory.

REV. DR. MALCOLM JAMES MACLEOD.

Chicago Letter

Vice President Dr. W. F. Dickson presided at the regular quarterly meeting of the Illinois St. Andrew Society, at the La Salle Hotel, July 11. The treasurer's and secretary's reports were read and filed. The letter of Walter Scott, of New York city, enclosing \$1,000 for the Home Fund, created enthusiasm. The deficit on the home is now less than \$12,000 and decreasing rapidly. New members were admitted as follows: Henry Taylor, Charles Farquhar, Murdo G. Tulayson, James Stirling, Jr., Bruce E. Porteous, F. C. McDonnell, William Cameron, James E. Eason, John Flaws, Murray MacLeod, Ninian H. Marke, Ramsay Webster, George A. Hood, Jeffrey R. Short, Charles Graham, James W. Kermath, Sheldon W. Govier, Robert Black, Alexander Reach.

A large crowd attended the annual picnic and games of the Caledonian Society at River-view, July 27. Chief Alexander Raffin and Manager-of-Games Archibald G. Hodge supervised a lengthy program which pleased the merry-makers afternoon and evening.

The British-American Club unfurled its service flag, which contains more than seventy stars, August 3. The exercises included speeches by Samuel Insull, W. K. Patteson, Colonel J. S. Dennis and others, military exercises and community singing.

The Sons of St. George picnic at River-view, August 17, brought out a large and enthusiastic crowd. The program included a foot-ball match and exhibitions of Scotch, Irish and English folk dancing.

The Presbytery of Boston, of the United Presbyterian Church, on July 28, 1918, organized a Presbyterian Church at Cambridge, Mass. The minister, Rev. E. A. McGarey, and 240 of the congregation petitioned the Presbytery for the organization which has been effected.

French correspondents on the British front pay high tribute to the gallantry and tenacity of the troops who recently recaptured Meteren. *Le Journal* says: "The original captors of Meteren were there. They were Scotchmen, which means that they were as firm on the defensive as they were bold in attack." The *Paris Midi*, under the caption, "Let Us Never Forget the British Sailors," writes, "Let us pay homage to the British sailors, those unseen and silent conquerors who are guarding the seas for us." The *Intransigent* comments on the enthusiasm with which the population cheered the British soldiers in the Bastille Day parade, July 14, and declares they were the feature of the military review.

Premier Lloyd George, addressing a body of Canadian editors in London, July 31, spoke in no uncertain terms of the part the Dominions are to play in the political and economic reconstruction after the war.

"The contributions which you have made to enforce these treaties," he said, in part, "have given you the undeniable right to a voice in fashioning the policy which may commit you, and for that reason an Imperial War Cabinet is a reality. Another point in which you must have a voice is the settlement of the conditions of peace. Canada and Australia and New Zealand—yes, and Newfoundland—they have all contributed their share of sacrifice, and they are entitled to an equal voice with the representatives of these islands—will determine the conditions under which we are prepared to make peace. Unless I am mistaken, we are pretty well in agreement upon them."

The Rev. Lauchlan Maclean Watt preached twice on Sunday, July 28, in his own church, St. Stephen's Parish, Edinburgh, and enthralled both audiences with a graphic review of his mission to America. The women of St. Stephen's showed their pleasure in welcoming him home by presenting him with a pocketbook containing a check for £100. Lord Sands made the presentation on behalf of the women. Mrs. McLean Watt was presented with a handsome bag with antique silver top, inside of which reposed a dainty sugar-box with an inscription.

Not only has the committee of the British Cabinet formulated a scheme of trade preference within the Empire, but Lord Robert Cecil, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Minister of Blockade, announces that an economic league of entente nations, comprising twenty-four countries, has been formed to combine resources and regulate international trade following the war.

Melville E. Stone, of New York, General Manager of the Associated Press, was honored at a dinner in London, July 25, attended by many British and Canadian notables and representatives of the British and American army and navy. Lord Burnham presided and Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister, and Sir George Riddell were the principal speakers.

The Gift of Peace

"My peace I give unto you," John 14:27. But a soul may possess the peace of Christ and yet know no end of trouble. Indeed, round about these words of our Lord there are other words which look like unfriendly presences frowning in apparent contradiction. "The world hateth you"; "They shall put you out of the synagogue"; "Ye shall weep and lament." These are very strange ingredients in a life which is supposed to be possessed by peace. The peace of Jesus is evidently not synonymous with the quietness of settled circumstance. It is not the peace of plenty. It is something which is independent of these. It can co-exist with turbulence. It can go hand in hand with want. The circumference of life may be the realm of storm, while its centre is the home of a profound serenity. The peace of Jesus is the harmony of a central and spiritual relation. It is union and communion with God. The soul is at rest. Its vagrancy is over. It no longer seeks a new doorstep every night; it has found a settled home. If peace were only a matter of quieted circumstances we might win it for ourselves. We could seek and find it in social reconstructions, in juster laws, in more enlightened economy, in ampler comforts, in a larger purse. But if vital peace is supremely a matter of spiritual relations, how is it to be found? And especially, if it is the restoration of a broken relation, who can reset the disjointed limb and put it right again? This peace is not the work of the will. It is not an acquisition of human ingenuity. It is a gift, and it is the gift of the Lord Jesus Christ, "My peace I give unto you." He came to bring the wanderer home. He came to change our shifting, rickety tent for a settled abode. He came to end the appalling divorce which is the work of sin. He came to put us right with God, and to transform a sinful and restless vagrancy into a holy peace. And if we receive the Saviour's gift of peace our life will have two distinctions. First of all, we shall see things tranquilly. And, for a second thing, if we have the peace of Jesus, we shall do things tranquilly. There will be no fuss, no feverishness, no panic. No energy will leak away in fretfulness and wasteful care. We shall have the strength of stillness. For God's peace, that surpasses all our dreams, shall keep guard over our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.

REV. DR. J. H. JOWETT.

To place peace before the honor of women, the protection of children, and the vindication of righteousness is to turn Christianity upside down.—Dr. George Adam Smith.

The Rev. Prof. Hugh Black, D.D., is supplying the Brick Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue, New York, during summer with appreciation. The church is not able to hold the large congregation that listen to his earnest preaching.

The Meaning of Faith

"Now faith is assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen."—Heb. 2:1.

"Now faith means we are confident of what we hope for, convinced of what we do not see."—Moffatt.

The recent publication on "The Meaning of Faith," by Rev. Prof. Emerson Fosdick, New York, is exceedingly suggestive and timely, especially in this war crisis, when faith is on trial and hearts are bleeding. The book treats of "Faith and Life's Adventure," "Faith a Road to Truth," "Faith in the Personal God," "Belief and Trust," "Faith's Greatest Obstacle," etc. A clearer idea of the message of the book can be gathered from the following helpful quotations:

Man cannot live without faith, because he deals not only with a past which he may know, and with a present which he can see, but with a future in whose possibilities he must believe. Tennyson sings of faith in *The Ancient Sage*:

"She sees the Best that glimmers through the Worst,
She feels the sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud,
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
And finds the fountain where they wail'd
'Mirage!'"

Man cannot live without faith because his relationship with the future is an affair not alone of thought but also of action; *life is a continuous adventure into the unknown*. Abraham and Moses pushing out into experiences whose issue they could not foresee are typical of all great lives who have adventured for God. "By faith" is the first word necessary in every life like Luther's and Wesley's and Carey's. By faith, John Bright, when his reforms were hard bested, said: "If we can't win as fast as we wish, we know that our opponents can't in the long run win at all." By faith Gladstone, when the Liberal cause was defeated, rose undaunted in Parliament and said: "I appeal to time!" and by faith every one of us must undertake each plain day's work, if we are to do it well. Robert Louis Stevenson said that life is "an affair of cavalry, a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded." But so to deal with life demands faith.

When in comparison with men and women of such admirable spirit, one thinks of weak personalities, that ravel out at the

first strain, he sees that the difference lies in courage. *When a man loses heart, he loses everything.* How to keep one's heart in the midst of life's stress and to maintain an undiscourageable front in the face of its difficulties is not an achievement which springs from anything that a laboratory can demonstrate, or that logic can confirm. It is an achievement of faith.

Man cannot live without faith, because the adventure of life demands not only courage to achieve, but *patience to endure and wait*, and all untroubled patience is founded on faith. When the writer to the Hebrews speaks of those who "through faith and patience inherit the promises" (Heb. 6:12), he joins two things that in experience no man can successfully separate. By as much as we need patience, we need faith. * * * The most difficult business in the world is waiting.

Faith always sees more with her eye than logic can reach with her hand. And especially when men come to the highest thought of life's meaning, and believe in the Christian God, they face the fact which the writer to the Hebrews presents: "And without faith it is impossible to be well-pleasing unto him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that seek after him." (Heb. 11:6.)

When Donald Hankey, from the trenches in the Great War, said that "True religion is betting one's life that there is a God," he not only gave expression to his own virile Christianity, but he gave a good description of all effective faith whatsoever.

Lincoln, the statesman, cries: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty."

Stevenson writes: "Whether on the first of January or the thirty-first of December, faith is a good word to end on."

Life is an adventure, and adventure always demands insight and daring. That "Chinese" Gordon, on his hazardous expedition into the Soudan, should be thrown back on undiscourageable faith in himself, in the justice of his cause, in the bravery of his men, and in God; that he should even speak of praying his boats up the Nile, seems to us natural; for some kind of faith is obviously necessary to any great

adventure. But men often forget that all ordinary living is essentially adventurous, and that by this fact the need of faith is woven into the texture of every human life. It is an amazing adventure to be born upon this wandering island in the sky, and it is an adventure to leave it when death calls. To go to school, to make friends, to marry, to rear children, to face through life the swift changes of circumstance that no man can certainly predict an hour ahead, these are all adventures. Each new day is an hitherto unvisited country, which we enter, like Abraham leaving Ur for a strange land, "not knowing whither he went" (Heb. 11:8), and every new year we begin a tour of exploration into a twelve-month where no man's foot has ever walked before.

"There are plenty of people to do the possible," says a modern newspaper man; "you can hire them at forty dollars a month. The prizes are for those who perform the impossible. If a thing can be done, experience and skill can do it; if a thing cannot be done, only faith can do it." Great in human life is this adventurous element, and, therefore, great in human life is the necessity of faith. To chasten and discipline, to make reasonable and stable the faiths by which we live is a problem unsurpassed in importance for every man.

Man's life, interpreted and motived by religious faith, is glorious, but shorn of faith's interpretations, life loses its highest meaning and its noblest hopes. (Let us make this statement's truth convincing in detail.)

When faith in God goes, man the thinker loses his greatest thought.

When faith in God goes, man the worker loses his greatest motive.

When faith in God goes, man the sinner loses his strongest help.

When faith in God goes, man the sufferer loses his securest refuge.

When faith in God goes, man the lover loses his fairest vision.

When faith in God goes, man the mortal loses his only hope.

Huxley, for example, at the death of his little boy, wanting to believe in immortality as only a father can whose son lies dead, yet for all that, disbelieving, wrote to Charles Kingsley: "I have searched over the grounds of my belief, and if wife and

child and name and fame were all to be lost to me, one after another as the penalty, still I will not lie." One respects that. When George John Romanes turned his back for a while on the Christian faith, he wrote out of his agnosticism, "When at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it—at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible."

* * * Before one thus leaves himself bereft of the faith that makes life's adventure most worth while, he may well do what Carlyle, under the figure of Teufelsdröckh, says that he did in his time of doubt: "In the silent night-watches, still darker in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast himself before the All-Seeing, and with audible prayers cried vehemently for light."

This, then, is the summary of the matter. Life is a great adventure in which faith is indispensable; in this adventure faith in God presents the issues of transcendent import; and on these issues life itself continuously compels decision. Our obligation is obvious—to make it consciously, to reach it by reason, not by chance—by thinking, not by drifting.

"Unfeigned faith" is often a family heritage, handed down by vital contagion. But in many homes religion is not thus beautifully presented to the children; it is a hard and rigorous affair of dogma and restraint. "Oh, why," said a young professional man, whom Professor Coe quotes, "why did my parents try to equip me with a doctrinal system in childhood? I supposed that the whole system must be believed on pain of losing my religion altogether. And so, when I began to doubt some points, I felt obliged to throw all overboard. I have found my way back to positive religion, but by what a long and bitter struggle!" If, however, one has been so unfortunate as to be hardened in youth by unwise training, is it reasonable on that account forever to shut himself out from the most glorious experience of man? This complaint about mistreatment in youth is often an excuse, not a reason for irreligion. Says Phillips Brooks: "I have grown familiar to weariness with the self-excuse of men who say,

'Oh, if I had not the terrors of the law so preached to me when I was a boy! If I had not been so confronted with the woes of hell and the awfulness of the judgment day, I should have been religious long ago.' My friends, I think I never heard a meaner or falser speech than that. Men may believe it when they say it—I suppose they do—but it is not true. It is unmanly, I think. It is throwing on their teaching and their teachers, or their fathers and their mothers, the fault which belongs to their own neglect, because they have never taken up the earnest fight with sin and sought through every obstacle for truth and God. It has the essential vice of dogmatism about it, for it claims that a different *view* of God would have done for them that which no view of God can do, that which must be done, *under any system, any teaching*, by humility and penitence and struggle and self-sacrifice. Without these, no teaching saves the soul. With these, under any teaching, the soul must find its Father."

Many men are prejudiced against religion during their youthful *period of revolt against authority*. Read what an ancient father says to his sons (Prov. 4:1-9). No father can read this urgent, anxious plea without understanding the reason for its solicitude. Every boy comes to the time when he breaks away from parental authority and begins to take his life into his own hands. It is one of youth's great crises, and the spirit of it is sometimes harsh and rebellious. So Carlyle describes his own experience: "Such transitions are ever full of pain; thus the eagle when he moults is sickly, and, to attain his new beak, must harshly dash off the old one upon rocks." For religious faith this period of life is always critical. Stevenson, in his revolt, when he called "respectability" "the deadliest gag and wet blanket that can be laid on a man," also became, as he said, "a youthful atheist." How many have traveled in that road and stopped in the negation! Stevenson did not stop, and years afterward wrote of his progress: "Because I have reached Paris, I am not ashamed of having passed through Newhaven and Dieppe." Surely, if anyone has been "a youthful atheist," it was an experience to be "passed through."

Some men—often the precocious, clever

ones—are biased against religion because *in youth they accepted an immature philosophy of life, and have never changed it.* The crust forms too soon on some minds, and if it forms during the period of youthful revolt, they are definitely prejudiced against religious truth. The difference between such folk and the great believers is not that the believers had no doubts, but that they did not fix their final thought of life until more mature experience had come. They fulfilled the admonition of a wise father to keep up a tireless search for truth." (Prov. 2:1-5.)

Mrs. Charles Kingsley, for example, says of her husband that at twenty "he was full of religious doubts, and his face, with its unsatisfied, hungering and at times defiant look, bore witness to the state of his mind." At twenty-one Kingsley himself wrote: "You believe that you have a sustaining Hand to guide you along that path, an Invisible Protector, and an unerring Guide. I, alas! have no stay for my weary steps, but that same abused and stupefied reason which has stumbled and wandered, and betrayed me a thousand times ere now, and is every moment ready to faint and to give up the unequal struggle." If Kingsley had framed his final philosophy then, what a loss to the world of an inspiring life transfigured by Christian faith! He cried after discernment, lifted up his voice for understanding, and he found the knowledge of God. Many a man ought to revise in the light of mature experience and thought a hasty, irreligious guess at life's meaning which he made in youth.

Many men are biased in favor of their habitual doubt because they do not see that *positive faith is the only normal estate of man.* We live not by the things of which we are uncertain, but by the things which we verily believe. Columbus doubted many of the old views in geography, but these negations did not make him great; his greatness sprang from the positive beliefs which he confidently held, and on which he launched his splendid adventure. Goethe is right when he makes Mephistopheles, his devil, say, "I am the spirit of negation," for negation, save as it paves the way for positive conviction, always bedevils life.

Some men have such a joyful faith in the divine that their gladness about the whole of life redeems their sorrow about

its details. So Samuel Rutherford in prison said: "Jesus Christ came into my room last night, and every stone flashed like a ruby." For the thought of God in terms of friendly personality is the most joyful idea of Him that man has ever had.

John Quincy Adams, at the age of eighty, met a friend upon a Boston street. "Good morning," said the friend, "and how is John Quincy Adams to-day?" "Thank you," was the ex-President's reply. "John Quincy Adams himself is well; quite well; I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon. But he himself is quite well, quite well." Such a conception of man as *being* a permanent personality and *having* a temporary body is essential to any worthy meaning when we use personal terms about God.

Robert Browning tells us that as a boy he was "passionately religious." When the period of questioning and revolt arrived, however, it carried him so far that he was publicly rebuked in church for intentional misbehavior, and in his sixteenth year, under the influence of Shelley's "Queen Mab," he declared himself an atheist. But in his "Pauline," written when he was twenty-one, the direction in which his quest was leading him was plain; and when he grew to maturity had left his early credulousness, with the revolt that followed it, far behind, and had used his independent thinking to productive purpose. From what a height of splendid faith did he look back upon that youthful period of storm and stress which he called "the passionate, impatient struggles of a boy toward truth and love."—EDITOR.

Heavy rains have fallen in Queensland and in many parts of New South Wales, especially in the northwest, which had suffered badly for several months from drouth.

Acting Premier Watt of Australia, states that heavy direct taxation will be necessary in the near future. A defensive alliance between Australia, New Zealand, and some of the Pacific Islands is probable after the war.

A Graceful Tribute to President Wilson

Mr. H. W. Barnes, one of our esteemed poetical contributors, sends us the following correspondence. Mr. Barnes, who is an ardent admirer of Kipling's writings, has many times wondered if there was a man in existence who could measure up to the requirements of Kipling's poem "IF," and having watched with care the various movements of President Wilson, in his conduct of the war, concluded that he, if he did not actually cover the stipulated conditions, at least, came nearer to doing so than any other public man. He has added a verse to the poem of "IF" expressive of this view. Among others who have admired the effort, was Postmaster Murray, of Boston, who advised Mr. Barnes to send a copy of it to President Wilson. He had the poem, with the added verse beautifully engraved and framed and sent it together with a personal letter to Mr. Tumulty, the President's private secretary. The correspondence with the poem, herewith subjoined, are self explanatory.

"July 25, 1918.

"Mr. Joseph P. Tumulty,
"White House,
"Washington, D. C.,
"Dear Sir:

"I have been advised by our mutual friend, Postmaster Murray, of Boston, to send on a friendly estimate of our incomparable President to you, as a sure means of its reaching his sanctum in the White House. It is Kipling's poem of 'IF', and according to my view he is the one man in the world who measures up to the specifications.

"I have taken the liberty to add one verse to express that opinion, then drew on the talent of one of our prisoners who does some fine illuminated card work, placed it in a suitable frame, and hope the President will accept it with my best wishes.

"Mr. Murray has complimented me on the production, both in the loyalty expressed and the artistic manner in which it is presented, but there is nothing too good for the leading man on Life's stage to-day. Will ship by express in small crate for protection of frame and glass.

"Yours sincerely,
"HUGH W. BARNES.

"Clothing Department,
"State Prison,
"Charlestown, Mass."

"The White House,
"Washington
"July 29, 1918.

"Mr. Dear Mr. Barnes:

"Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of the beautifully executed copy of Kipling's 'IF,' which you were kind enough to send



PRESIDENT WILSON

me with the additional verse by yourself. That verse pays me an overwhelming compliment of which I am not at all deserving, but it is very delightful as an evidence of your generous friendship, and I shall treasure this copy of 'IF' (one of my favorite poems) with a peculiar appreciation of its value. The pen work is extraordinarily fine.

"Sincerely yours,
"WOODROW WILSON.

"Mr. H. W. Barnes,
"Office of State Prison,
"Charlestown, Massachusetts."

If

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

If you can keep your head when all about
you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you.

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt
you,

But make allowance for their doubting
too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,

Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too
wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams
your master;

If you can think—and not make thoughts
your aim,

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the
same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've
spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for
fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to,
broken,

And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out
tools:

If you can make one heap of all your win-
nings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings

And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and
sinew

To serve your turn long after they are
gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold
on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your
virtue,

Of walk with Kings—nor lose the common
touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt
you,

If all men count with you, but none too
much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in
it,

And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my
son!

Postscript to Kipling's Poem, "IF"

BY H. W. BARNES

These traits and virtues, strictly human
qualities,

Centered in one, the poet well might laud;
And world democracy would waive formal-
ities

Seeking his guidance, next to that of God.

Let not the title of the poem trouble you,

The "Man" described, all brother poets knew,

Instead of "IF" it should be "W. W."

For Kipling's mind was focused SIR on you.

Wholesale arrests in Johannesburg and
elsewhere in South Africa of Socialists and
other agitators put an end to German-inspir-
ed strikes in South Africa in July.

Length of Life

It is interesting to note that the only
reliable statistics concerning the average
length of life are a little more than three
hundred years old and that they were com-
piled at Geneva at the request of John Cal-
vin, the reformer. He found that the aver-
age life in Geneva during the sixteenth cen-
tury was 21.2 years. If the strict moral
injunctions and civic improvements which
Calvin introduced could do no more, it is
safe to assume that the average length of
life before the sixteenth century was not
more than twenty years. Since that time
improvements have been made rapidly. The
average life should be sharply distinguished
from single cases of real or alleged longevity
as they are reported in the Old Testament
and elsewhere. Altho Moses lived to be 120
years old and Joshua 110, it is to be noted
that not a single individual besides these
two survived the forty years of migration.
Even the children that were born in Egypt
never saw the Promised Land. The average,
consequently, must have been rather low.

The lengthening of the average life has
been as follows: In the seventeenth century
it was 25.7; in the eighteenth century, 33.6;
from 1801 to 1883 it was 39.7. Since that
time there has been a marked difference in
the achievements of various countries along
this line. Sweden stands highest, with an
average of 50.9 years for males and 53.6 for
females, between 1891 and 1900; Denmark
stands second with 50.2 years for males and
53.2 for females, between 1895 and 1900.
Other countries follow in this order: France,
with 45.7 years for men and 49.1 for women,
from 1898 to 1903; England and Wales, with
44.1 years for men and 47.7 for women, from
1891 to 1900; Massachusetts, with 44.1 years
for men and 46.6 for women, from 1893 to
1897; Italy, with 42.8 years for men and 43.1
for women, from 1899 to 1902; Prussia, with
41.0 years for men and 44.5 for women from
1891 to 1900. India, a country still only
touched by civilization in some of its cities
and country districts, has an average of 23.0
years for males and 24.0 for females.—Pro-
fessor Rudolph M. Binder, Ph. D., in *Studies
in Social Progress*.

Rev. Dr. Watson, pastor of the Scotch
Church, takes his annual vacation in July
and August. The Rev. Mr. Jordan, D.D., his
assistant, has charge of the church work
until the pastor returns in September.

General Pershing sent on August 1, a cable
message thanking the British and Canadian
societies of New York city, for their message
of congratulation to the American troops on
their victory at the Marne.

The Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, of Trin-
ity Church, New York, held a special service
on Sunday morning, August 4, in commem-
oration of the Declaration of War by Great
Britain. The Trinity Church was crowded
by British and Scottish societies of the city.

A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

What possible interest could he have in combating this decision so anxiously, almost so imploringly? He renewed his complaints against the melancholy of the sea, and the dreariness of the northern winters. He described again and again the brilliant lights and colors of town-life in the South.

In the midst of these representations a step was heard in the hall, and then the girl looked round with a bright light on her face.

"Well, Sheila?" said Ingram, according to his custom; and both the girl's hands were in his the next minute. "You are down early. What have you been about? Have you been telling Mr. Lavender of the Black Horse of Loch Suainabhal?"

"No; Mr. Lavender has been telling me of London."

"And I have been trying to induce Miss Mackenzie to pay us a visit, so that we may show her the difference between a city and an island. But all to no purpose. Miss Mackenzie seems to like hard winters, and darkness, and cold: and as for that perpetual and melancholy sea, that in the winter-time I should fancy might drive anybody into a lunatic asylum—"

"Ah, you must not talk badly of the sea," said the girl, with all her courage and brightness returned to her face. "It is our very good friend. It gives us food, and keeps many people alive. It carries the lads away to other places, and brings them back with money in their pockets—"

"And sometimes it smashes a few of them on the rocks, or swallows up a dozen families, and the next morning it is as smooth and fair as if nothing had happened."

"But that is not the sea at all," said Sheila; "that is the storms that will wreck the boats; and how can the sea help that? When the sea is let alone the sea is very good to us."

Ingram laughed aloud, and patted the girl's head fondly; and Lavender, blushing a little, confessed he was beaten, and that he would never again, in Miss Mackenzie's presence, say anything against the sea.

The King of Borva now appearing, they all went in to breakfast; and Sheila sat opposite the window, so that all the light coming in from the clear sky and the sea was reflected upon her face, and lit up every varying expression that crossed it, or that shone up in the beautiful deeps of her eyes. Lavender, his own face in shadow, could look at her from time to time himself unseen; and as he sat in almost absolute silence, and noticed how she talked with Ingram, and

what deference she paid him, and how anxious she was to please him, he began to wonder if he should ever be admitted to a like friendship with her. Sheila had chatted very pleasantly with him, Lavender, in the morning; but it was evident that her relations with Ingram were of a very different kind, such as he could not well understand. For it was scarcely possible that she could be in love with Ingram; and yet surely the pleasure that dwelt in her expressive face when she spoke to him, or listened to him, was not the result of a mere friendship.

"And have you got rid yet of the *Airgiod-cearc* (hen-money), Sheila?" said Ingram, "or does every owner of hens still pay his annual shilling to the Lord of Lewis?"

"It is not away yet," said the girl, "but when Sir James comes in the autumn, I will go over to Stornoway, and ask him to take away the tax, and I know he will do it, for what is the shilling worth to him, when he has spent thousands and thousands of pounds on the Lewis? But it will be very hard on some of the poor people that only keep one or two hens; and I will tell Sir James of all that—"

"You will do nothing of the kind, Sheila," said her father, impatiently. "What is the *Airgiod-cearc* to you, that you will go to Stornoway only to be laughed at, and make a fool of yourself?"

"But Miss Mackenzie is quite right," exclaimed Lavender, with a sudden flush of color leaping into his handsome face, and an honest glow of admiration into his eyes; "I think it is a very noble thing for her to do, and nobody, either in Stornoway or anywhere else, would be such a brute as to laugh at her for trying to help those poor people who have not too many friends and defenders, God knows!"

Ingram looked surprised. Since when had the young gentleman across the table acquired such a singular interest in the poorer classes, of whose very existence he had for the most part seemed unaware? But the enthusiasm in his face was quite honest; there could be no doubt of that. As for Sheila, with a beating heart, she ventured to send to her champion a brief and timid glance of gratitude, which the young man observed, and never forgot.

"You will not know what it is all about," said the King of Borva, with a peevish air. "It is many and many a tax and a due Sir James will take away from his tenants in the Lewis; and he will spend more money a thousand times than ever he will get back; and it was this *Airgiod-cearc*, it will stand

in the place of a great many other things taken away, just to remind the folk that they have not their land all in their own right. It is many things you will have to do in managing the poor people, not to let them get too proud, or forgetful of what they owe to you; and now there is no more tacksmen to be the masters of the small crofters; and the crofters they would think they were landlords themselves if there were no dues for them to pay."

"I have heard of those middle men; they were dreadful tyrants and thieves, weren't they?" said Lavender.

Ingram kicked his foot under the table.

"I mean that was the popular impression of them—a vulgar error, I presume," continued the young man, in the coolest manner. "And so you have got rid of them! Well, I daresay many of them were honest men, and suffered very unjustly in common report."

Mackenzie answered nothing, but Sheila said quickly,—

"But you know, Mr. Lavender, they have not gone away merely because they cease to have the letting of the land to the crofters. They have still their old holdings, and so have the crofters in most cases. Every one now holds direct from the proprietor, that is all."

"So that there is no difference between the former tacksmen and his serf, except the relative size of their farms?"

"Well, the crofters have no leases, but the tacksmen have," said the girl, somewhat timidly; and then she added, "But you have not decided yet, Mr. Ingram, what you will do to-day. It is too clear for the salmon fishing. Will you go over to Mevaig, and show Mr. Lavender the Bay of Uig, and the Seven Hunters?"

"Surely we must show him Borvabost first, Sheila," said Ingram. "He saw nothing of it last night, in the dark; and I think, if you offered to take Mr. Lavender round in your boat, and show him what a clever sailor you are, he would prefer that to walking over the hill."

"I can take you all round in the boat, certainly," said the girl, with a quick blush of pleasure; and forthwith a message was sent to Duncan, that cushions should be taken down to the *Maighdean-mhara*, the little vessel of which Sheila was both skipper and pilot.

How beautiful was the fair sea-picture that lay around them as the *Maighdean-mhara* stood out to the mouth of Loch Roag on this bright summer morning! Sheila sat in the stern of the small boat, her hand on the tiller. Bras lay at her feet, his nose between his long and shaggy paws. Duncan, grave and watchful as to the winds and the points of the coast, sat amidships, with the mainsail sheet held fast, and superintended the seamanship of his young mistress, with a respectful but most evident pride. And as Ingram had gone off with Mackenzie to walk over to the White Water before going

down to Borvabost, Frank Lavender was Sheila's sole companion, out in this wonder-land of rock, and sea, and azure sky.

He did not talk much to her; and she was so well occupied with the boat that he could regard with impunity the shifting lights and graces of her face and all the wonder and winning depths of her eyes.

Was it not all a dream—that he should be sitting by the side of this Sea-Princess, who was attended only by her deer-hound and the tall keeper? And some day or other he would take this Island-Princess up to London, and he would bid the women that he knew—the scheming mothers and the doll-like daughters—stand aside from before this perfect work of God. She would carry with her the mystery of the sea in the depths of her eyes; and the music of the far hills would be heard in her voice; and all the sweetness, and purity, and brightness of the clear summer skies would be mirrored in her innocent soul.

Poor Sheila! she little knew what was expected of her, or the sort of drama into which she was being thrown as a central figure. She little knew that she was being transformed into a wonderful creature of romance, who was to put to shame the gentle dames and maidens of London society, and do many other extraordinary things. But what would have appeared the most extraordinary of all these speculations, if she had only known of them, was the assumption that she would marry Frank Lavender. That the young man had quite naturally taken for granted—but, perhaps only as a basis of his imaginative scenes.

When Sheila spoke he started.

"Did you not see it?"

"What?"

"The seal; it rose for a moment just over there," said the girl, with a great interest visible in her eyes.

The beautiful dreams he had been dreaming were considerably shattered by this interruption. How could a fairy Princess be so interested in some common animal showing its head out of the sea?

"He looks very like a black man in the water when his head comes up," said Sheila, "when the water is smooth so that you will see him look at you. But I have not told you yet about the Black Horse that Alister-nan-Each saw at Loch Suainabhal, one night. Loch Suainabhal, that is inland, and fresh water, so it was not a seal; but Alister was going along the shore, and he saw it lying up by the road, and he looked at it for a long time. It was quite black, and he thought it was a boat; but when he came near he saw it begin to move, and then it went down across the shore and splashed into the loch. And it had a head bigger than a horse, and quite black, and it made a noise as it went down the shore to the loch."

"Don't you think Alister must have been taking a little whiskey, Miss Mackenzie?"

"No, not that, for he came to me just af

ter he was seeing the beast."

"And do you really believe he saw such an animal?" said Lavender, with a smile.

"I do not know," said the girl, gravely. "Perhaps it was only a fright and he imagined he saw it; but I do not know it is impossible there can be such an animal at Loch Suainabhal. But that is nothing. It is of no consequence. But I have seen stranger things than the Black Horse, that many people will not believe."

"May I ask what they are?" he said, gently.

"Some other time, perhaps, I will tell you; but there is a great deal of explanation about it—and you see, we are going in to Borvabost."

Was this, then, the capital of the small empire over which the Princess ruled? He saw before him but a long row of small huts or hovels resembling beehives, which stood above the curve of a white bay, and at one portion of the bay was a small creek, near which a number of large boats, bottom upwards, lay on the beach. By this time they had run the *Maighdean-mhara*—the Sea Maiden—into a creek, and were climbing up the steep beach of shingle that had been worn smooth by the waters of the Atlantic.

"And will you want to speak to me, Ailasa?" said Sheila, turning to a small girl who had approached her somewhat diffidently.

She was a pretty little thing, with a round fair face, tanned by the sun, brown hair, and soft dark eyes. She was bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-armed; but she was otherwise smartly dressed, and she held in her hand an enormous flounder, apparently about half as heavy as herself.

"Will ye hef the fesh, Miss Sheila?" said the small Ailasa, holding out the flounder, but looking down all the same.

"Did you catch it yourself, Ailasa?"

"Yes, it wass Donald and me; we wass out in a boat, and Donald had a line."

"And it is a present for me?" said Sheila, patting the small head and its wild and soft hair. "Thank you, Ailasa. But you must ask Donald to carry it up to the house and give it to Mairi. I cannot take it with me just now, you know."

That little incident of Ailasa and the flounder was rather pleasant to him. But when they had gone up to the cottages and when Sheila proceeded to tell him about the circumstances of the fishermen's lives, and to explain how such and such things were done in the fields, and in the pickling-houses, and so forth, Lavender was a little disappointed. Sheila took him into some of the cottages, or rather hovels, and he vaguely knew in the darkness that she sat down by the low glow of the peat-fire, and began to ask the women about all sorts of improvements in the walls, and windows, and gardens, and what not. The picture of Sheila appearing as a Sea-Princess in a London drawing room was all very beautiful in its way; but here

she was discussing as to the quality given to broth by the addition of a certain vegetable which she offered to send down from her own garden if the cottager in question would try to grow it.

"I wonder, Miss Mackenzie," he said, at length, when they got outside—his eyes dazed with the light, and smarting with the peat-smoke—"I wonder you can trouble yourself with such little matters that those people should find out for themselves."

The girl looked up, with some surprise.

"That is the work I have to do. My papa cannot do everything in the island."

"But what is the necessity for your bothering yourself about such things? Surely they ought to be able to look after their own gardens and houses? It is no degradation—certainly not; for anything you interested yourself in would become worthy of attention by the very fact; but, after all, it seems such a pity you should give up your time to those commonplace details—"

"But some one must do it," said the girl, quite innocently; "and my papa has no time. And they are very good in doing what I ask them—every one in the island."

Was this a wilful affectation? he said to himself. Or was she really incapable of understanding that there was anything incongruous in a young lady of her position, education, and refinement, busying herself with the curing of fish and the cost of lime? He only knew that a beautiful maiden who had lived by the sea all her life, and who had followed the wanderings of Endymion in the enchanted forest, need not have been so particular about a method of boiling potatoes, or have shown so much interest in a pattern for children's frocks.

Mackenzie and Ingram met them. There was the usual "Well, Sheila?" followed by a thousand questions about the very things she had been inquiring into. That was one of the odd points about Ingram that puzzled and sometimes vexed Lavender; for, if you are walking home at night, it is inconvenient to be accompanied by a friend who would stop to ask about the circumstances of some old crone hobbling along the pavement, or who could linger on his own doorstep to have a chat with a garrulous policeman. Ingram was about as odd as Sheila herself in the attention he paid to those wretched cotters and their doings. He had already been prowling round the place with Mackenzie. He had inspected the apparatus in the creek for hauling up the boats. He had visited the curing-houses. He had examined the heaps of fish drying on the beach. And now he had come to tell Sheila that the piper was bringing down luncheon from Mackenzie's house; and that after they had eaten and drank on the white beach they would put out the *Maighdean-mhara* once more to sea, and sail over to Mevaig, that the stranger might behold the wondrous sands of the Bay of Uig.

But it was not in consonance with the dignity of a King that his guests should eat

from off the pebbles, like so many fishermen; and when Mairi and another girl brought down the baskets, luncheon was placed in the stern of the small vessel, while Duncan got up the sails and put out from the stone quay. As for John the Piper, was he insulted at having been sent on a menial errand? They had scarcely got away from the shore when the sound of the pipes was wafted to them from the hillside above, and it was the "Lament of Mackrimmon" that followed them out to sea—

"Mackrimmon shall no more return,

Oh never, never more return!"

—that was the wild and ominous air that was skirling up on the hillside; and Mackenzie's face, as he heard it, grew wroth.

"That tefle of a piper John!" he said, with an involuntary stamp of his foot; "what for will he be playing *Cha till mi tuilich*?"

"It is out of mischief, papa," said Sheila; "that is all."

"It will be more than mischief if I burn his pipes, and drive him out of Borya. Then there will be no more of mischief."

"It is very bad of John to do that," said Sheila to Lavender, apparently in explanation of her father's anger; "for we have given him shelter here, where there will be no more pipes in all the Lewis. It was the Free Church ministers they put down the pipes, for there was too much wildness at the marriages when the pipes would play."

"And what do the people dance to now?" asked the young gentleman.

Sheila laughed in an embarrassed way.

"Miss Mackenzie would rather not tell you," said Ingram. "The fact is, the noble mountaineers of these districts have had to fall back on the Jew's-harp. The ministers allow that instrument to be used—I suppose because there is a look of piety in the name. But the dancing doesn't get very mad when you have two or three young fellows playing a strathspey on a bit of trembling wire."

"That tefle of a piper John!" growled Mackenzie, once more; and so the *Maighdean-mhara* lightly sped on her way, opening out the various headlands of the islands, until at last she got into the narrows by Eilean-Aird-Meinish, and ran up the long arm of the sea to Mevaig.

They landed, and went up the rocks. They passed one or two small white houses, overlooking the still, green waters of the sea; and then, following the line of a river, plunged into the heart of a strange and lonely district, in which there appeared to be no life. They wandered on, content with idleness and a fine day. Mr. Mackenzie was talking, with some little emphasis, so that Lavender might hear, of Mr. John Stuart Mill, and was anxious to convey to Ingram that a wise man, who is responsible for the well-being of his fellow-creatures, will study all sides of all questions, however dangerous. Sheila was doing her best to entertain the stranger; and he, in a dream of his own, was listening to the information she gave him.

The travellers sat down on a low block of gneiss, to rest themselves; and then and there did the King of Borya recite his grievances and rage against the English smacks. Was it not enough that they should in passing steal the sheep, but that they should also, in mere wantonness, stalk them as deer, wounding them with rifle bullets, and leaving them to die among the rocks? Sheila said bravely that no one could tell that it was the English fishermen who did that. Why not the crews of merchant vessels, who might be of any nation? It was unfair to charge upon any body of men such a despicable act, when there was no proof of it whatever.

"Why, Sheila," said Ingram, with some surprise, "you never doubted before that it was the English smacks that killed the sheep."

Sheila cast down her eyes, and said nothing.

Was the sinister prophecy of John the Piper to be filled? Mackenzie was so much engaged in expounding politics to Ingram, and Sheila was so proud to show her companion all the wonders of Uig, that, when they returned to Mevaig in the evening, the wind had altogether gone down, and the sea was as a sea of glass. But if John the Piper had been ready to foretell for Mackenzie the fate of Mackrimmon, he had taken means to defeat destiny by bringing over from Boryabost a large and heavy boat pulled by six rowers. These were not strapping young fellows, clad in the best blue cloth to be got in Stornoway, but elderly men, gray, wrinkled, weatherbeaten, and hard of face, who sat stolidly in the boat and listened with a sort of bovine gaze to the old hunchback's wicked stories and jokes. John was in a mischievous mood; but Lavender, in a confidential whisper, informed Sheila that her father would speedily be avenged on the inconsiderate piper.

"Come, men, sing us a song, quick!" said Mackenzie, as the party took their seats in the stern, and the great oars splashed into the sea of gold. "Look sharp, John—and no tefle of a drowning song!"

In a shrill, high, querulous voice, the piper, who was himself pulling one of the two stroke oars, began to sing: and then the men behind him, gathering courage, joined in an octave lower, their voices being even more uncertain and lugubrious than his own. These poor fishermen had not had the musical education of Clan-Alpine's warriors. The performance was not enlivening; and as the monotonous and melancholy sing-song that kept time to the oars told its story in Gaelic, all that the English strangers could make out was an occasional reference to Jura, or Scarba, or Isla. It was, indeed, the song of an exile shut up in "seaworn Mull," who was complaining of the wearisome look of the neighboring islands.

(To be continued)

Mr. Francis Bannerman's True Patriotism

Friends in New York city and elsewhere of Mr. Francis J. Bannerman, the New York dealer in military supplies, were pained to read recently the uncalled-for charges of profiteering made against Mr. Bannerman by Representative Borland on the floor of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Bannerman was charged with attempting to get from the Government a price of \$15,000 apiece for certain six-inch guns for which the War Department was negotiating. The fact was that he asked \$5,000 apiece for the guns; for the unmounted guns, exactly the same price the United States Navy was charging the United States Army and the same price that was offered to him by the Cuban Government this calendar year, and for the guns for which he had manufactured some mobile steel mounts, he asked \$7,500 apiece. He received letters from the Ordnance Department accepting his prices and stating that they were entirely satisfactory. In addition, Mr. Bannerman had offered to present two of these guns to the United States Government, accompanied with a gift of \$20,000 in cash for the purpose of mounting the guns on modern field carriages for use on the French battle front. About the same time, a boatload of United States sailors seized without warrant, Mr. Bannerman's home and arsenals on Bannerman's Island in the Hudson River at Cornwall and placed them under military guard.

The whole affair was evidently the work of an enemy, and the matter was brought to the attention of Senator James Wadsworth and Representative Edmund Platt. These gentlemen succeeded in securing a complete refutation of the charges made, and in having the matter placed in its entirety upon the Congressional record. Senator Wadsworth's remarks in the Senate, embodying Mr. Bannerman's long and interesting letter to him, give a concise history of the case.

The following letter has been received by counsel for Mr. Bannerman from the War Department:

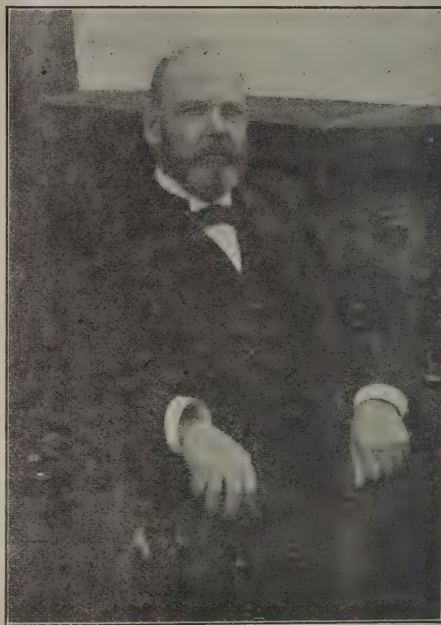
War Department
The Adjutant General's Office
Washington, June 26, 1918.

Received June 28, 1918.

Hughes, Rounds, Schurman & Dwight,
96 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

In regard to your letter of June 4, 1918, the Secretary of War directs the following answer:

"There is no intention on the part of the War Department in any way to place restrictions on Mr. Bannerman, or in any way to interfere with his private business or his property beyond the point which may be necessitated by the fact that on Polopel's Island there is a large amount of arms and munitions stored. A small guard over these munitions or any other protective measures which may be instituted by the Commanding General of the Eastern Department will serve not only for the public protection, but also for the protection of Mr. Bannerman himself.



FRANCIS J. BANNERMAN

"The War Department regrets exceedingly the publicity which was given to the seizure and the distress and anxiety which have been occasioned to Mr. Bannerman, but you will readily recognize that in times like these that no persons or considerations must stand in the way of public safety and welfare.

"There is no question in the mind of the War Department as to Mr. Bannerman's loyalty and every possible measure will be taken to protect him from any further annoyance."

Very truly yours,

ADJUTANT GENERAL.

A letter was received July 5, from Brigadier General C. C. Williams, acting Chief of Ordnance, War Department, Washington, D. C., gratefully accepting on behalf of the nation, Mr. Bannerman's offer of two six-inch cannon, together with check of \$20,000, made out to the Treasurer of the United States, for mounting the two guns on modern field carriages, for General Pershing's use on the French battle front.

Under date of July 1, 1918, Congressman Platt wrote of Mr. Bannerman's counsel, stating that Mr. Bannerman has certainly been outrageously treated. Mr. Platt says:

House of Representatives, U. S.

Washington, D. C.

July 1, 1918.

Mr. Augustus L. Richards,
Hughes, Rounds, Schurman & Dwight,
96 Broadway, New York.

My dear Mr. Richards:

Your letter of the 29th at hand, with inclosures. No doubt you have seen by this time that Senator Wadsworth made a statement in the Senate on Saturday, and also put Mr. Bannerman's letter in the Congressional Record in full. To-day in the House, Mr. Borland came over and sat down by

me a few minutes and said that he was going to make a statement, either in connection with the Urgent Deficiency Bill now up, or when the Fortification Bill comes back from the Senate, to the effect that he was satisfied that Mr. Bannerman did not ask \$15,000 for his guns, and that that figure was a mistake. Borland is a very fair man, and it looks as if Mr. Bannerman were coming out pretty well between us. He ought to cheer up. I wrote him a letter yesterday, directed to his New York office, telling about the Wadsworth statement, which I am sure will please him. He certainly has been outrageously treated.

Yours very truly,

EDMUND PLATT.

Mr. Borland corrected his statement before the House and wrote Mr. Bannerman a kind letter apologizing for the wrong done to him.

Mr. Bannerman is a native of Dundee, Scotland, and came with his parents as a boy to New York, where he has resided ever since. His father fought in the Union Army in the Civil War and died a few years afterward as a result of injuries received in the service of his adopted country. He refused to accept any pension.

No one who knows Mr. Bannerman's long and interesting career could possibly impute any disloyalty to him, either to the United States or to the Allies. As a matter of fact, before the United States entered the war, Mr. Bannerman made many liberal offers and gifts of materials and equipment to the British Government, including an offer to completely equip 1,000 Scottish National Guardsmen in London with uniforms, arms, ammunition and artillery. The offer was accepted and cost Mr. Bannerman upward of \$70,000, and later he sent direct to King George, guns and munition to the value of \$30,000. These were sold to the British Government for one penny to comply with the law. In the first year of the war, he supplied at cost, the French Government with 8,000 saddles. These are but three instances of his generosity to the Allied cause.

Mr. Bannerman's health was drunk with Highland honors at the anniversary of the founding of the Black Watch in London, December, 1915, Lord Mayor Johnson presiding.

Last November, Mr. Bannerman bought at a United States Government sale, 4,000 saddles discarded as irreparable. Mr. Bannerman later repaired 3,000 of these, as good as new; and they are now in service with the United States Cavalry in France. Mr. Bannerman and his sons have saved the United States Government millions of dollars in restoring military property that would have gone to waste since the war began.

During the last Liberty Loan Campaign, a Black Watch soldier came to Mr. Bannerman's store, 501 Broadway, and Mr. Frank Bannerman gave him an imported German Helmet (Picklehant) and the Scotsman took it down to Wall Street and Mr. Morgan bought it for \$50,000 of the Liberty Loan bonds. A Red Cross man one day came to the store and got another German helmet which he offered for \$10.00 a kick in the New York hotels and realized a considerable amount for the Red Cross fund.

Mr. Bannerman has devoted a great part of

his life to philanthropic and church work. He is a great lover of boys, and in connection with boys' club church work has given one evening every week for years to studying with them the Sunday School lesson. He is a member of the New York St. Andrew's Society and many other organizations.—Editor.

The New Regulations Relating to Military Service of British and Canadian Subjects in the United States

The recent British and Canadian Recruiting Conventions between Great Britain and the United States of America cover all British and Canadian subjects in the United States, including those who have taken out first papers, who are between the ages of twenty and forty-four, both inclusive, provided that they have not been actually inducted into the military service of the United States.

Men of present United States draft age, i.e., 21 to 30, within a period of sixty days from the date of the exchange of ratifications, may enlist voluntarily in the British or Canadian Army, at any office of the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission, or may apply for enlistment to any British Consular Officer or Civilian Recruiting Committee. If, within that period, they have not so enlisted, they become liable to military service under the United States Draft Law.

Men outside the present United States draft age are subject to the same provisions, except that the period for voluntary enlistment will be thirty days from the date which may be fixed for their registration under the laws of the United States. Full information as to the terms and conditions of service, pay, separation allowance, etc., may be obtained upon application at any office of the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission. The following is a list of these offices: New York city, 511 Fifth avenue (headquarters); New York city, 220 West 42nd street; Buffalo, N. Y., 333 Main street; Boston, Mass., 44 Bromfield street; Cleveland, Ohio, 112 Lenox building; Philadelphia, Pa., N. E. Cor. 17th and Chestnut streets; Portland, Me., 402 Fidelity building; Providence, R. I., 184 Washington street; Washington, D. C., 703 15th street; Baltimore, Md., 311 West Baltimore street; Chicago, Ill., 140 South Dearborn street; Chicago, Ill., 54 West Adams street; Detroit, Mich., 30 Cadillac Square; Duluth, Minn., 15 Fourth avenue West; Minneapolis, Minn., 410 Second avenue South; Kansas City, Mo., 922 Main street; Spokane, Wash., 603 Sprague avenue; Seattle, Wash., 115 James street; San Francisco, Cal., 268 Market street; Los Angeles, Cal., San Fernando building.

The British Ambassador at Washington has power to grant exemption from military service in the United States within the respective periods of sixty and thirty days aforesaid, as the case may be; and, the Senate of the United States having approved the convention, British subjects may now apply for such exemption.

Scouting by Balloon

Aeroplane and Zeppelin have so occupied the mental outlook of most people during the present war that that other form of aerial activity, namely, scouting by balloon, has been almost entirely overlooked. It has now become a matter of history how completely Germany had prepared for hostilities, and how our enemy had thought out the defensive down to its veriest details. With that wisdom which flourishes after the event, our homemade critics are now busy telling us what we ought to have done, and are pointing out to us the hundred and one ways in which we have fallen short. Curiously enough, these critics seem to have entirely missed one weapon in which Germany had a huge preponderance at the outbreak of the war, and which, incidentally, the Allies were woefully deficient in. I refer to the stationary balloons used for observation work.

Although it is only recently that the public have heard of these balloons, the men of the Expeditionary Force, especially of the early Expeditionary Force, had every reason to know and remember them. Safely anchored away behind the German lines, these "saucisses," as the French call them, from their sausage-like shape, contained observation officers supplied with the most powerful field glasses, and in touch with the forces on earth through the medium of the most perfectly worked telephones. At the height at which these balloons were stationed, the observers in their cars had practically all the roads of the western front spread out before them, and so efficient was the work of those observers that the Allies had for a time to move their troops and get their positions during the night. This arm of Germany's air service was no mere shadow of her Zeppelin craze, but was quite evidently the result of conclusions arrived at after long and careful experimenting. Indeed, these "saucisses" and the methodical manner in which they were made use of, were but additional testimony to the thoroughness with which Germany had prepared for conflict.

Of course, the scouting balloon is the earliest form of aerial warfare, as will be shown further on in this article. The Ger-

mans were not its inventors, but, as in so many other things, they were its improvers and its developers. Much of the utility of the old pear-shaped or spherical balloon as an observation post was lost because of its instability in anything but the calmest weather. It was not only that the spherical was so liable to be damaged by wind, but it swayed about so much as to interfere with accurate observation, while it very often made the occupants of the car so air-sick as to quite incapacitate them. Germany was not long in finding out that just as the sausage-shaped or cigar-shaped dirigible is the only one which can be propelled through the air at a practical speed, so is the "saucisse" or sausage-shaped observation balloon by far the most weather-worthy. As a ship at anchor will automatically lie with its head to the wind, so does the "saucisse" behave in the air, thus making for stability and accurate observation.

But marvelous as has been the length to which Germany's forethought has gone, equally marvellous has been its sudden breaking-off and, indeed, her short-sightedness in other respects. In navigable dirigibles, irrespective of the Zeppelins, we knew that our enemy was far ahead of the Allies, but it was a very unpleasant surprise to find her so well equipped with aeroplanes and "saucisses." At the beginning of the war, these arms of our enemy's aerial forces were well-nigh ubiquitous. The skill of our airmen counteracted the larger number of aeroplanes with which Germany was supplied, but the observation balloons were for a long time one of the heaviest handicaps to the Allied advance. There is no doubt about the crime of Germany's preparations in view of the profession of peace which she made before the world, but, accepting the maxim that all is fair in love and war, or whether one accepts it or not, one cannot help admiring the perfection of that preparation.

However, if her forethought in the matter of her "saucisses" greatly helped her in the dawn of "The Day," it stopped there. Germany used up her observation balloons just as she used up her aeroplanes and her best

pilots at the very beginning of the war. If our enemy had carried her forethought just a little further, she would not have squandered men and machines in the rash way in which she did, and she would not have exposed her "saucisses" to the attacks of the Allies. But far be it from us to complain that Germany expected a brief and glorious war, or, if you like it better, that good old Providence has proved to be once more on the side of right! The French have always been "cunning workers" where aircraft of any kind is concerned, and not only have the dirigibles of our Ally proved far more effective in the actual uses of war than have Germany's, including her Zeppelins, but the French have copied and produced the "saucisses" with rapidity, and in such numbers that the Allies have almost a monopoly now of that game on the western front.

But, it may be asked: How is it that observation balloons are now needed for scouting work when so much closer observation can be done by aeroplane? The answer is that the aeroplane observer cannot do leisurely scouting as the observer in the anchored balloon can. The work of the aeroplane in this war has been so effectual and important, as everybody knows, that it would be but a waste of space to eulogize it here, so that we need not add that in drawing attention to the work of the scout balloon we are not by any means minimizing that of the aeroplane. It can be easily understood, however, that the observer in the anchored balloon has not only leisure to take note of the movements of the enemy, but he has the broader view that is denied to the aeroplane scout. In the air from sunrise to sunset, the balloon scout soon becomes acquainted with every feature of the landscape. In a war in which big guns are screened by foliage, and which can easily mislead the passing aeroplane, and in which large trees have even been lifted bodily to form temporary woods, the value of the trained and leisurely eye that knows the landscape intimately, is not the least of our assets. If the balloon scout sees a suspicious move on the part of the enemy, or a change in a part of the landscape, he telephones down to the men below, and in a minute our big guns are raining death and havoc on that particular spot. These "saucisses" are not easily hit when in the air, but they

are very vulnerable when on earth. For that reason the Allies bring theirs from their "sleeping places" before dawn, and do not house them again until dusk, so that the enemy has little chance of knowing where they are located.

Arising out of the success of the Allies' "saucisses," the writer has been asked of late: "Why, then, if the French and British have built, and are so successful with these sausage-shaped gasbags, cannot they build and man Zeppelins, or dirigibles of the Zeppelin type?" Regular readers of *The Scottish Field*, or, at all events, the regular readers who have regularly read the aeronautical notes, will know that the writer has always contended that enemy air raids in this country would be done by the medium of Zeppelins—that was long before a Zeppelin had ever dropped a bomb on Britain—and he has never laughed at Zeppelins as impotent machines, given certain conditions. I am also a firm believer in the future of aerial machines for war, commerce and pleasure, and I also believe that, because of our isolation as an island, our authorities will have to take the air menace very seriously in future. The defence of London from aerial raids has proved a fiasco. That has to be admitted. But while criticism is easy, the defence of such an area, and one so densely populated as that of London, can only be perfected, the writer fears, after long and patient experiments or through drastic experiences. Certainly, it will not be accomplished by any wild rushing to build Zeppelins. What we want in this war is something that will be practically immediate in its effect, and although it might not be bad policy to begin doing something in the way of airship building now, no one need look for any practical effects from such a program during the present war. Airships like the German giants cannot be built and crews trained to man and work them efficiently under a year, while taking into account the cost of such ships and what they have so far accomplished—accepting our enemy's achievements as a criterion—they do not at the minute seem at all worth the candle.

A brief reference has been made to the early use of balloons in warfare, but probably few people are aware that the balloon is really the outcome of forethought for war. It resulted from experiments made to give its producers an asset over their

enemies, and it is not the product of the peaceful sport of ballooning. The first idea of the principle of balloon construction seems to have originated in the brain of Albert of Saxony, an Augustine monk of the fourteenth century. His principle was adopted by Francesco Mendoza, a Portuguese Jesuit, who died at Lyons in 1626. The idea of the balloon as we know it has also been attributed to Bartolmeo de Guzman, who died in 1724. In the middle of the eighteenth century Joseph Galien suggested filling a bag with the fine diffuse air of the upper regions of the atmosphere. How he was to get the air in the first place, I do not know, and there does not seem to have been anything very practical conceived in the matter of balloons until Henry Cavendish, in 1766, discovered that hydrogen gas is 10.8 times lighter than common air, or, when a year later, one Black of Edinburgh filled a bag with hydrogen gas, which rose to the ceiling of his room. In 1782, Cavallo filled soap bubbles with hydrogen, and then we get a step further towards the practical when, in the same year, Joseph Montgolfier made a silk bag ascend with heated air, and which was the first fire balloon. Joseph and his brother Stephen had sufficient faith in their balloons to ascend in one, also filled with heated air, at Annonay, on 5th June, 1783; they descended safely, and were the recipients of many honors which, one is tempted to think, were well deserved! In August of that year, a successful ascent was made in a balloon filled with hydrogen, and in December M. Charles, probably the real inventor of the gas balloon, rose in a hydrogen-filled balloon to the height of 9,770 feet. The Montgolfiers seem to have been firm believers in the fire balloon, as Joseph ascended in one which had been inflated by smoke from burnt straw and wool. Scotland was not much behind the French at this time, as a Mr. Tytler ascended in a Montgolfier balloon at Edinburgh in 1784. The balloon was Montgolfier's patent, but I think that Mr. Tytler can claim the credit of the ascent, as the life was his.

These experiments were all made with an eye to future warfare, and for which purpose they were not long in being turned to practical account. During the battle of Fleurs in 1794, Guyton de Morveau ascended twice and gave important information to Jourdain. Balloons were used

during the battle of Solferino, in June, 1859, and by the Federal Army near Washington, in 1861. To come to ground made familiar as a fighting area by the present war, M. Dufour conveyed the mail bags from Paris to Tours during the siege in 1870, while during the same siege many persons were dispatched from Paris in balloons. In the matter of our own army, balloon ascents and equipment for military purposes were adopted at Woolwich in 1879, and at the Brighton Volunteer Review in 1880, a captive balloon for observation purposes was an outstanding and novel feature. Previous to the present war, undoubtedly the best results achieved by balloon Scouts was during the South African hostilities. The British observation balloon equipment, under Colonel Templer, attained a great degree of efficiency. Especially at Ladysmith was the work of the observation balloon well proved. In the words of Colonel Templer: "It not only located all the Boer guns and their positions, but it also withdrew all the Boer fire on to the balloon. . . Several balloons were absolutely destroyed by shell-fire." It was at Ladysmith, too, that by means of the observer in the captive balloon, the British artillery gun fire was made decisive and accurate. With General Buller at Colenso, and up the Tugela River, and also at Spion Kop, and the Modder River, the balloon section did yeoman service. Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts both highly appreciated the work of the British balloons. In fact, it was from information acquired by the balloon scouts that our generals were enabled to march on to Paardeburg, and at that place to locate the whole Boer position. At Fourteen Streams a balloon was used continuously for thirteen days, without the gas being replenished, and by its use the enemy was prevented from relieving Fourteen Streams. And so one could go on. But enough has been said to show that if the balloon has changed its shape, it has by no means lost its utility as an active force in warfare.—*The Scottish Field*.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pettigrew, of Bridgeport, Conn., who have been touring California for the past nine months, recently celebrated their golden wedding in San Francisco. Their photograph in *California Life* shows them young and hale. A new series of "travel articles" by Mr. Pettigrew will begin in the October CALEDONIAN.



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Boston Letter

ANNUAL GAMES OF THE BOSTON CALEDONIAN CLUB AT CALEDONIAN GROVE

'Neath shady trees; 'Mang cosey neuks,
Where winding Charles jinks and jorks;
Where Boston Scots wif' wives and weans
Each year attend in droves and teams.

O' a' degrees and classes,
Where noted athletes hither weend,
Walter Scott trophies to contend,
And where within the Scottish ring
The broad sword dance and Highland Fling
Are danced by bonnie lasses.

The annual games of the above named club were held at Caledonian Grove, on Saturday, August 3, and were, as usual, a complete success, although, owing to war conditions, were not so largely attended as they usually are. The weather, although somewhat threatening in the morning, the day turned out an ideal one for the games, which under the able management of Chief Riggs, with John Wilson, and W. Lawson Reid, as ring managers, were carried out according to schedule and in a most creditable manner. As usual, the club, under the escort of the Highland Dress Pipe and Drum Band, and the Fife and Bugle Band of the Boston Naval and Military Veterans' Association, with the guests, which included Colonel Walter Scott, and staff of the New York Highlanders; Chief Edwards and others of the New York Caledonian Club; also delegations from Pennsylvania and Providence, held its parade through several downtown streets before embarking for the grove in the morning. Colonel Scott, who has always given many prizes in trophies and medals for these games, this year made a slight change in the arrangement of his yearly gifts. In place of the medals he has been in the habit of giving for certain events, he substituted cash prizes to the amount of \$220.00. All of the events—professional and amateur, were well contested. Colonel Scott taking great interest in the Highland dancing, divided the competitors into two sections, which turned out to be a very wise arrangement and satisfactory to all concerned. Willie Gordon, the crack New York amateur runner, who won a leg in the Walter Scott mile trophy a couple of years ago, was on hand and won a second leg in the trophy. The two mile run, open to men in the service, had four starters,

Henigen, Mayo, Chisholm and Lamb. Henigan and Mayo kept close together all through the race until the last lap, when Mayo forged ahead and won by several yards. The three mile professional race had six starters and was won easily by Joe Silva, Everett. Lieutenant Governor Calvin Coolidge, with his staff, attended the games in the afternoon. Chief Riggs detailed W. L. Reid, Hugh Cairns, and Peter Miller, to meet the Lieutenant Governor, at the main entrance to the grounds, with the entire Fife and Bugle Band, under command of Captain George A. Mitchell, and conduct him to the grounds, where he was introduced by the chief to the assemblage. Among those present, we noticed Robert Pirie, John S. Pirie, James Brown, John McGaw, Fergus Brown, Charles Thomson, John G. Munroe, Robert Bruce, George Adams, Hugh Coyle, James Bright, Alex. Brimmer, L. Wallace. The bust of Captain John Lauder, by Hugh Cairns, the Boston sculptor, was on exhibition in the grove all during the day and was the cynosure of all eyes, and greatly admired.

SCOTS CHARITABLE SOCIETY'S QUARTERLY MEETING

The regular quarterly meeting of the Scots Charitable Society, was held in the Tremont Temple Building, Thursday evening, July 25. For a July meeting, the attendance was very fair. President A. B. Sutherland presided, and conducted the business in his usual efficient manner. The Board of Government met at 7:30 o'clock, the regular meeting of the society being called to order at eight p. m. The quarterly reports of the various officers were read and approved. Resolutions of condolence were read and passed on the following deceased members: David R. Craig, George D. Weymss, Dr. Martin. It was voted that said resolutions be spread on the records and copies sent to the families of the deceased. Three new members were elected. Life members, Robert T. Todd, Lawrence; John T. Mercier, Methuen. Annual member, David R. Craig, Jr., Boston. Transferred to life membership (30 years' continuous membership), James Brough. A committee of twelve members were elected to carry out arrangements for a proper observance of Saint

Andrew's Day, on November 30. Past President Pirie stated that he hoped the committee would arrange for a somewhat more appropriate observance of Saint Andrew's Day than that which obtained last year, which was something he would like to forget, and that the festival would partake of features in keeping with the prestige of the society. F. L. McKenzie was elected to fill the unexpired term as chairman of Relief Board, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. D. R. Craig. Previous to adjournment, Dr. Farquhar led the members in singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "God Save the King." The exercises closed by all joining hands in singing the Scotch Doxology.

BOSTON SCOTTISH SOCIETY'S SUMMER OUTING

The annual outing of the Boston Scottish Society was held on Saturday, July 20, at the Warren Estate, Cedar Hill, Waltham. It was largely attended by the society's members and friends. The object of the outing was to raise funds to provide comforts for allied prisoners of war in Germany. Bomber Robert Grier, of the London Scottish Regiment, many times wounded in France, and discharged from the army, after having lost his leg, gave an interesting talk on his experiences in France.

The following were the prize winners in the various sporting events: Bowling—William MacAusland, John Stewart, Henry Stewart and John Wilson. Ladies' Bowling—Barbara McLellan, Minnie Johnston, Annie MacKenzie, Catherine Paterson. Quoits, John Gordon, George M. MacAusland. Ladies' Golf—Mrs. Joseph Walker, Mrs. Langley, Miss Mary Biggar. Men's Golf—George M. MacAusland, William MacAusland. The outing was in charge of the following committee: William Mann, Walter Biggar, John R. Forgie, Donald Tulloch, T. B. Forsyth.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL

The Federated Scottish Societies of Boston and vicinity who conducted so successfully the Scottish War Bazaar, last December, raising over twelve thousand dollars for Scottish war relief, are now engaged in arranging a Grand Musical Festival to be held in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, October 11th next. The net proceeds of this festival are to be turned over to the American Red Cross Association (Boston Chapter). Each Scottish Society, and Clan, in and around Boston, together with the various Ladies' Auxiliaries, are working hard to make the grand affair a great success. At a meeting of the General Committee, held at "Harmony Hall," 724 Washington street, Wednesday evening, 31st ult, at which there was a large attendance, the reports from the various sub-committees were most promising. Tickets for the festival are now ready for sale, and can be had from any of the secretaries of the affiliated societies. Outsiders desiring information in regard to this festival, or who wish to purchase tickets, will promptly receive same from Mr. H. S. Coyle, General

Secretary, 39 Norfolk street, Dorchester, Mass. The festival will consist of a grand concert and ball, and promises to be one of the greatest Scottish entertainments ever held in Boston, many world famed artists having promised their services for the occasion. The concert will be under the special direction of the well known Scottish vocalist, Mr. John E. Daniels. The other officers of the General Committee are: Chairman, Robert E. May; vice chairmen, George A. Mitchell, Highland Dress Association; W. C. Stewart, Clan McGillvary; Miss Lena MacKenzie, W. A. Board, Scots Charitable Society; treasurer, Mrs. Janet Ferby, Grand Auxilliary, O. S. C.

JAMES HENDERSON,

114 State Street,
Boston, Mass. Representative.

Albany, N. Y.

The quarterly meeting of the Albany St. Andrew's Society was held August 8. Resolutions were adopted on the death of the late William W. Boyd. It was also decided to purchase a new burial lot in the Albany Rural cemetery as the old lot is nearly filled with deceased members of the society. These new members were admitted to membership: James R. Watt, William Robertson, Walter McMurray, Edward M. Fitzjohn, Frederick McDonald and Francis B. Purdie.

British and Canadian Patriotic Fund

The British and Canadian Patriotic Fund has been incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York as a permanent organization to carry on the task of relieving the dependents of the men who have joined the forces of the British Empire from the States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

From the outbreak of war in 1914 until the formation of the British and Canadian Patriotic Fund in 1917, the British and Canadian Societies in the City of New York and voluntary out-of-town organizations, acting independently, relieved such distress as came to their notice.

The task, however, for the last six or eight months has grown beyond the power of these organizations, and the British and Canadian Patriotic Fund was organized in 1917 for the purpose of co-ordinating, as far as possible, the efforts of these societies and of extending the sources from which contributions might be received.

It is estimated that not less than \$40,000 monthly will be required during the period of the war to carry out the relief work of the organization.

The honorary president is Charles Clive Bayley, British Consul, New York; president, Brigadier General W. A. White, C.B., C.M.G., 511 Fifth avenue, New York; secretary, L. B. Stoddart. All subscriptions should be made payable to British and Canadian Patriotic Fund, R. E. Saunders, treasurer, 10 Wall street, New York.

New York Caledonian Club

Although the heat was intense, there was a very fair attendance at the quarterly meeting of the New York Caledonian Club on the evening of August 6. Chief Edwards presided and initiated one new member, John Stockton. The names of three candidates for membership were referred to the investigating committee. Members who had attended the Boston and Philadelphia Caledonian games the previous Saturday, presented a decidedly sunburned appearance and gave every evidence of having enjoyed the outings. Delegates were as follows: To Boston, Chief Edwards, Third Chieftain Marshall, Fifth Chieftain Burns, and Club Piper MacKenzie. To Philadelphia, First Chieftain Caldwell, Second Chieftain Bernard, Fourth Chieftain Nixon, ex-Chief Robert Foulis and Captain William Reid.

It will be the duty of Chieftains Caldwell and Bernard and ex-Chief Reid, until the end of the war, to see that a fortnightly letter containing all club news of interest is sent to every member in active service.

Chief Edwards announced that Honorary Clansman Walter Scott had with his accustomed generosity provided for a point trophy for the club's annual games on Labor Day. Charles McIntosh, James Baird and David Scott were elected members of the reception committee for the annual games. First Chieftain Alexander Caldwell is by virtue of his office, chairman of that committee. A new caber is being made for the amateur athletes to tackle on Labor Day. The event will be under Caledonian rules, as the A. A. U. has none covering it. Pipe Major Angus M. Fraser and the Lovat Pipe and Drum Band are under engagement for the big gathering September 2.

Reports have been received of the sickness of John Walker. The members, however, are glad to hear that there has been a marked improvement in his condition. Chieftain Caldwell was empowered at the meeting of July 2, to appoint seven members to act with him on a committee to entertain visiting sailors and soldiers in the clubhouse. Chief Edwards has appointed a 1919 Concert and Ball Committee of the following members: Chieftains Caldwell, Bernard and Marshall, ex-Chiefs Wallace and MacLean, ex-Chieftain Daniel Sinclair, Clansmen Elliot, Durie, Linklater, Donaldson, Hay, Fyfe, Brawley, George Swanson and John Whiteford.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Cincinnati, Ohio

Cincinnati Scots are doing their bit to aid in the great struggle for humanity. At a recent meeting of the Caledonian Society, \$60 was voted for the fund to build a memorial church in Glasgow, Scotland, in memory of the Scottish Highlanders who have given their lives for the cause of freedom on the French and Belgian fronts. The Cincinnati societies are well represented in all branches of the service.

Cincinnati Scots have not been selfish in offering their services in the local Red Cross and other war relief work. Among the more notable in this work in this city, is Major William Nimmo and his Kiltie Band, which has been seen in nearly all the parades, as well as entertainments given in this vicinity and nearby Kentucky towns.

Major Nimmo has gotten together a pipe band of no mean ability, including a vocal quartette capable of rendering the best of Scotland's ballads in a manner that would do credit to a company of professionals. There are also soloists, in all voices, and a Scottish comedian in Mr. Robert Kirkland, who, the local Scots believe is second only to our brave Harry Lauder, the dances being handled by the two sons of Major Nimmo.

The Major and his band have cheerfully donated their services for all war relief work when called upon, and feel slighted when they are overlooked. A trip to Lexington, Ky., was made by the band on the Fourth of July, where the Royal Stewart costumes and pipes created a sensation. Another trip to this beautiful blue grass metropolis will be made in the near future, when an entertainment will be put on by the band and its associates for the benefit of two Belgian orphans who have been adopted by the ladies of the Lexington Eastern Star Chapter.

CORRESPONDENT.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The 59th Annual Games of the Caledonian Club of Philadelphia, which were held August 3, at Haines Farm, about one mile north of Olney, were a great success, notwithstanding the fact that twenty-seven of the members of the club are in the military service of the Allies. Of these, the two Jamison brothers are in the United States service, Second Chieftain J. Ferguson has had a son in France for nearly a year; ex-Chief Graham has three sons in France, two in the British Army, and one in the United States Army, and Chief Murdock has sons in the service. Clan Gordon, of Philadelphia, has lost two members by death, Robert and William Gunn, brothers; two members have been wounded, Thomas Goul and William Ponton, and still others have joined the colors. William Henry and Thomas Morrison, of New York, all pipers, are with the 48th Canadian Highlanders, so the Philadelphia Scots are doing their share and more.

It could not be expected that the athletic sports this year would be so numerous attended or competition so keen in the strenuous times in which we are living; yet there were about 2,500 people present. The awards in the competitions were: Best Dressed Boy in Highland Costume, five entries, 1st, J. A. Cairns; 2nd, J. Plinderleth, G. Mackenzie. Best Dressed Man in Highland Costume, six entries—1st, Past Chief Gray, of New York; 2nd, Bernard; 3rd, John Urquhart. Bagpipe Competition—1st, A. Mackenzie;

2nd, James Morrison; 3rd, Hugh MacArthur. Highland Fling—1st, A. Mackenzie; 2nd, Robert Dawson; 3rd, A. Tulloch. Highland Fling, Boys and Girls—1st, Gordon Mackay; 2nd, Margaret Laird; 3rd, Gordon Patterson; 4th, D. Mackay. 100 Yard Dash, members' sons—1st, E. Cairns; 2nd, James Kerr; 3rd, J. Gould. 220 Yard Kiltie Race, won by James Elliot; 2nd, Douglas Malcolm; 3rd, A. Duff. Broad Sword, won by A. Mackenzie; 2nd, R. Dawson. Race for Women, won by Miss H. Gunn; 2nd, Miss J. Jamison; 3rd, Mrs. Reitz. Race for Girls—1st, Miss M. Portingdon; 2nd, Miss E. Masterdon; 3rd, Miss E. Robertson. There were special prizes for bowling at the wickets, and there were five foot ball teams entered in the contest, the final match being played off between Bristol team D, and the Pusey and Jones team A, Gloucester, the latter winning 2 goals to 0. On account of distance and lack of facilities in reaching the grounds, the field could not be altogether completed. Chief Murdock furnished three large conveyances between the cars and the grounds gratis, which aided greatly in accommodating the patrons to the games.

We again had the pleasure of meeting a large delegation from New York, among whom were ex-Chief Foulis, Captain Reid, ex-Chief Gray, Piper MacMillen, and others, whom we are always delighted to meet and to them extend the right hand of fellowship.

Our Caledonian Ladies' Auxiliary were the busiest people on the ground, waiting on the crowd with soft drinks, ice cream, tea and sandwiches. They were also busy planning how to dispose of a handsome donkey, donated by Chief Murdock, the proceeds of which are to be placed in a donation for a free bed in a Philadelphia hospital, as they have already done in conjunction with the club for Glasgow. Let me say, these women are true heroines. They showed themselves in the parade; and besides their indefatigable work on behalf of the club, they are a credit to the Scotch in the Quaker City. As usual, the generosity of our friend, Mr. Walter Scott was in evidence in the presentation of ten handsome medals. So, considering the strenuous times in which we are living, the 59th games were a great success.

The British Patriotic societies here have pledged and are paying \$4,000 per month to the families of those who have joined the colors, and a great Patriotic Parade was held August 27th, by the Fraternal Society, in which it was estimated about 50,000 were in line.

A. R. GUNN,

2113 Columbia Ave., Press Correspondent.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Limited home rule for India and the creation of necessary legislative machinery there is embodied in a report which was recently presented to Parliament by Edwin Samuel Montague, Secretary for India, and Baron Chelmsford, Viceroy and Governor General of India.

Buffalo, N. Y.

St. Andrew's Lawn Bowling Club recently won over Tonawanda team by 41 to 26 in the first club match game ever played on the greens of the St. Andrew's Lawn Bowling Club, 509 Lafayette avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Following are the scores and line up:

St. Andrew's

William Donaldson	
W. F. Whelan	
Dr. C. A. Wall	
H. G. Anderson	Skip 23
James Walker	
A. H. Jackson	
A. Murdison	
Dr. W. L. Phillips	Skip 18
	—
Total	41

Tonawanda

George MacDonald	
S. Peuchin	
A. S. Comstock	
A. L. Murray	Skip 14
B. A. Lewis	
W. M. Mills	
T. Patterson	
E. M. Davies	Skip 12
	—
Total	26

The greens of St. Andrew's are in excellent condition, fully equipped with electric lighting and are an acquisition to Buffalo's municipal recreation for business men. Every evening when conditions are favorable this game is ardently played and the officers welcome new members or their friends at all times. Return play with Tonawanda and other games are arranged for with Welland, Bridgeburg, Buffalo and other local clubs.

An International Tournament of Lawn Bowling began July 29, on the greens of the Buffalo Lawn Bowling Club, Parkside, Buffalo, representatives from all over the United States and Canada taking part and some excellent playing was anticipated. Bowlers from Brooklyn, New York, New Hartford, Boston and other cities in the United States and Canada are taking part in the tournament. A full report will be in the next issue of THE CALEDONIAN.

H. G. ANDERSON,
President, St. Andrew's
Lawn Bowling Club.

Vancouver, B. C.

A large number of Scottish people attended the Annual Scottish Picnic under the auspices of the United Scottish Societies of British Columbia, to Bowen Island, July 20. Pipe Major Shields and Pipers Maciver, Johnston and Mactavish enlivened the proceedings with pipe music and the president, A. G. Kidd (Sons of Scotland, New Westminster, B. C.), and his committee are to be congratulated on the success of the outing.

The Caledonian sports were held at Brocton Point Grounds, August 3, and a successful joint picnic of the Gaelic Society and Clan Maclean, August 20.

J. GRANT.

Daughters of Scotia

Grand Lodge, Daughters of Scotia

Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Nellie Hayden, 48 Henry street, Passaic, N. J.

Financial and Recording Secretary, Mrs. Jane D. Wildman, 37 Avon street, New Haven, Conn.

Treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Spence, 131 Randolph avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

The Grand Lodge officers of the D. of S., are bringing to a close a very busy and prosperous year. Our membership at present is considerably over 6,500, and is made up of 75 lodges in all parts of the U. S. A. Two new lodges are to be instituted this month; one in Norwalk, Conn., on the 15th, and the other in Ridgefield Park, N. J., on the 26th. The funds have increased proportionately and our success during the year is due in a great measure to the untiring efforts of our Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Nellie Hayden.

A great deal has been accomplished in War Relief Work and each and every lodge has done her share to help the boys who are so gallantly fighting at the front.

We are looking forward to the Twentieth Annual Convention of the Grand Lodge, which will be held in the Reception Hall of the Bancroft Hotel, Worcester, Mass., on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 17th and 18th.

Thistle Lodge, No. 2, of Worcester, will hold a meeting and reception to the delegates and visitors on Monday evening at Malta Hall, 306 Main street, where the sisters will be welcomed and any needed information about rooms, etc., will be gladly given. On Tuesday evening a banquet will be held in the hotel and on Wednesday evening there will be the usual entertainment and ball.

It is hoped that a large number will attend the convention for it is not only a very enjoyable social occasion, but also very instructive and helpful to the lodges and those who attend I am sure will return to their homes with renewed enthusiasm for the D. of S.

With best wishes to all sisters, I am

Yours fraternally,

JANE D. WILDMAN,

August 16, 1918.

Grand Secretary.

Lady MacKenzie, New York

Lady MacKenzie, D. O. S., New York, has made a second contribution to the aid of the Scottish Blinded Soldiers and Sailors, the proceeds of their concert last winter, and have received the following interesting acknowledgment, a copy of which has been sent THE CALEDONIAN by Sarah J. Tait, correspondent:

"Scottish Blinded Soldiers and Sailors'

"Hostel,

"Newington House, Edinburgh,

"6th May, 1918.

"Mrs. Annie Stirling, Chief Daughter,

"Lady MacKenzie, No. 31,

"Daughters of Scotia, New York.

"Dear Mrs. Stirling:

"I have had forwarded to me when I have been acting as chaplain to the troops, your welcome letter enclosing the handsome sum of £78-0-2d (\$400) in aid of our blinded heroes. These proofs of warm interest in our efforts to meet the requirements of our brave men, coming from all parts of the world, are very welcome and a source of great encouragement to the Board of Management. Our present hostel is now full and the Committee of Management are making arrangements to secure another Mansion House in the neighborhood to meet the increased demands. During the terrible carnage which is taking place in France, we learn that many of our countrymen through the influence of prisoners, gas shells, etc., have been deprived of their sight, the great majority of whom will find their way back to the old country.

"This makes us all the more anxious to have in hand sufficient funds to have provisions ready to receive them. For the after care of these blinded heroes we are aiming at raising £40,000 to make their future secure. When trained to some trade or industry at Newington House, we are setting them up in business in their own local centres and our aim is to keep in touch with them and the people of their locality so long as they live, that they may never feel we have forgotten all they have sacrificed. Recently there has been established under the Government Local Board Department, Advisory Committees in Scotland, England and Ireland for the care of all the blind and, as the blind in each country must be looked after by the Advisory Committee of each nation—Blind Heroes as well—that means the Scottish Advisory Committee—of which I am a member—will have the care of all the blind Scottish heroes as well as the civilian blind.

"From this you, and the American public of Scottish Sons and Daughters will see that in the near future a very great burden will be laid upon us.

"If you can make this widely known in your great commercial and trading centres, where representatives of the 'Hills and the Glens of Auld Scotland' are piling up fortunes, I feel sure a response will be given even on a more generous and liberal scale than has already been received, most gratefully by us.

"Kindly convey to your lodge our warmest and sincerest thanks for their magnificent contribution and assuring members of a hearty welcome when they cross 'the ferry' and visit Newington House, believe me

"Yours very sincerely,

"THOMAS BURNS, D. D., C. F.,

"Chairman of Scottish Hostel for

"Blind Sailors and Soldiers.

Flora MacDonald Lodge, Paterson, N. J.

Flora MacDonald Lodge, No. 18, D. O. S., Paterson, N. J., held its regular business meeting August 5. A large number were present, not only of our own members, but also from various neighboring lodges. All came to do honor to our Grand Deputy Sister, Jean White, who, on that night made her official visit to our lodge. From the Lady Drummond, Orange, N. J., to which our Grand Deputy belongs, we enjoyed a delegation made up of the Chief Daughter and twenty-one members. We also had delegations from Lady MacLean, Passaic, N. J.; Mary Wallace, Paterson, N. J.; Blue Bell, Jersey City, and others. The evening was most profitably and enjoyably spent. We enjoyed remarks from our Grand Deputy and Sister Robinson, of Blue Bell. The latter for years, has come faithfully to our meetings and it is with pleasure that we look forward to her coming. We also enjoyed remarks from other visitors. Later many songs were rendered and appreciated by all.

As a token of esteem, Sister Jean White presented to the lodge A Minstrel in France, by Harry Lauder, and to show our respect for our deputy, the lodge gave her a gold D. O. S. ring. Refreshments were served following the exercises.

B. H. K.

Helen MacGregor, Frankford, Pa.

Helen MacGregor, 44, D. O. S., welcomed Grand Chief Daughter Nellie Hayden at their meeting on June 26, and many visitors from other lodges in Philadelphia were present. Chief Daughter Annie Winton was in the chair and introduced the Grand Chief Daughter, who was heartily applauded when in the course of her remarks she told of what the lodges in the States were doing to help in the great war. The Chief Daughter, in behalf of Helen MacGregor Lodge, presented Mrs. Hayden with a half dozen cut glass sherbet glasses. The sisters will not soon forget the visit of the Grand Chief Daughter to Philadelphia. The lodge is heroically doing its bit in this great war. Through the efforts of Sister Mary Kennedy, the members have donated 330 pairs of socks, 15 sweaters, and 9 shirts for the British Relief Emergency Aid, and they are still keeping up the good work.

ISABELLA DALLAS.

The New York Scottish Regiment was the guest of Colonel Walter Scott at dinner at the Scotch Tea Room, New York, August 17. About sixty were present. Major John Rowe was chairman and Lieutenant-Colonel John Taylor, toastmaster. The host, Colonel Walter Scott, was the chief speaker. Mrs. M. Bain, of the Scotch Tea Room, spoke feelingly of her son who is with the MacLean Kilties at the front.

The regiment is raising a fund to erect a memorial to the late William Cameron, of the N. Y. S. H. Pipe Band.

R. W. W.

Lady MacDuff, New York

Lady MacDuff, D. O. S., held its regular meeting on August 15. The lodge now has a membership of 208. The members have contributed to the Red Cross since October, 1917: 455 pairs of socks, 143 sweaters, 39 helmets, 3 pairs of wristlets, 3 pairs of pajamas. They have also contributed \$400 to the Harry Lauder Fund through Mr. Walter Scott, treasurer of the fund.

MARY B. WATERSON.

Labor in the War

BY JOHN MARTIN WATERSON

(Attached to a Labor Company, British Forces in France)

The following are extracts from a letter received by his brother in New York:

I am now over fourteen months in France and expected to be home on leave some time ago, when I intended to write you in peace and quietness as the conditions here are anything but ideal. I arrived at the Infantry Base Depot in France, on the evening of May 11, 1917, physically done up, as the march was a long one and the weather scorching hot. A Medical Board later declared me "P. B." (permanent base), so I got a job assisting the cooks. On July 16, I was sent along with others to a Labor Camp. Work here was varied; perhaps I would be at the munition dumps discharging or loading munitions for the firing line, another time it would be digging wells with the Royal Engineers to provide water in the case of an outbreak of fire; a day at the Convalescent Horse Depot mucking out stables, loading manure trains or assisting in the forage barns. A rather unpleasant job was the loading and discharging of coal on account of the inability to get a bath every night, still once a week wasn't so bad!

Five months of this work passed and then a change happened. December 11, saw me on my way to the Somme district, where I was engaged filling up trenches and so relieving land for cultivation. A few days of this, and then away again. Passing through the town to the railway station I saw a peculiar sight, a cross or crucifix on the top of a church spire had apparently been struck by a shell and hung down, looking as if it would fall at any minute, but perhaps you have seen a picture of it in one of your New York pictorials. After a short journey I arrived at a place where salvage ammunition was examined, repaired and sent into the firing line again. I passed the winter there and worked until "Fritz" started his offensive on March 21.

We had to get out in a hurry on March 23, as German shells were bursting too uncomfortably close to camp. It is at this point where I can't find language to describe what a scene of devastation is caused by the war; the country pitted with deep shell holes and battered trenches, villages reduced to rubble, woods a collection of blasted tree stumps and soldiers' graves with the usual wooden

cross only too plentiful. Four days' march brought us well away from it all, when we were billeted in barns. Since then I have been employed in various capacities assisting the men to move forward again.

France is a beautiful fertile country, but my experience of a few villages I have been in leaves a great deal to be desired. I think nearly every one keeps pigs, so you can understand what a "hum" there is in hot July weather. The fields appear to be fully cultivated right to within a short distance behind the lines. It seems to take a great deal for the French people to abandon their homes.

I had a talk with some of your very fine American soldiers belonging to the New York division, but I never met one that knew you personally.

Rhode Island Letter

In connection with the local subscriptions to the Harry Lauder Fund mentioned in the June CALEDONIAN, Clan Fraser went on record at its July meeting for another \$100. Clan Fraser has sixty-three members serving with the colors, and more to follow.

The Past Chiefs' Association of the O. S. C., met at Westerly, R. I., on July 6th, when Chief Goudie, of Providence, presided over a large gathering. No less than thirty delegates from Pawtucket and Providence attended and along with lady friends partook of the hospitality of Clan Leslie, of Westerly. The Royal Secretary, T. R. P. Gible, dealt with the present position of the Order of Scottish Clans and was followed by Deputy Royal Chief A. Adams; Chief McMeekin, Clan Fraser, and Chief Hutcheon, Clan Cameron. Past Chief George M. McKenzie (Pawtucket), and the Congregational Quartette Party of Westerly, supplied solos and selections. It was in the "wee sma' hoors" when the Pawtucket party arrived home.

JOHN BALDWIN,
Representative.

16 Alice Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

Sydney, Australia

The following extract from a letter from our exchange, *The Scottish Australasian*, Sydney, is interesting:

As regard THE CALEDONIAN, we are always glad when the mail brings along your issues. We like the tone of it, the selection of the matter, and the patriotism inculcated, and wish for you a long life, constantly growing stronger and fuller. You seem to have a fine lot and a fine type of Scot in the United States, of whose doings we are proud to hear. We notice, also, that you are sending forward kilted regiments of soldiers. We are trying to induce the Government to do the same, offering to raise the required men, but the Government is foolishly obdurate and lacking in the perception that one of the finest aids to voluntary recruiting, which we have adhered to, is the promotion of national sentiment. We are pushing the matter as hard

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With very best wishes for the future.

Yours sincerely,

W. A. MARSH, Editor.

Clan Games, New York

The annual games and picnic of Clans MacDonald, Scott and Chisholm, Brooklyn, and Campbell, Staten Island, were held at Midland Park, Staten Island, Saturday afternoon and evening, July 27. A long list of contests, which filled the afternoon, were greatly enjoyed by the large gathering. The New York Caledonian Club was represented by Chief James Edwards and members of the Highland Guard and there was a good showing of members of all the other local societies. Among the clansmen from out of town was Captain A. MacDuffee, U. S. A., past chief of Clan MacDuff, San Antonio, Texas. The games of Clans MacDuff, MacKenzie and Graham, New York, are to be held later.

New Publications

Johnny Pryde. By J. J. Bell. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. Price \$1.00.

This latest book by Mr. Bell, unlike most of his recent works, does not deal with the war, although it shows the influence of war time. Johnny is a grocer's boy and in possession of a liberal supply of shrewdness and humor. He gets into many difficulties, but manages to find his way out, and even helps his employer out some of his hard places. He is not slow in forming his opinions of some of the customers of the store, whose overbearing manners and selfishness seem to be unchanged in spite of the pressure of the war.

From the chapter, "Queer Customers," we quote: "We meet wi' some queer things in the grocery trade byrbye the groceries. Whiles I think the lady customers is the queerest. Mind ye, it's no' aye the rich that buys the best, nor the poor that buys the rottenest guds. It would astonish ye to hear what some folk in big hooses eats, but, of course, that's a trade secret. But there canna be any harm in remarkin' a few remarks on our chief queerosities, the lady customers. They're no' a' alike, by any means: here and there ye strike a nice, decent lady among them. But takin' them a' roun', it beats me to know how P. Clark can put up wi' them. I suppose it's the man's livin', but I'd sooner be a Turk nor cow-tow to some o' them, especially the sort that looks at ye as if ye were damaged fruit, and speaks as if they was feart a loose tooth would fall out. We've got several of that brand. They walks in as if they was ower fine to breathe the same air as a grocer, performed like a pomade factory, and ye can hardly mak' oot what they're sayin', whether they're askin' for butter, or margerine, or washin' soda." The book is interesting and well written, but not equal to Mr. Bell's former publications.

My Mission to London, 1912-1914. By Prince Lichnowsky, late German Ambassador to London. New York; George H. Doran & Company.

What Has God to do With the War? By E. Albert Cook.

What Kind of a Fight Are We In? By Ernest R. Groves. Association Press, New York.

The Island of Lewis

(Continued from page 211)

obtain possession of the Lewis. Whereupon Morrison, the Brieve, undertook to slay Torquil Dubh. Then the Brieve, accompanied by a large body of Morrisons, proceeded in his galley to the Island of Rona, some twenty miles to the northeast of the Butt of Lewis. On the way he seized a Dutch ship, and brought it by force to Lewis. On his arrival at Lewis, the Brieve invited Torquil Dubh to a banquet on board the ship. Torquil Dubh accepted the invitation, and, accompanied by seven of his best friends, went aboard the ship. They sat down in the ship, where they expected drink, but instead of wine the Morrisons brought cords, and thus all the MacLeod guests were apprehended, and bound by the Brieve and his kindred, "who brought them to the lord of Kintail's bounds, and there beheaded them every man, in July, 1597."

All this time the Island of Lewis was in a state of uproar, the MacLeods fighting among themselves in the interests of Torquil Dubh and his eldest son against the claims of Torquil Cononnach. The Fife men were at the same time doing everything they could to make good their claim to the Island under the royal charter. Their progress was slow, and many of them losing heart of the enterprise, left the Island and returned to Fife.

LEWIS SURNAMES

In 1610 the remaining Fife Adventurers disposed of their rights to the Chief of Kintail, and the Island remained in the possession of the Mackenzies till 1844. Some of the Fife Adventurers, like the Norsemen, settled in the Island and married some Lewis women. Thus probably it is that we meet with surnames in Lewis which are not met with elsewhere in the Highlands. Crichton and also Montgomery are common surnames in Lewis, the latter assuming the Gaelic form Mac-Comraid. The Smiths are also met with. On the mainland they are Mac-a'-ghobhainn or Gow, Gobha or gobhainn being the Gaelic for smith. In Lewis the name never appears as Gow. But the Lewisman, like Gaelic-speaking Highlanders elsewhere, have their difficulty in pronouncing the final "th," and Donald Smith becomes Domhnall Smut, or Domhnall Smiss, or we may hear of him referred to as "A' Smithach."

The late Sir James Cameron Lees has more than once informed me that according to his family tradition, he was descended from a "Fife Adventurer" who married a Lewis woman.—W. M'K in *Oban Times*.

Clan Rose

(Continued from page 207)

course of talk, he remarked to the laird, "You have had my cousin here?" and on Kilravock hastening to explain that he had had no means of refusing entertainment, the Duke stopped him with the remark that he had done quite right. The laird was then Provost of Nairn, and a silver-mounted drinking cup of cocoanut still preserved at Kilravock bears the inscription, "This cup belongs to the Provost of Nairn, 1746, the year of our deliverance. A bumper to the Duke of Cumberland."

For a hundred years the Sheriffship of Ross had been all but hereditary in the family, and after the abolition of heritable jurisdictions in 1746, Hugh Rose, the seventeenth baron, was still appointed sheriff depute by the King. Books and music, gardening and hospitality filled up the pleasant life at Kilravock in this laird's time. He himself was a good classical scholar, and was consulted constantly by Professor Moor, of Glasgow, regarding his great edition of Homer.

It was the daughter and heiress of this laird who was known in so much of the correspondence of the north in her time as Mrs. Elizabeth Rose. This lady succeeded her brother, the eighth baron, in 1782, married her cousin, Hugh Rose, of Brea, the heir-male, and lived through a long widowhood to 1851. Lady Kilravock, as she was called, had a high reputation for taste in music and literature, and when Robert Burns set out on his Highland tour in the autumn of 1787, he carried an introduction to her from her cousin, Henry MacKenzie, the "Man of Feeling." The poet's two visits to the Castle are noted in his journal.

From first to last, indeed, the Roses of Kilravock stand distinguished among the chiefs of Highland clans for their refined and literary tastes. Something of the popular impression of this is to be seen in the well known ballad of "Sir James the Rose," which had probably some member of the house for its subject. Major James

Rose, the late laird and head of the house, was Lord-Lieutenant of Nairnshire from 1889 to 1904. His son, the present laird, Colonel Hugh Rose, had just retired from active service in the Army when the great European War broke out in 1914. He then again offered his services, and since shortly after the beginning of hostilities has been on service with the British Expeditionary Force in France.—By special permission of the Editor of *Scottish Country Life*.

Obituary

ROBERT ANDERSON, past chief and oldest member of Clan MacKenzie, O. S. C., Manchester, N. H., and a charter member of the Caledonian Club of Lawrence, Mass., died at his home in Manchester, July 18, in his 72nd year. He was a native of Glasgow.

HUGH THOMSON, a native of Scotland, and a veteran of the Civil War, for twelve years armorer for the Seventh Regiment, New York, died July 3, in his 78th year.

JOHN W. MURRAY, a native of Dalry, Scotland, former president of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, New York, died in Plainfield, N. J., July 11, in his 85th year.

JOHN GLASGOW DOON, a prominent member of the St. Andrew's Golf Club, Yonkers, died suddenly, July 27, in his 62nd year. He was born in Scotland.

SAMUEL FLANAGAN died on August 11, 1918, at his late residence, 161 Parkway, East Orange, N. J., after a lingering illness. Mr. Flanagan was a member of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. He and his family for many years were great workers in the Alexander Chapel and later in the Greenwich Presbyterian Church.

James Macdonald, the well known art bookbinder, of New York, recently bound an autographed copy of Harry Lauder's book, "A Minstrel in France," which brought \$500 at the Metropolitan Opera House for the benefit of the wounded British soldiers.

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St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York

The semi-annual meeting of the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York was held in the Myrtle Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, Thursday evening, May 1. Preceding the short business session, a social hour was spent in meeting and greeting old friends. A feature of the evening was the presence of several members and sons of members who have served in the war. The service record of the society is not yet completed, but shows that about fifty members and sixty sons of members have been in the service of the United States and the Allies.

The President, Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys presided, and following the business meeting a supper was tendered by the President, officers and ex-presidents. During the supper songs were sung by Messrs. Theodore Martin and James McG. Brown, and Andrew Gillies rendered several characteristic recitations, all of which received hearty applause. The Hon. H. Y. Braddon, Commissioner to the United States from Australia, was called upon by the President, and spoke briefly and humorously upon his experiences with Scots characteristics.

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THE CALEDONIAN

(An American Magazine, Founded 1901)

THE ALLIES' MAGAZINE

THE CALEDONIAN, now in its eighteenth year, has its subscribers not only in America, Canada, Newfoundland and Great Britain, but in South Africa, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and India; in fact, among all English-speaking people.

To enlarge the scope of the magazine, we are arranging with representative men in these countries to contribute regularly to THE CALEDONIAN—this department to be called *The Allies' Magazine*. These contributions will in no way change or take the place of the regular features of THE CALEDONIAN, but will furnish additional matter of deep interest to our subscribers, and authentic information of what these countries are doing.

Subscription price \$1.50 a year, in advance. Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express Order, or Post Office Order. (Checks not payable at New York Banks require 10 cents additional for collection charges).

Current Events

The taking of the new census will begin January 1, 1920, instead of upon April 15 as in former years. The date was changed largely on account of the farmers, with whom the enumeration begins, and who are usually too busy to suffer interruption around April 15.

Dr. John Huston Finley, New York Commissioner of Education, has returned from Asia Minor, to take up his duties in Albany. He has completed his part of the work which the Red Cross assigned to him as its Commissioner in Asia Minor and the Near East. On his last mission he traveled all the way from the Euphrates to Constantinople, he being the first American to undertake this journey since the war.

Miss Margaret Carnegie, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, and Ensign Roswell Miller, U. S. Navy, were married April 22, at the Carnegie home, 2 East 91st street, New York city. The ceremony was performed at noon, the Rev. Dr. William Pierson Merrill, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, officiating.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the wizard of the steel business, referring to the profiteers and the labor advocates, said: "A wonderful change has taken place in American ideals. The big man of the future of America will be he who gives the greatest service to his fellows. Social rank, inherited wealth, acquired wealth, that is wholly selfish, the polish of a superficial education, will pale into insignificance when compared with the honor that will come to the man who serves."

Subscriptions to the Victory Liberty Loan, the drive for which began April 21, promises far to exceed the total set for the three weeks' campaign. The amount asked is \$4,500,000,000, and the terms the most liberal yet offered, the notes being for three and four years and bearing 4¾ per cent. interest.

The total casualties of the American Expeditionary Forces, according to the latest corrections, were 285,950. The total deaths now reported number 75,344.

The first non-stop airplane flight from Chicago to New York, was made April 19, by Captain E. F. White, an American Army aviator, who flew 727 miles in a De Haviland Four army reconnaissance plane at an average speed of about 106 miles an hour, the actual flying time being six hours and fifty minutes. The average height maintained was 10,000 feet.

Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt has been made a member of the Board of Directors of the Sinclair Oil and Refining Corporation.

Rev. Dr. John McDowell, pastor of the Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, Maryland, has been elected a Secretary of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church. Dr. McDowell began life as a breaker-boy at a coal mine near Wyoming, Pa.

Governor Smith, of New York, signed, April 11, the bill providing for the first appropriation toward the building of a great tunnel under the Hudson for vehicles and pedestrians connecting New York city with Jersey City.

The Minnesota Forestry Department has made a gift of several million young pine trees to be sent to the devastated regions of France.

The first post of World War veterans was organized in Boston, at the headquarters of the Department of the East, April 8, and named for General Clarence R. Edwards. Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and Lieutenant-Colonel Bennett Clark, son of Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri, have issued a call for a meeting in St. Louis, Mo., May 8, 9 and 10, to consider plans for the formation of an organization of national service men to be known as the American Legion. A preliminary caucus of about 1,000 officers and men was held in Paris, March 15.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, will meet in St. Louis, on May 16. It is suggested that the Rev. Dr. S. Hail Young, the commissioner from the Presbytery of Yukon, be the next moderator. Since graduating from the Wooster University in 1875 and Western Theological Seminary in 1878, he has been a hard working missionary in Alaska.

Sir Thomas Lipton arrived in New York, April 1, to arrange for yacht races for the American Cup in 1920. He made the trip on the *Aquitania*, which brought several thousand United States troops, and was enthusiastic over the American soldiers and the part they had played in the war.

The Rev. Dr. John MacNeill, the great Scotch evangelist, has been supplying the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York, on the 20th and 27th of April, and conducted four afternoon meetings in the Fulton Street Church. He also on Monday, April 28, conducted a meeting of all the churches in Carnegie Hall, under the auspices of the evangelical committee.

Dr. Kelman, of Free St. George's, Edinburgh, preached in the Fifth Avenue Church, New York, Sunday morning, April 27, and officiated at the prayer meeting on the 23rd. The Session of the Fifth Avenue Church would present a call to Dr. Kelman, but at present he could not entertain it, on account of his position as chairman of a Committee on Church Union.

Richard Wilson Austin, Representative in Congress for the Second Tennessee District and former U. S. Consul in Glasgow, Scotland, died in Washington, April 20, in his 61st year.

Canadian

Official announcement was made from Ottawa, April 12, that Sir Robert Borden, Sir George Foster, C. J. Doherty and Arthur Sifton are appointed plenipotentiaries to sign the treaty of peace on behalf of Canada. The chief party to the signing of the peace agreement, it is explained, is King George, representing the United Kingdom and Ireland, the overseas Dominions and India.

Rev. Dr. E. F. Scott, who since 1908 has held the chair of New Testament Literature and Criticism in Queen's Presbyterian College, Kingston, Ontario, has accepted a similar chair in Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Dr. Scott came to Queen's from Scotland, and has degrees from Glasgow and Oxford Universities. He is the author of several theological works of a high order.

There were 17,355 fires in Canada, causing a loss of \$33,623,000. More than \$23,200,000 of this, however, or 69 per cent., was caused by 276 fires. Sixty-two fires alone were responsible for almost fifty per cent. of the total loss. Forest fires cause a large additional loss every year, but the employment of forest rangers has proved of great service in checking these fires and in saving valuable timber lands from destruction.

Sir Auguste Real Angers, K.C., Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, from 1887 to 1892, died in Montreal, April 15, in his 81st year. He had been in public life since 1874, and declined appointment to the Supreme Court at Ottawa in 1895.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has asked Parliament for authorization to operate an aircraft service between such points within or without the Dominion as it may find desirable.

Alberta farmers have organized a project to irrigate 500,000 acres at a cost of \$18,000,000.

The British Columbia Electric Railway Company has put \$50,000 at the disposal of its employees to help them to build or acquire homes.

The failure of Parliament to enact the "day-light saving" measure has caused much confusion in the matter of time. The Federal Government, the Dominion Railways, the Halifax schools and several individual communities have adopted the "day-light saving" time.

Sir Eric Drummond, who was nominated to the Peace Conference by President Wilson to be the first Secretary-General of the League of Nations, has been private secretary to Foreign Secretary Arthur J. Balfour since 1915, and accompanied Mr. Balfour to the United States in 1917. He has been in the British Foreign Office since 1900. He is a member of the historic Drummond family; a half brother of the Earl of Perth, and next in succession to all his honors, including the chieftainship of Clan Drummond.

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British

The body of Edith Cavell, who was executed by the Germans in 1915, will be brought from Brussels to London, May 15, and taken to Westminster Abbey, where ceremonies will be held. The body will be brought to Dover on a warship and will be transported on a gun carriage with military escort to Victoria Station, and thence to Westminster Abbey. The burial will be at Norwich, the home town of Miss Cavell.

Miss Macnaughton, the gifted Scots novelist, has written her "War Experiences in Two Continents," which will soon be published by John Murray. It contains an interesting and spirited account of things seen and heard in Belgium, France, Russia and Persia.

Mrs. Ann Mackenzie, nearly ninety years of age, of Inverness, who was recently burned to death, was a sister of a Presbyterian clergyman in Belgium, who was shot dead by the Germans for protesting against their atrocities.

Memorial service was held in Westminster Abbey, April 4, under the auspices of the English-Speaking Union, for the Americans who fell during the war. The service was most impressive. Among those present were Ambassador and Mrs. Davis, Consul General and Mrs. Skinner, Major General Biddle, Rear Admiral Robinson, the staffs of the American Embassy and the American Consulate General and representatives of the British War, Navy and Air Offices. Queen Mother Alexandra was represented by the Marquis of Cambridge and King George by his A. D. C., Colonel Burt. Premier Lloyd George was represented by Sir William Sutherland. Others present were Walter H. Long, First Lord of the Admiralty; Winston Spencer Churchill, Secretary of State for War, Viscount Bryce, Viscount Peel, Under Secretary of State for War; Sir George Perley, Canadian High Commissioner in London; the Greek Minister in London, the Earl of Meath and Major General J. E. B. Seely.

One of the most interesting Scottish baronetcies becomes extinct by the death of Colonel Sir Simon Macdonald Lockhart, of The Lee, Lanark. The Lockharts are one of the oldest families in Scotland, and had attained to distinction in the reign of Malcolm IV. Sir Simon Lockhart of Lee, accompanied Lord James Douglas to the Holy Land, and at The Lee is preserved the Lee Penny, which Sir Walter Scott had in mind when writing "The Talisman." Sir Simon brought it back from the Crusades, and its appearance is a little disappointing considering its age and history. It is a pebble set in a silver coin, and is kept in a box much more pretentious than itself—a gold box presented to Count Lockhart by Maria Theresa. At one time the "Talisman" was thought to be a sure specific against the cattle plague and hydrophobia.

Sir Douglas Haig will be installed rector of the University of St. Andrew's about the middle of May.

More than 5,000 British newspaper men and printers fell in the war. Speaking recently at a memorial service for these heroes in St. Paul's, London, the bishop of Hereford said: "It is difficult adequately to state, and quite impossible to overstate, the services which the multitude of workers associated with journalism ordinarily render to the state. But in time of war their labors acquire a greatly enhanced importance, for they keep the nation informed and alert, they stimulate its courage and excite it to fresh exertion."

Commander the Hon. Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay are now in residence at Bagshot, after a short stay in London at Clarence House. Later they will go to Paris, following the return of the Duke of Connaught from Beaulieu.

A bill has passed its second reading in the House of Lords, qualifying women as Barristers and Solicitors. The measure throws open both branches of the legal profession to women.

The King has been pleased to approve of the reappointment of His Grace the Duke of Atholl to be Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland. This will be the second year the Duke has represented the King at the supreme Church Court, and all who saw him last year with his stalwart Highland guard will be greatly pleased to see him again.

Mr. John Buchan has about completed his history of the war. There are twenty-four volumes. It is his intention to revise the work in about two years' time.

Among those upon whom the University of Edinburgh has conferred the degree of LL. D. are: The Hon. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America; Admiral Sir David Beatty, Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh; Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig; Mr. Gerard Lake Crole, K.C., Sheriff of the Lothians; Mr. James Currie, Chairman of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce; Mr. Alexander Darling, Master of the Merchant Company; Emeritus Professor Sir Thomas Richard Fraser, F.R.S., Edinburgh; Lord Leverhulme; Sir William S. McCormick, Secretary of the Carnegie Trust; Sir Thomas Mackenzie, High Commissioner for New Zealand; Sir John Lorne MacLeod, Lord Provost of Edinburgh; Major-General Sir W. G. Macpherson, K.C.M.G.; Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines; the Right Hon. Robert Munro, K.C., M.P., Secretary for Scotland; Mr. Charles David Murray, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates; Professor Diarmid Noel Paton, F.R.S., Glasgow; Rev. Emeritus Professor Patrick, D.D., Edinburgh; Brigadier-General Arthur Edward Ross, C.B., Director of Canadian Medical Service, France; Emeritus Professor Saintsbury, LL.D., Edinburgh; Sir Robert Patrick Wright, Chairman, Board of Agriculture for Scotland; Mr. Justice Younger, Judge of the High Court, London.

The King approved the promotion of Admiral Viscount Jellicoe and Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, April 2, to be Admirals of the Fleet, in recognition of their distinguished war services. The official dispersal of the Grand Fleet took place April 7, when Admiral Beatty hauled down his flag as Commander-in-Chief. It is rumored that Admiral Beatty will be offered the post of First Sea Lord.

An official report of the British Air Minister shows that at the signing of the Armistice, Great Britain had in the air service 22,171 machines; 27,006 officers, and 263,842 men. From July, 1916, to the time of the signing of the Armistice, the air force on the western front brought down 7,054 enemy aircraft, dropped 8,042 tons of bombs, and fired more than 10,500,000 rounds at ground targets.

The Prince of Wales was initiated as a Free Mason, on April 24.

It has been officially announced that no visit to the United States of any portion of the British fleet is contemplated at present.

Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the United States Navy, accompanied by Mrs. Daniels, arrived in London, April 24, for a two weeks' visit in Britain. He was greeted at the station by Vice Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, First Sea Lord, who was accompanied by the Second and Third Sea Lords. In the welcoming party were John W. Davis, American Ambassador; Major General Biddle, commander of American forces in Great Britain, and other American naval and military representatives. After inspecting the guard of honor, Mr. Daniels dined at the home of Ambassador Davis and left soon after for Scapa Flow to view the captured German warships and visit Edinburgh, Sheffield and other cities before returning to London for a ten days' stay.

Aberdeen Estates Sold

Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who have been sojourning in the United States during most of the war in the interest of the charities with which Lady Aberdeen is connected, and spent most of the time at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York, and who returned to Great Britain, have recently sold part of their estates. The Haddo House estates of the Marquis of Aberdeen represent a very large area of the lands of Buchan, and are mostly arable. Roughly speaking, they extend to about 50,000 acres, and of that total about 37,000 acres are now being disposed of. The latter portions, which are wholly agricultural, include the whole of the Haddo House lands in the parishes of Fyvie, New Deer, Ellon, and Udnay, and portions of the estate lands in the parishes of Tarves and Methlick. The sale embraces the whole of the estate of Shivas and the old castle of Gight, the portions retained by the Marquis consisting of some 13,000 acres within which the stately mansion of Haddo House stands. It may be noted that the Marquis of Aberdeen is the

sole heritor in the parishes of Tarves and Methlick, and the property he has retained includes many large and well known farms. It is interesting to know, for example, that Mr. William Duthie's farms of Collynie and Tillycairn, and Mr. James Durno's farm of Uppermill, famed the world over as historic centres of Shorthorn cattle breeding, will still remain the property of the Marquis of Aberdeen, as well as such well known farms as the Ythsies, Shethin, and Tolquhon (the tenancy of which is about to be taken up by Mr. John P. Sleight, St. John's Wells, one of the best known tenants of the Marquis on his Fyvie property, now being sold.) The total rental of the Haddo House estates is about £40,000, and that of the portions now disposed of about £28,000; and incidentally it may be mentioned that few estates in this country have been more liberally dealt with in respect of money expended in improvement, and few indeed where the adjustment of tenancies from time to time were accomplished so smoothly owing to the reputation of the noble owner for fair and generous dealing towards those who occupied his lands. The estates have been in the Gordon family for four and a half centuries.

It was to Haddo House that Lord Aberdeen brought his tall young bride forty-two years ago, and it was among the people at Haddo that Lady Aberdeen first showed that benevolent interest that was to manifest itself in a much wider way later on. From the Haddo House Association founded by her grew the Onward and Upward Association that presently became so well known.

Not every one knows that the ancient castle and lands of Gight, which are included in the property Lord Aberdeen is to sell, once belonged to the father of Lord Byron, the poet. The widow of Jack Gordon of Gight was left to struggle with many debts, and to clear them off she sold Gight to the then Lord Aberdeen. It was a place particularly loved by the statesman Earl of Aberdeen. (Full biographical sketches to date of Lord and Lady Aberdeen are included in volume I of our *Scots and Scots' Descendants in America*.)

The Scottish People

To the Scottish people it has been given to erect their altars and built their cairns of remembrance in every quarter of the habitable world. To Bannockburn may belong its splendid, and to Flodden its melancholy glory in these islands. But, far-flung in Scandinavia and in Holland, in India and South Africa, in the Americas and on the Crimean and the Spanish battlefields are also to be found those holy places which will to all time be shrines of pilgrimage to those whose pulse beats high at mention of the Scottish name. And not merely in war; for it has been given to our race to be not only the knights errant of chivalry, but the ambassadors of commerce and the missionaries of progress and religion throughout the habitable globe.

DR. ARCHIBALD FLEMING.

Edinburgh Memorial Service

The sacrifice and heroism of the men of the Scottish Highlanders are enshrined in the undying story of the nation's part in the great war, and a great congregation attended the special service organized by the Association of Highland Societies of Edinburgh in St. Giles Cathedral on Sunday afternoon, March 23, to pay tribute to the memory of Highlanders who have laid down their lives in the conflict. There were present civic and military representatives, and contingents of officers and men numbering 200 from the regiments forming part of the Highland Brigade now stationed in the city and neighborhood.

HIGHLAND BONNETS AND HIGHLAND HEARTS

The Rev. Lauchlan Maclean Watt preached on the text from St. John xv. 13—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." In the four years of anguish, which had laid a shadow on the world, a shadow that would not be lifted through our generation and the day that came after us, they learned, he said, the meaning of those words. They would be enforced by the empty chairs, by the thought of the unreturning, by the ache in the heart-remembering. When the mailed fist was thrust against the nailed hand outstretched from the Cross for the weak and suffering, their brave lads laid down their lives. Who should blame them if their Highland hearts recalled with a deeper tenderness the lads of their own blood from the islands and the glens, from the upland and the moor, where their souls were rocked in the cradle of dreams? To the verge of death there could almost be nothing dearer to them than the old places, but dearer than all to them was always the thought of freedom. Therefore it was that in every hour of danger to their nation forward went the Highland bonnets, ever in the front of battle beat the Highland hearts. To the broken and breaking hearts, he said that in the Heart that broke on Calvary was the secret of their feelings. For their sakes these men had died, and they understood His sacrifice the better from the sacrifice of their brave Highland boys. The graves in France and Flanders, in Africa and the Dardanelles, and in their hearts, spoke, and should speak forever, of faith, the faith of those who, when duty called for the sake of liberty, life, honor, and God, were not afraid to battle and to die. Let them who were proud of their Highland boys make their lives and their Highlands worthier of them and their sacrifice.

British Demobilization

The British War Office has recently announced that since the date of the Armistice the following numbers of soldiers have been discharged:

Officers: Demolized, 62,590. Other ranks: Demolized, 1,898,754; discharged medically unfit, 106,172; discharged from Classes W.W. (W.), P. and P. (T.), of the Reserve, 144,351. Total 2,211,867.

Islay's Great Gathering

The natives of Islay residing in Glasgow, held the largest gathering in the history of Islay Association, on Wednesday evening, March 26, in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, in honor of the Victoria Cross winner. Sir John Lindsay, the distinguished town clerk of Glasgow, presided. Speeches were made by notable men. The Rev. Dougald Clark in presenting the presentation to Lieutenant MacIntyre, the winner of V. C., said:

"Let me read to you the official record of the wonderful feats of valor which won for our fellow-islander the V. C.:-

"Single handed; think of it! He had only a party of ten and they were casualties. There he stood alone with his revolver facing five shell-proof fortresses, garrisoned by from 30 to 40 fully-armed unwounded Germans, all of whom he accounted for except a few who took to flight."

Lieutenant MacIntyre acknowledged the gift and the great honor shown by the association, with appreciation.

King George last month decorated with the V.C., Private Wilkinson, of Inverness. On August 24, 1919, he was carrying an important message to the line, but was struck with a shell and lost fourteen teeth. In spite of the wound he carried a wounded Australian, when the medical officer told that he could not live, owing to loss of blood. Private Wilkinson offered to give his blood to save the Australian's life; and 750 cubic centimetres of blood were withdrawn from his veins. The Australian authorities regard Wilkinson's double act of heroism as one of the most outstanding examples of grit that the war has produced.

Private Wilkinson has lost three brothers, who were killed fighting, while his only sister has gone to Canada as the bride of a soldier. His parents are both dead.

French and Belgian Gifts For Canada

The Press Association understands it is the intention of the French Government to present Vimy Ridge to Canada.

At the same time the Belgian Government has intimated their desire of awarding Canada a grant of land in the city of Ypres for the purpose of erecting a memorial museum and shrine for Canadian pilgrims to the battlefields of the famous Ypres salient.

Vimy Ridge was captured by the Canadians on April 9, 1917, and for nearly two years Canadian troops fought in the locality, which is thickly dotted with Canadian graves. Although of little value from an agricultural point of view, these barren acres will have an imperishable association with the history of Canada.

Sir James Pattee MacDougall, of Gallanach, died at his residence, in Edinburgh, March 7, in his 70th year.

Our Glasgow Letter

April 18, 1919.

We hear the Post Office has decided to adopt the automatic telephone system, and instructions have been given for its installation at Dundee. It is intended ultimately to extend this system to the whole country, but meantime Dundee will be in the nature of an experiment.

We in Scotland here are so used to encroachments on our rights by the "English" majority in Parliament that it takes some doing to surprise us nowadays, but we must confess to a feeling of wrath and amazement at the impertinent suggestion that the control of the River Clyde should be taken out of the hands of the Clyde Trustees and transferred to London. The Ministry of Ways and Communications propose to relieve us of our responsibilities in connection with our river, now famous the world over from a shipbuilding and engineering standpoint. Their reason is, of course, quite obvious, as that small portion of our Empire known as England does not believe in "Honor where honor is due," but filches the honor of her neighbors to glorify her own name. It is a low-down game, whatever the winnings, and is not likely to foster that friendly spirit so desirable in an Empire like Britain. Someone said recently, in connection with the government proposal to do away with distinctive regimental uniforms, on the plea of economy, "Hands off the tartan," and we say, in connection with the Clyde Trust proposal, "Hands off the Clyde." As our national motto has it—*"Nemo me impune Lacessit."* One of these days our friends across the border will go a step too far with their unwarrantable interference with purely Scottish affairs, and will reap what they have sown. The war has taught us many things, among others our value as a separate nation, and so in the future we will brook no impertinent meddling with our affairs.

It is unthinkable that the suggestion was even made that the Clyde Trustees, who have given over a century's gratuitous work to the development of our river, of which we are justly proud, should be superseded in this way, and while we have

a single patriotic Scottish Member in Parliament—and we have one or two—we hope such proposals will not only be nipped in the bud, but severely criticised. We hope we will have no more such presumptuous suggestions. We, north of the border, are quite capable of managing our own affairs, and we don't intend that anyone else shall manage them for us.

We regret to notice the ever-growing army of Scottish landowners—and our Scottish nobility at that—who are disposing of their estates in Scotland.

Lord Lovat is disposing of the Estates of Stronelaig, Corriegarth, Glendoe and Killin, comprising over 50,000 acres. Of course, he still retains more than 130,000 acres in Scotland, which he may find more than enough to manage, but we regret the influx of tenants from the South, who are neither in sympathy with us one way or another.

We learn the portion of Lord Aberdeen's Estates sold is now the property of a London gentleman.

Talking of land, we would commend the action of Colonel Sir John A. Hope, Bart., M. P., who has offered to the Musselburgh Town Council ten acres of his land at less than a third of the district building rate, in a splendid endeavor to assist in a local housing scheme. As one paper remarked, this is an example that might with advantage be followed by other landowners, who own larger swatches of Scotland than Colonel Hope does.

Again, while on the subject of the landowner, we notice the Duke of Atholl, in a remarkable speech to the students at Edinburgh and East of Scotland Agricultural College, on the 21st March, said he had become the proprietor of a great estate in Scotland since the war, and with it came a sense of great responsibility, and he looked up land-holding not really as ownership, but as a great trust, first of all for one's family, and also for the nation—for the happiness and well-being of the people on that estate, and its proper management and working.

All over Scotland there were absentee landlords, and an absentee landlord was an

absolute curse to the country. He had the greatest sympathy for the man who was struggling to live on his own property, but could not do so because of debt and pos-

—along with his clever wife—for his energy and his patriotism in his native land, and we hope he will take full advantage of it.



"ABBOTSFORD"

sibly other matters which were not entirely under his control. But the landlord he was rather thinking of was the man who did not belong to Scotland, who had no intention to live in Scotland, and who had probably made a great deal more money than he should in war efforts, perhaps in the Midlands of England. Why did such a man buy an estate in Scotland? It was not because he wished to improve agriculture or to help the people, or anything of that sort. Probably he wanted a place to loaf in, or his wife a place for the autumn, and possibly he wanted to make his son a gentleman. He might be successful. His Grace could not think that a man came to Scotland for a couple of months in the autumn, who knew nothing about agriculture, was really good for the country. What they wanted was to encourage their native landlords, so long as they were left in command of their property, to look after and make it possible for them to live on their property. He did not think his twenty-seven years in the army had spoilt him for the administration of his estate.

The Duke of Atholl, although the son of a landowner of whom little good can be said, with regard to his generous treatment of his tenants, seems to have some fine and patriotic ideas, and we await with some interest, his further development. Now that the war is over, he has limitless scope

"Abbotsford," the name redolent of Sir Walter Scott, has been opened for the season to visitors, and is one of the most interesting show places near Edinburgh.

Truly, the spirit existing between Scotland and England seems far from friendly, as once again we notice an imposition on Scotland in the difference of treatment in dealing with the young men whose apprenticeships have been broken by the war. The grant made is payable at the age of twenty-one in England and twenty-three in Scotland. No reason is obtainable as to why this distinction should have been made. However, the Scottish Divisional Council for Civil Demobilization and Resettlement has taken up the matter, and recommend that the discrepancy should be done away with, so that Scotland may be placed on the same footing with England.

It will be remembered some time ago we discussed the Greenock Extension Scheme and the proposal to remove the grave of Highland Mary at the Old West Kirk, to another place, and make way for the extension of Caird's—or is it Harland & Wolff's?—shipyard. It was of course decided not to allow the removal, and so the extension scheme was hung up. There is now a new development, as an offer has been made to the Greenock Corporation

by Mr. McLean Maxwell, a well known Greenock citizen, to buy the town property in connection with the Caird & Co. extension, for £32,000. As this amount is £10,000 over the value made and accepted by the Corporation, Mr. Maxwell's offer has created quite a sensation, and will cause the Corporation to face a problem.

We presume Mr. Maxwell's offer is a patriotic one, in which case we cannot too highly commend his action. We sincerely hope, in this particular instance, that patriotic sentiment will triumphantly rise above sordid commercialism.

A new Scottish Home Rule Association has just been formed with offices at 109 Hope street, Glasgow. The annual meeting was held in Glasgow on 25th March, when the following resolution was moved and passed:

"That this public meeting welcomes the establishment of the Scottish Home Rule Association for the purpose of organizing and focusing the Scottish demand for self-government, and instructs the Association to call, at the earliest possible date, a National Convention to definitely formulate the demand and present it to Parliament for acceptance.

"That this meeting, representing men and women of all shades of political opinion and every phase of industrial and social activity, being convinced that the present centralized system of government from London is not only inefficient and obsolete, but a violation of Scotland's right as a sovereign people to self-government, calls upon the government to immediately frame and pass into law a measure devolving upon the Scottish people the control and management of their own affairs."

If one is to judge by its beginnings, this Association is very much alive, and, we hope, will in the course of time more than justify its existence, and attain the end in view. It is somewhat of a forlorn hope, but we have every hope that Scotland will win through in spite of opposition.

There is some serious talk of amalgamating Leith with Edinburgh, but that lively little burgh seems, to a man, to be opposed to the suggestion, and we are not surprised. Amalgamation usually means a process of submerging for the smaller party, and Leith is such a sturdy and inde-

pendent child that she naturally resents any suggestion of this kind. A Leith Town Councillor was heard to remark that Leith would never come in, but we must just "wait and see" what happens.

GRACE D. WILSON,

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

The Highlands in War Time

BY A. MILNE

Never before were my footsteps so weary;
Never before did my heart seem so dead;
Never before was the landscape so dreary,
Never so bitter the tears that I shed.

Gone are the young and the brave from the
Highlands;
High rest the boats on the steep rocky
shores;
Blank are the waters surrounding the
islands,
Silence instead of the splash of the oars.

Tamely the deer from the forest are bound-
ing,
Long undisturbed by the echoing gun;
Nothing they hear but the waves' hollow
sounding,
And the wind's moaning at set of the sun.

Silver-white salmon are playing unheeded
In the brown waters of swift flowing
streams,
Rods, with the torches and nets, are
unneeded,
Fishers I see not, except in my dreams.

War's cruel meshes were flung o'er each
sheiling;
Sadly the pipes wailed on hill and in glen,
Fathers and mothers, their grief unrevealing,
Cheered with their blessing the march of
our men.

Children and aged alone sit in sorrow,
Mourning the absent, beloved, and brave,
Few will return after war's black to-morrow,
Few will not need France's gift of a grave.

There, far away from the land of the
heather,
Tartans were stained by their life-blood
and mire,
Brother with brother oft falling together,
Sometimes the heroes were son and his
sire.

Think ye 'tis strange that my spirit is weary,
While ev'ry clachan is mourning its dead?
Ah, 'tis no wonder the straths are so dreary
While they are bitter those tears that I
shed.

—Montreal Weekly Witness.

Dr. Angus Sinclair

BY BAILIE F. J. ROBERTSON, J. P.,

EDINBURGH

I woke with a start. The telephone bell at my bedside was ringing furiously. It took me some seconds to take in the situation. I was in the Hotel Manhattan, New York. The previous evening I had landed with the *Mauretania* from Liverpool, so I did not reproach myself that I was not up when the 'phone rang at eight o'clock. I lifted the receiver and shouted the Esperantism of Telephonics, "Hullo!" The man at the other end having satisfied himself that I was myself, said that Mr. James Kennedy wished to see me. I told him I would be down in quarter of an hour, and that he might wait.

I had got the length of buttoning my collar when a loud rap on the door heralded the presumed arrival of the visitor. I opened and bade him enter. In stepped, unceremoniously, James Kennedy, who had got up early in the morning so as to be the first to welcome me on American soil.

And then he told me how that he and several other ardent spirits had spent hours waiting for the *Mauretania*, had watched the passengers disembark, had searched all the ballage on the pier under letter R, but could find no tract of their quarry. For I had come across with a single handbag, was the first down the gangway, and had passed the Customs before they knew where they were.

So we went down the lift and breakfasted. He had come to take me around to meet Dr. Sinclair, with whom he was associated in business. I met the doctor in his office, amid piles of books. He put on his hat and took me to the old world City Hall of New York, to meet Mayor Gaynor.

On Saturday, he arranged a week-end party at his house in Millburn, New Jersey, Mr. Kennedy and his daughter and Miss Marion A. Smith. We discussed Christian Science with Mrs. Sinclair, Engineering with Dr. Sinclair, and Poetry with Mr. Kennedy, who is the Robert Burns of the twentieth century.

My last meeting with Dr. Sinclair was at the great gathering in New York, which the Scottish Home Rule Association arranged, to hear my experiences after traveling to the Pacific Coast and back. He occupied the chair, and strongly advocated the legislative freedom of his native land. Thereafter, I bade him and his accomplished wife good-bye, and returned to the Manhattan.

I was sitting one sombre February afternoon, looking out on one of the most glorious views of Edinburgh. Away nestling under the sky-line lay the snow-clad Pentlands in Alpine dress, to the left the Blackfords, with Craiglockhart on the right. I had just opened "that CALEDONIAN" which my dear friend, Donald MacDougall, sends me from New York. My eye caught a portrait of Dr. Sinclair, and under it I read that he had passed away on New Year's Day, amid the splendors of the hills of New Jersey.

Born in Forfar, he often visited the old land. A warm friend of Andrew Carnegie's, he used to recount with great gusto how he beat him at golf at Skibo. His life was spent in engineering pursuits. Trained in Iowa State University, he received the Degree of Doctor of Engineering from Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind. He wrote many books on technical subjects, *Locomotive Running and Management* running through twenty-six editions.

As one of the honorary presidents of the International Scots' Home Rule League, his name was well known to Scots Nationalists in this country. He was one of the central forces around which this movement revolved in New York. The old doctor labored hard for a brighter day in Scotland; he has slipped away just before its dawn.

But his work will not be forgotten. In the early days of the Scottish Home Rule Association he acted as its President, and at his meetings inspired his fellow exiles

from the old land to labor in the national cause. At that time the movement was new, and his efforts as one of its pioneers greatly contributed to its progress. The Association, having secured one who exercised great influence in Scottish circles, soon had a large membership, which popularized the movement. Its members who left for other parts of the States continued to promote its ideals, and thus extended the ramifications of the Association.

Dr. Sinclair, who was a regular reader of *The Scottish Nation*, continued to take a great interest in Scottish affairs. He had a wonderful knowledge of Scottish history and literature. His literary gifts were of a high order. The movement for Scottish self-government goes on, but we shall miss this genial, sturdy, patriotic Scot, who did so much to popularize it among his countrymen in the New World.

A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

"Don't be offended. I like it. But you must not make a fool of yourself. Your hair is too much that of a country beauty going to a ball. Paterson will show you how to do your hair."

"Oh, I say, aunt," cried Lavender, with a fine show of carelessness, "you mustn't go and spoil her hair. I think it is very pretty as it is; and that woman of yours would simply go and make a mop of it. You'd think the girls nowadays dressed their hair by shoving their head into a furzebush and giving it a couple of turns."

She paid no heed to him, but turned to Sheila, and said,—

"You are an only child?"

"Yes."

"Why did you leave your father?"

The question was rather a cruel one, and it stung Sheila into answering bravely,—

"Because my husband wished me."

"Oh. You think your husband is to be the first law of your life?"

"Yes, I do."

"Even when he is only silly Frank Lavender!"

Sheila rose. There was a quivering of her lips, but no weakness in the proud, indignant look of her eyes.

"What you may say of me, that I do not care. But I will not remain to hear my husband insulted."

"Sheila," said Lavender, vexed and anxious, and yet pleased at the same time by the courage of the girl. "Sheila, it is only a joke—you must not mind—it is only a bit of fun—"

"I do not understand such jests," she said, calmly.

"Sit down, like a good girl," said the old lady, with an air of absolute indifference. "I did not mean to offend you. Sit down, and be quiet. You will destroy your nervous system if you give way to such impulses. I think you are healthy; I like the look of you; but you will never reach a good age, as I hope to do, except by moderating your passions. That is well; now take the

ammonia again, and give it to me. You don't wish to die young, I suppose?"

"I am not afraid of dying," said Sheila.

"Ring the bell, Frank."

He did so, and a tall spare, grave-faced woman appeared.

"Paterson, you must put luncheon on at two ten. I ordered it at one fifty, did I not?"

"Yes, m'm."

"See that it is served at two ten and take this young lady and get her hair properly done—you understand? My nephew and I will wait luncheon for her."

"Yes, m'm."

Sheila rose, with a great swelling in her throat. All her courage had ebbed away. She had reflected how pained her husband would be if she did not please this old lady; and she was now prepared to do anything she was told, to receive meekly any remarks that might be made to her, to be quite obedient, and gentle, and submissive. But what was this tall and terrible woman going to do to her? Did she really mean to cut away those great masses of hair to which Mrs. Lavender had objected? Sheila would have let her hair be cut willingly, for her husband's sake; but, as she went to the door, some wild and despairing notion came into her head of what her husband might think of her, when once she was shorn of this beautiful personal feature. Would he look at her with surprise—perhaps even with disappointment?

"Mind you don't keep luncheon late," he said to her, as she passed him.

She but indistinctly heard him, so great was the trembling within her. She followed Mrs. Lavender's tall maid up-stairs. She entered a small dressing-room, and glanced nervously around. Then she suddenly turned, looked for a moment at the woman, and said, with tears rushing up into her eyes,—

"Does Mrs. Lavender wish me to cut my hair?"

The woman regarded her with astonishment.

"Cut, miss?—ma'am, I beg your pardon. No, ma'am, not at all. I suppose it is only some difference in the arrangement, ma'am. Mrs. Lavender is very particular about the hair; and she has asked me to show several ladies how to dress their hair in the way she likes. But perhaps you would prefer letting it remain as it is, ma'am?"

"Oh no, not at all!" said Sheila. "I should like to have it just as Mrs. Lavender wishes—in every way just as she wishes. Only, it will not be necessary to cut any?"

"Oh no, miss—ma'am; and it would be a great pity, if I may say so, to cut your hair."

Sheila was pleased to hear that. Here was a woman who had a large experience in such matters, among those very ladies of her husband's social circle whom she had been a little afraid to meet. Mrs. Paterson seemed to admire her hair as much as the simple Mairi had done; and Sheila soon began to have less fear of this terrible tiring-woman, who forthwith proceeded with her task.

The young wife went down-stairs with a tower upon her head. She was very uncomfortable. She had seen, it is true, that this method of dressing the hair really became her—or, rather, would become her in certain circumstances. It was grand, imposing, statuesque; but then she did not feel statue-sque just at this moment. She could have dressed herself to suit this style of hair; she could have worn it with confidence if she had got it up herself; but here she was the victim of an experiment—she felt like a schoolgirl about for the first time to appear in public in a long dress—and she was terribly afraid her husband would laugh at her. If he had any such inclination, he courteously suppressed it. He said the massive simplicity of this dressing of her hair suited her admirably. Mrs. Lavender said that Paterson was an invaluable woman; and then they went down to the dining-room on the ground floor, where luncheon had been laid.

The man who had opened the door waited on the two strangers; the invaluable Paterson acted as a sort of hench-woman to her mistress, standing by her chair, and supplying her wants. She also had the management of a small pair of silver scales, in which pretty nearly everything that Mrs. Lavender took in the way of solid food was carefully and accurately weighed. The conversation was chiefly alimentary; and Sheila listened with a growing wonder to the description of the devices by which the ladies of Mrs. Lavender's acquaintance were wont to cheat fatigue, or win an appetite, or preserve their color. When, by accident, the girl herself was appealed to, she had to confess to an astonishing ignorance of all such resources. She knew nothing of the relative strengths and effects of wine; though she was frankly ready to make any experiment her husband recommended. She knew what camphor was, but had never heard of bismuth. On cross-examination, she had to admit that Eau de Cologne did not seem to

her likely to be a pleasant liquor before going to a ball. Did she not know the effect on brown hair of washing it in soda-water every night? She was equably confessing her ignorance on all such points, when she was startled by a sudden question from Mrs. Lavender. Did she know what she was doing?

She looked at her plate; there was on it a piece of cheese to which she had thoughtlessly helped herself. Somebody had called it Roquefort—that was all she knew.

"You have as much there, child, as would kill a ploughman, and I suppose you would not have had the sense to leave it."

"Is it poison?" said Sheila, regarding her plate with horror.

"All cheese is. Paterson, my scales."

She had Sheila's plate brought to her, and the proper modicum of cheese cut, weighed, and sent back.

"Remember, whatever house you are at, never to have more Roquefort than that."

"It would be simpler to do without it," said Sheila.

"It would be simple enough to do without a great many things," said Mrs. Lavender, severely. "But the wisdom of living is to enjoy as many different things as possible, so long as you do so in moderation, and preserve your health. You are young—you don't think of such things. You think because you have good teeth and a clear complexion, you can eat anything. But that won't last. A time will come. Do you not know what the great emperor, Marcus Antoninus says?—*In a little while thou wilt be nobody and nowhere, like Hadrianus and Augustus.*"

"Yes," said Sheila.

She had not enjoyed her luncheon much—she would rather have had a ham sandwich and a glass of spring water on the side of a Highland hill, than this varied and fatiguing repast accompanied by a good deal of physiology—but it was too bad that, having successfully got through it, she should be threatened with annihilation immediately afterwards. It was no sort of consolation to her to know that she would be in the same plight with two emperors.

"Frank, you can go and smoke a cigar in the conservatory, if you please. Your wife will come up-stairs with me and have a talk."

Sheila would much rather have gone into the conservatory also; but she obediently followed Mrs. Lavender up-stairs and into the drawing-room. It was rather a melancholy chamber—the curtains shutting out most of the daylight, and leaving you in a semi-darkness that made the place look big, and vague, and spectral. The little shrivelled woman, with the hard and staring eyes and silver-gray hair, bade Sheila sit down beside her. She herself sat by a small table, on which there were a tiny pair of scales, a bottle of ammonia, a fan, and a book bound in an old-fashioned binding of scarlet morocco and gold. Sheila wished this old woman would not look at her so. She wished

there was a window open, or a glint of sunlight coming in somewhere. But she was glad that her husband was enjoying himself in the conservatory.

"Do you suffer from headache?" said Mrs. Lavender, abruptly.

"Sometimes," said Sheila.

"How often? What is an average? Two a week?"

"Oh, sometimes I have not a headache for three or four months at a time."

"No toothache?"

"No."

"What did your mother die of?"

"It was a fever," said Sheila, in a low voice; "and she caught it while she was helping a family that was very bad with the fever."

"Does your father ever suffer from rheumatism?"

"No," said Sheila. "My papa is the strongest man in the Lewis, I am sure of that."

"But the strongest of us, you know," said Mrs. Lavender, looking hardly at the girl, "the strongest of us will die and go into the general order of the universe; and it is a good thing for you that, as you say, you are not afraid. Why should you be afraid? Listen to this passage."

She opened the red book, and guided herself to a certain page by one of a series of colored ribbons.

"He who fears death either fears the loss of sensation or a different kind of sensation. But if thou shalt have no sensation, neither wilt thou feel any harm; and if thou shalt acquire another kind of sensation, thou wilt be a different kind of living being, and thou wilt not cease to live." Do you perceive the wisdom of that?"

"Yes," said Sheila; and her own voice seemed hollow and strange to her in this big and dimly-lit chamber.

"You cannot do better than ask your husband to buy you a copy of this book, and give it special study. It will comfort you in affliction, and reconcile you to whatever may happen to you. Listen. *'Soon will the earth cover us all; then the earth, too, will change, and the things also which result from change will continue to change forever, and these again forever. For if a man reflects on the changes and transformations which follow one another like wave after wave and their rapidity, he will despise everything which is perishable.'* Do you understand that?"

"Yes," said Sheila; and it seemed to her that she was being suffocated. It was as if she was already shut out from life, and could only hear in a vague way the dismal words being chanted over her by the people in the other world. She rose, steadied herself for a moment by placing her hand on the back of the chair, and managed to say,—

"Mrs. Lavender, forgive me for one moment; I wish to speak to my husband."

She went to the door—Mrs. Lavender being too surprised to follow her—and made her

way down-stairs. She had seen the conservatory at the end of a certain passage. She reached it; and then she scarcely knew any more, except that her husband caught her in his arms as she cried,—

"Oh, Frank, Frank, take me away from this house—I am afraid; it terrifies me!"

"Sheila, what on earth is the matter? Here, come out of the fresh air. By Jove, how pale you are! Will you have some water?"

He could not get to understand thoroughly what had occurred. What he clearly did learn from Sheila's disjointed and timid explanation was that there had been another "scene," and he knew that of all things in the world his aunt hated "scenes" the worst. As soon as he saw that there was little the matter with Sheila beyond considerable mental perturbation, he could not help addressing some little remonstrance to her, and reminding her how necessary it was that she should not offend the old lady up-stairs.

"You should not be so excitable, Sheila," he said. "You take such exaggerated notions about things. I am sure my aunt meant nothing unkind. And what did you say when you came away?"

"I said I wanted to see you. Are you angry with me?"

"No, of course not. But then, you see, it is a little vexing—just at this moment—Well, let us go up-stairs at once, and try and make up some excuse, like a good girl—say you felt faint—anything—"

"And you will come with me?"

"Yes. Now do try, Sheila, to make friends with my aunt. She's not such a bad sort of creature as you seem to think. She's been very kind to me—she'll be very kind to you when she knows you more."

Fortunately no excuse was necessary; for Mrs. Lavender, in Sheila's absence, had arrived at the conclusion that the girl's temporary faintness was due to that piece of Roquefort.

"You see you must be careful," she said, when they entered the room. "You are unaccustomed to a great many things you will like afterwards."

"And the room is a little close," said Lavender.

"I don't think so," said his aunt, sharply; "look at the thermometer."

"I didn't mean for you and me, Aunt Lavender," he said, "but for her. Sheila has been accustomed to live almost wholly in the open air."

"The open air, in moderation, is an excellent thing. I go out myself every afternoon, wet or dry. And I was going to propose, Frank, that you should leave her here with me for the afternoon, and come back and dine with us at seven. I am going out at

"It's very kind of you, Aunt Lavender; four-thirty, and she could go with me." but we have promised to call on some people close by here at four."

(Continued on page 85)

Clan Ogilvy and Its Chiefs

Clan Badge: Whitehorn, Hawthorn (*Sgithneach geal*): Evergreen Alkanet.

The Septs and Dependents entitled to use the Ogilvy Tartan are: Airlie, Gilchrist, Mac-Gilchrist, Ogilvie, Ogilvy.

The Arms of the Clan is: Silver, a red lion passant gardant, crowned gold. Crest: A demi lady proper holding a red portoullis. Motto: "*A fin.*"

The Siol Gillichriosd, or Gilchrist—the Race of Gilchrist—claims descent from a Maormor of Angus of that name, one of the seven great hereditary chiefs of Scottish districts who bore this designation. When the title of Maormor came to be replaced by that of Earl in the time of David I, Gilbride, son of Gilchrist, became Earl of Angus. While the Earl's eldest son succeeded to his father's title, and the second, Magnus, inherited, through his mother, the Earldom of Caithness, the third son, Gilbert, became ancestor of the Ogilvies. By Gaelic enthusiasts, the name is taken to mean a fair or yellow-haired young man—Gille-bhuidhe, but is more likely to be derived from lands, so called, of which Gilbert received the charter in 1172. There is a Glen Ogilvie in the parish of Glamis, the Ogilvie country at the present day.

Gilbert's descendant, Sir Patrick de Ogilvie of Wester Powrie, was a steady adherent of King Robert the Bruce, and received from him a charter of the lands of Kettins in Forfarshire. From his elder son, Alexander, descended the Ogilvies of that ilk, now long extinct. The younger son, Patrick, obtained from his nephew, Sir Patrick of Ogilvie, the family estate of Wester Powrie, and by marriage with Marjory, heiress of Ramsey of Auchterhouse, added that estate to his possessions. His son, Walter Ogilvy, on the death of his uncle, Sir Malcolm Ramsay, in 1365, succeeded to the hereditary Sherifdom of Forfar. He is said also to have acquired the barony of Cortachy in 1369, and it was his second son and heir, Sir Walter Ogilvy of Auchterhouse, Sheriff of Forfar, in whose person the family first made its way into the limelight of history.

The incident took place in 1391. King Robert II had only succeeded to the throne in the previous August, and the rule of Scotland was practically in the hands of his unscrupulous brother, Robert, Earl of Fife, better known by his later title of Duke of Albany. Another of the king's brother's, Alexander, Earl of Buchan, himself better known as the Wolf of Badenoch, had already shown his contempt for all authority by plundering the lands of the Bishop of Moray, and burning the Bishop's cathedral and town of Elgin. Forthwith, following his father's example, the "Wolf's" natural son, Duncan Stewart, at the head of a raiding host of the Robertson clan and others, suddenly burst out of the Grampians and proceeded to plunder, burn, and slay in the shire of Angus. Ogilvy of Auchterhouse, as Sheriff, promptly gathered his people, and with Sir Patrick Gray and Sir David Lindsay of Glenesk, came up with the raiders at Glen Brierachan, eleven miles north of Gasklune. Though much inferior in numbers, he did not hesitate to attack. But, though clad in steel, he and his little party were no match for the fierce caterans. And while Ogilvy and his half-brother, with other lairds and some sixty followers, were slain, Gray and Lindsay were grievously wounded, and only carried with difficulty from the field.

The gallant Sheriff's eldest son, Sir Alexander Ogilvy of Auchterhouse, was "the gracious gude Lord Ogilvy" of the Ballad of Harlaw—

For faith and magnanimity
He had few fellows in the field,
Yet fell by fatal destiny,
For he nae ways wad grant to yield.

In that tremendous conflict north of Aberdeen against Donald of the Isles in 1411, Sir Alexander and his eldest son, George Ogilvy, were among the slain.

The line of Sir Alexander's next son, Sir Patrick, ended with his grand-daughter, who married James Stewart, Earl of Buchan, half-brother of King James II. His next son, Sir Andrew of Inchmartin, was ancestor of the second Earl of Find-

later (son-in-law of the first Earl), who in strict line of blood carried on the Chieftainship of the Clan. His descendant, the fourth Earl, was the distinguished Scottish statesman of the days of William and Mary, and Queen Anne, who on his own merits was created Earl of Seafield. That line ended, however, at the death of the seventh Earl of Findlater and fourth Earl of Seafield, when the latter title passed to the son of his aunt, who had married the Chief of the Grants.

Meanwhile, Sir Walter, younger brother of the "gracious gude Lord Ogilvy," had acquired the estate of Lintrathen by marriage with an heiress, it is believed, of the Durward family, and had become High Treasurer of Scotland under James I. Among his transactions he conveyed to his youngest brother the estate of Inverquhar. John's son, Alexander Ogilvy of Inverquhar, by marriage and purchase acquired many valuable estates, and was an excellent man of affairs. In the end this ability was his undoing, and the tragic event in which he was concerned came within measurable distance of effecting the complete ruin of the Ogilvies.

It was in 1445, when the House of Stewart was still fighting for its sovereignty against an array of turbulent nobles, and the lawlessness of the latter had not yet been brought to an end by the decisive action of James II. It happened that the wealthy monastery of Arbroath had appointed Alexander Lindsay, afterwards to be known as the Tiger Earl of Crawford, or Earl Beardie, to be its Justiciar. Finding that ferocious personage a somewhat expensive and troublesome protector, the monks deposed him and appointed Ogilvy of Inverquhar Justiciar in his place. To avenge the insult, and repossess himself of the lucrative office, Lindsay mustered his vassals, and, reinforced by a large party of the Douglasses, appeared before Arbroath. Ogilvy also gathered his friends and followers, and was helped by Six Alexander Seton of Gordon, afterwards Earl of Huntly, who happened at the moment to be a guest at his house and was obliged by an ancient Scottish custom to fight for his host so long as the food he had eaten under his roof remained in his stomach. As the two forces faced each other, Lindsay's

father, the old Earl of Crawford, anxious to prevent bloodshed, came galloping between the lines. A common soldier, unaware of his rank and annoyed at his interference, shot him dead. This greatly infuriated the Lindsays, who, rushing fiercely to the attack, cut the Ogilvies to pieces. The latter made such a gallant resistance that nearly every man fell, including Inverquhar himself; and Seton only narrowly escaped. Lindsay then proceeded to lay waste the Ogilvy country, burning, slaying, and plundering throughout the district. The house of Inverquhar, however, survived the disaster, and in 1626 was raised to the rank of baronetcy, which it still enjoys, though its original patrimony was disposed of in the eighteenth century, and its seat is now Baldovan, near Dundee.

At the same time the elder line of Lintrathen was also advancing in possessions and power. The son of the Treasurer acquired the lands and castle of Errol or Airlie in 1459, and his son, Sir James Ogilvy of Airlie, who was sent as an Ambassador to Denmark in 1491, was made a Lord of Parliament as Lord Ogilvy in that year. The second Lord Ogilvy of Airlie married a sister of the first Earl of Montrose, and the third married Margaret, daughter of David, eighth Earl of Crawford. The fourth Lord's eldest son fell at Pinkie in 1547, and the seventh Lord was made Earl of Airlie by Charles I in 1639.

A year earlier Lord Ogilvy of Deskford, representative of the second son of the High Treasurer of James I's time, had been made Earl of Findlater, so that the Ogilvies had now two Earldoms to their name.

The Earl of Airlie was a devoted Royalist, who, joining the little army of the Marquess of Montrose, distinguished himself highly at that leader's crowning victory, the battle of Kilsyth. He and his family suffered severely for their adherence to the cause of Charles I. In 1640 the Earl of Argyll, head of the Convenanting Party, procured a commission from the Committee of Estates to proceed with fire and sword against those who had not signed the Covenant, and who were therefore termed "enemies to religion." This commission he proceeded to turn to account for the destruction of families whom he

considered unfriendly to his own. Among them were the Ogilvies. The Earl of Airlie was in England at the time, but his house was in the keeping of his eldest son, Lord Ogilvy, when it and Forthar, another seat of the family, were taken, pillaged, and burned by Argyll. Lady Ogilvy, it is said, was near confinement at the time, and begged for delay upon that account, but Argyll refused, and turned her out remorselessly. The incident is commemorated in the well-known ballad, "The Bonnie House o' Airlie." By way of reprisal, when Montrose took the field, with the Earl of Airlie in his company, they crossed the Ochils and burned Argyll's own stronghold of Castle Campbell, above Dollar, which still remains as they left it, a ruin. Airlie's second son, Sir Thomas Ogilvy, raised a regiment for the Royal cause, and fell at the battle of Inverlochy, where Argyll, taking refuge in his galley, saw his forces cut to pieces by Montrose. In the autumn of the same year, when Montrose suffered his first and last defeat at Philiphaugh, below Selkirk, Airlie's eldest son James was taken prisoner. While the Covenanters were butchering and hanging, at Newark and elsewhere, the captives they had taken, Ogilvy was sentenced to execution at St. Andrews, but on the night before the sentence was to be carried out he made a romantic escape in the attire which his sister managed to exchange with him.

A member of the clan took part in another romantic event of that time. George Ogilvy of Barra was governor of Dunottar Castle when that stronghold was besieged by Cromwell's troops, and it was by his connivance that the wife of the neighboring minister of Kinnell saved the Scottish regalia by carrying it through the English army in a bundle of flax.

In 1715, when the Earl of Mar took arms for Queen Anne's brother as "James VIII and III," he was joined by James, Lord Ogilvy, elder son of the third Earl, and after the collapse of the rebellion at Sheriffmuir Ogilvy was attainted. He received a pardon from the Crown in 1725, but was not enabled to assume the family honours. On his death without issue, however in 1731, his younger brother John

assumed the titles as fourth Earl, Lord Ogilvy having been attainted before the death of his father, the third Earl, in 1717. The family and clan, nevertheless, remained strongly Jacobite; and after the landing of Prince Charles Edward in 1745 the Earl's eldest son, David, Lord Ogilvy, joined the prince at Edinburgh with a following of 600 men, chiefly of his own name. After the final overthrow of the cause at Culloden he escaped through Norway and Sweden to France, where he commanded a regiment known as "Ogilvy's," and rose to the rank of lieutenant-general. His wife was imprisoned after Culloden, but also escaped to France. Meanwhile, also in his father's lifetime, he had been attainted, and though he received a pardon in 1778, and a Parliamentary removal of his disabilities in 1783, he was not empowered to assume the honours of his house. His son, titular Earl of Airlie, died unmarried in 1812. Thereupon the Earldom was claimed by Walter Ogilvy, younger son of the fourth Earl, but the English judges who were consulted by the House of Lords were of the opinion that the attainders of his brother and uncle, though both of them had taken place before they could inherit the titles and estates, operated against him. It was not till 1826 that Parliament confirmed and restored family honors to his eldest surviving son, who was then acknowledged as David, sixth Earl of Airlie.

The seventh Earl was a Knight of the Thistle, a representative peer, and Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland from 1872 to 1878. The eighth Earl, who was lieutenant-colonel of the 12th Lancers, took part in the Egyptian war, and was killed in action in the South African war, at Diamond Hill, near Pretoria, in 1900, after gallantly leading his regiment in a successful charge which saved the guns. The present Earl is his eldest son. The family estates comprise most of the old Ogilvy country, and extend far up the Grampian glens, while the chief seat is Cortachy Castle, overlooking the lovely and fertile valley of Strathmore. Members of the clan hold distinguished positions in many spheres of activity. —*By special permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

Pioneer Reminiscences of a Scottish American

(An Aberdonian)

[The following vivid autobiographical notes written for THE CALEDONIAN by one who has made good in the land of his adoption. The story of his struggles is romantic, and will be continued in the June CALEDONIAN.—Ed.]

At the age of twenty-two, I came out to Canada, from Aberdeenshire, in the year 1867. It was uphill work for me; I could do all kinds of farm work, but knew nothing about using an axe. And in the winter months chopping was all there was to do; but I soon learned the axe so that I could do my part with the best of them.

In the year 1870, I came to this country, crossed the Missouri in February, on the ice, at Omaha. I had but little money and was looking for work, which was hard to find.

In 1869 the Union Pacific Railroad had been opened through to California, so that in the spring of 1870 people were rushing to see that wonderful land. Omaha at that time was a small town of the western style. In Canada, where I had lived, one could get a good meal for twenty-five cents; I was going on the first train, so thought I would get a lunch at the depot, which I did, and when they charged me one dollar for it I thought that was robbery. I remembered the charge for extra baggage to California points was fifteen cents per pound.

I went to Nebraska, intending to take up land. All young Scotch farmers think if they have a farm of their own, their fortune is made. Did not take land, but went to Iowa and visited a friend by the name of Coulter. Through a friend, I got a contract to build three-fourths of a mile of board fence. This was my first job. I worked hard, both early and late, finishing the job in fourteen and a half days, and received \$53. Could get nothing more to do for money. Got a job driving five yoke of cattle to a breaking plow. My pay was to be half of the sod corn; for my three weeks' hard work at this job, ten dollars is all that it brought me.

When summer came I drifted to Nebraska, and worked for a Mr. Eddy at railroad building, which I learned in Scot-

land. Mr. Eddy had taken a poor contract, and was not able to pay his men (but did pay them the following summer). I left in September with a man named Filter, who had a team. We went to Kansas and took homesteads sixteen miles north of Wichita.

On our way back to Emporia, something got wrong with my throat. I could not swallow, and it grew very painful. When we reached the town of Eldorado, I called on a doctor to see what the trouble was. He said he did not know what it was—it might be dangerous. Told me not to go further, but to stop there for a few days. My partner went on and left me. I had no money, so put up my watch to the hotel-keeper as security for my lodging.

I could not eat. In about three days the gathering in my throat broke, and I was soon better and able to work. Found a job cutting broom corn, and soon redeemed my watch.

Winter was on, and I got a job cutting cordwood; was getting on fine until I cut my foot, and by the time it was well my money was nearly all gone. I sold my watch, paid my bills and left. Went to work for the Santa Fe Railroad, which at that time was building west from Emporia, Kansas. Was there but a short time when I got a position as foreman for the company on construction work. The railroad reached Newton in August, 1871.

The country at this time was unsettled and covered with Texas cattle, which were driven north for summer pasture, and shipped east for market in the fall. It was also full of outlaws, and shooting men was a common thing. Eleven men and one woman were killed in Newton that fall and winter.

In the following August, I contracted ague, which stayed with me for fourteen months, work one day and shake the next. I pity anyone that has this disease as I had it. I often wondered if I ever would be well again, and if any one of those who came on the same steamer from Scotland were having as hard a time to get along as I.

In 1873 I was out on the plains of Kansas, on Santa Fe construction. I was taken very ill, and probably would have died only for the kindness of the Government doctor at Fort Dodge, who allowed me to be taken to the hospital. In those days there was no Dodge City, nothing but the fort and the soldiers. After eighteen days' care, I was able to leave, but was not able to do hard work. I got a job cooking for an outfit of railroad graders—fourteen men. In those days there were no settlements in Kansas west of Hutchinson. The homesteaders followed the railroad. In summer the whole western part of the State was covered with herds of buffaloes. It looked cruel to kill them for their hides, but it ended the Indian wars, for the Indian could not exist without the buffalo, and it made it safer for the settlers on the Western plains. The best buffalo bull hides sold readily for three dollars, and cow hides about one dollar less.

I saw a hay stack fenced with hides spread out flat, one on top of the other. This gives you an idea of how many were killed. They were easily killed by still hunting. There was little to do in Kansas in 1874. The country was burnt up with drouth, and in August the grasshoppers came and took what crops there were. The homesteaders left the country in droves, heading for Missouri or farther east, where they could get something for man and beast to eat.

I worked the following winter in a stone quarry at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, for \$16 per month, and considered myself very fortunate. It was a very cold winter. In March the mercury registered eighteen degrees below zero. Up to this time I had not put in much time on my homestead, but this year 1875, was the time to prove up on my claim. I therefore concluded to make some more improvements, put in the summer on the claim, and prove up in the fall. I built a small house, and put in a few acres of corn and potatoes. I had already planted an Osage orange hedge all around my land, and about one acre of cottonwood trees for a wind break. On the first day of June, about midnight, there came up one of those Kansas tornadoes which tore my house to pieces and blew it away. I was glad when I got out of it. It went up in the air, and came down on the comb of

the roof, which parted, and I fell out. I said, "Thank God I am out of it." At this time the corn was knee high, the potatoes were in bloom. Next morning no crop was to be seen, all was cut off by the hail and washed away. Everything I had, except the land, was gone. I found my bed-tick, which I cut open and crawled into, but suffered with the cold. The ice and water were about ten inches deep, and some ice was found next morning. The ground looked like cattle had walked over it. The holes were made by the hail-stones, or rather chunks of ice. I felt in body rather sore, but had no broken bones. After a few days' rest at a neighbor's, Mr. McCorkle's, nothing was left for me but to go out and find work. I started for Florence on the Santa Fe; night came on before I reached there. I slept on top of a hay covered shed, but had no supper; thought I could make Florence for breakfast. I had about three miles to go when I came to a house with a woman standing in the door, with a baby in her arms. I asked her if she would give me breakfast. She said "Yes," and went into the house. I sat down to wait until she got it ready, but to my surprise she came out and handed me two slices of bread, well buttered. I offered to pay her, but she would not take pay. I thanked her and went on my way. I shall never forget that dear, kind-hearted Irish woman. In all my travels that was the only hand-out I ever received. I wanted to pay for it, for I have never asked for anything for nothing; I have always paid my way.

Arriving at Florence, I got work on the railroad section. Part of my duty was to oil a wind-mill, and when Sunday came my clothes were very oily and dirty; I had no change of clothes. I knew all the other men would have clean clothes. I was always clean about my person, and for the first time in my life had no change of clothes. What shall I do? I will go to the river and wash my clothes. I got a bar of soap and a towel out of the wash-room, went to the river, washed my clothes, hung them in the bushes, washed my body, and waited in the brush until my clothes dried. The day was warm, and it did not take long. I was at the boarding house at noon as clean as a new pin. I mention this because "Where there is a will there's a way."

Before the next Sunday, I left and went to Camp Supply, away out in the Indian Territory, south of Fort Dodge, Kansas. Lee & Reynolds were the Indian agents and government contractors. They gave me employment. My first job was piling wood at twenty cents per cord. When the hay harvest came on, they gave me six mules to drive. The hay was cut wherever grass suitable could be found.

Two teamsters went together in the morning, loaded their wagons and drove to the fort. One trip per day; loads two to three tons. When through with the work at Camp Supply, the force went to a new fort in Texas and put up hay. The fort in Texas was on what is known as the Panhandle country. One afternoon I was sent with my six-mule team to carry some woodchoppers to a patch of woods about four miles away, and ordered to bring back a load of drywood. The land in this section was not open for settlement, but a squatter had built a cabin near the woods and claimed the timber. He forbade us taking any wood, and said he would defend his rights. He came out with a rifle, and said he would shoot the first one that cut any wood. One of the men stood by him while the other loaded the wagon with wood. I said, "I must get the wood; shoot if you want to." I have often thought, how foolish of me to take such a chance—only a hired man.

In the fall the teams went on the road hauling freight from Fort Dodge. In October the night herder fell sick, and I was selected for the job. We carried grain for the mules, but no hay—turned them out at night with a herder. It was not a pleasant job, but a good chance to study the stars. The wages were one dollar per day, and no Sundays. In November, 1875, I went to my homestead, gathered up what I could find of my house, made a corn-crib out of the lumber, gathered the corn which came up after the storm in June, put it in the crib, proved up my claim, and left Kansas. I went back to Camp Supply for the winter, where I baled buffalo robes, which the Indian Agent bought from the Indians, all Indian tanned. Some were beautifully painted. I took care of cattle part of the time. About the first of March, 1876, I started for the Black Hills, South Dakota, where gold had just been discovered. I

got as far as Cheyenne, when reports came that the Indians were on the war-path. There were no provisions in the camp, about a foot of snow on the ground, and cold, so I went no further that way.

I bought a ticket to California, stopped off in Nevada, looked for work, but found none. The snow and sand were blowing about the house-corners, and I had only six dollars in my pocket.

It made me feel a little chilly. The same evening I got on a cattle train for the Golden State; was snow-bound at Wadsworth for two days, arriving at Placerville in the morning, where I got breakfast. I left the train at Lathrop, nine miles from Stockton, which is in the midst of a beautiful farming section, but there was no work for me. I went back to Stockton, and got a few days' work, draining the town, after a heavy rain.

I was then taken very ill, and had to go to the hospital for two weeks. I left Stockton on a Sunday morning, with blankets on my back and seventy-five cents in my pocket; after paying all of my bills, this was all I had left. I met an Irish section foreman, who told me of a job at Galt, about twenty miles away. I felt so good over it that I spent fifty cents of my money for a ride on the train, part of the way. I got the job and kept it about three months. The weather was very warm, so I concluded that I would be better up in the mountains for the summer. It was about thirty miles to the town called Lone, at the foot of the mountain. I bought a new pair of boots and got ready to start off on my journey the next morning.

I thought best not to take a bed in the hotel, but sleep on some sacks of wool at the depot. I was just comfortably settled for the night, when the agent came and drove me away. I went out in a field of grass and lay down; the ground was warm, and I have never slept better in a bed. I awoke at daylight and started on my way. After covering half of my journey, I was tired of carrying my new boots, so I put them on and threw away my old shoes. With the new leather, the hot sun and the hot road, no poor fellow ever suffered more than I did that afternoon. To cap the climax, I thought it would be a good thing to fill my boots with water, which I did at the first creek. My feet were sore

enough before I put the water in my boots, and I had several miles yet to go, and my feet felt a thousand times worse. I got to the town and hotel before night came on. I did not go to bed, but slept on a bench on the veranda of the hotel.

I was awakened at two o'clock in the morning and heard some men talking about going on a forty-mile trip up the mountains to work in a saw-mill. I asked if I might go with them, and they said I could. They said a four-horse team and wagon would be taken, and that we could ride a part of the way.

We started at the break of day, and got to the mill for supper. The bunk-house was the old style, with a fire in the centre and bunks around the sides.

I worked there until October, when the mill shut down, then went twenty miles up the mountain and worked until the latter part of February.

I had some trouble to get my wages; also for the work I had done the summer before. After a delay of one month, I got both.

In those days, in California, the laboring people were all paid in silver. I could not carry four hundred dollars in silver. It was the custom to go to a money broker and pay him ten per cent. for gold.

There was no paper money at that time in circulation in that State—no change less than ten cents. Such was California in 1876 and 1877.

I must tell a little incident that happened at the saw-mill; when the election came on in November (the owner was a Republican), he had sized up the men at the mill and thought there were more Democrats than Republicans. Election Day, he shut down the mill and told the men he would send a wagon for them in the afternoon. The men waited patiently, but the wagon never came. Hayes and Wheeler election in 1876.

In 1877, I stopped in Pine Grove and Sacramento for a while, then went north as far as Red Bluff and Redding, stopped a short time at Chico. I found this country full of idle men and little work. Chico was the only place I found where one could buy anything for five cents. The store-keepers would not take them, so we young fellows took them to the brewery, where a German took them in exchange for a glass of beer.

At this time I could not see much in the Golden State for me; I thought best to get away while I had the money to go with. I bought a ticket for Omaha, and left the train at Corinne, Utah, and went to Montana by freight, paying ten dollars for passage. The distance to Helena, Montana, was about five hundred miles. I was to do what I could to help the teamsters, and do a part of the camp work. We left the railroad in the early part of May. The teams were heavily laden, and the trail or road was soft. Each team had two wagons, a lead and a trailer. When they came to a bad place, they went on with one wagon and came back for the other one.

After crossing Snake River, a wheel broke down. There was no way to mend it, so Mr. Stone got an old wheel at a road-house, but the hub was too long for the axle on the wagon.

They tried to file it off, but that was slow work. After working at it for an hour, Mr. Stone sawed it off with a handsaw. We all thought that was a wonderful thing to do.

We reached Helena about the 10th of June, forty days on the road, going five hundred miles.

When I went around the world, we went from London, England, to Hong Kong, China, in forty days.

(To be continued)

Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, Indian Governor, died in Edinburgh, February 27, in his 71st year.

The Treasury returns of the total revenue of the United Kingdom and the total expenditure chargeable against revenue for the financial year ended March 31, 1919, shows: Revenue £889,020,825; expenditures, £2,579,301,188. The revenue shows a net increase of £181,786,260, over the previous year, and the expenditure a decrease of £116,920,217. The revenue is nearly 47 millions in excess of the budget estimate, and the expenditure 398 millions below the estimate. The Post Office had the highest twelve months' profit on record during the year 1917-18, the sum on the credit side being £6,848,285. Whilst the telephone service showed a credit balance of £355,468, the telegraphs showed a loss of £556,330. The net balance, therefore, to the credit of the Post Office was £6,647,423. The net profits on the total services for the previous five years were: 1912-13, £4,681,321; 1913-14, £5,200,132; 1914-15, £3,544,254; 1915-16, £5,366,424, and 1916-17, £6,191,501. The loss on the telegraphs was a reducing one up to 1916-17, but it increased in 1917-18 by over £27,000.



Historic Men and Women of Scotland

(By Permission, Picture Gallery, Edinburgh)





Historic Men and Women of Scotland

(By Permission, Picture Gallery, Edinburgh)



Men Worth Remembering—V

JOHN HOWIE, the author of the *Scotch Worthies*, was born at Lochgoin, November 14, 1735. When but a child he was removed to the farm of Blackshill, near Kilmarnock, occupied by his grandparents, with whom he lived till he was a young man. They gave him the best education in the schools of that town, which he turned to good advantage. His grandparents and relatives were God-fearing people, who did all that was in their power to promote his mental and moral improvement. The Lochgoin farmhouse, the residence of the Howie family for generations, was located in the parish of Fenwick, between Glasgow and Kilmarnock, in the heart of the moorland waste. It was the favorite resort of the Covenanters during the Stuart persecution. Here were often assembled some of the leading men of the country, whose biographies are recorded in the book, and many a thrilling event happened in this lonely spot on the moors of Fenwick. James Howie, Isabel, his wife, and their son, John, were declared rebels. They suffered hardship; their house was plundered twelve times, and their cattle driven away by the enemy, because they gave shelter to the faithful servants of Christ, who were chased like wild ducks by the enemy on the moorlands. Once when CAPTAIN PATON and four others were met to spend the night in prayer and fellowship, they were surprised by a company of dragoons, and had it not been for the presence of mind and courage of Isabel Howie, they would have been taken. This brave woman was often obliged to seek shelter on the moor; and many a cold night she spent in the moss-hags with a baby in her arms, when her husband and son had to run and hide for fear of being killed.

To John Howie, the grandfather of the author of the *Scots Worthies* was assigned the honor to announce the tidings to the neighborhood that "the tyrant James Stuart was abdicated, and that the Stuarts were banished by an indignant nation." Our wounds are binding up. Scotland and the Covenant forever! This Howie lived to the age of ninety, and doubtless he told his grandson of the sufferings of the Covenanters that he recorded.

John Howie was married twice—first to Jean Lindsay, who died soon after, leaving an infant son, and then he married his cousin, Janet Howie, a woman of eminent piety, by whom he had five sons and three daughters. John Howie was a consecrated Christian, and devoted his time to giving to the world the memory of the persecuted Covenanters. The first edition of the *Worthies* was published in 1775, but, besides it, prepared *Collection of Lectures and Sermons* of distinguished ministers, an *Account of the Church of Scotland from 1681 to 1691*, and many other excellent works, which are a striking testimony to his zeal and diligence. Howie also collected many mss. of Covenanting interest. Several editions of the *Scots Worthies* have appeared in print, the latest a reprint of the original, in 1872, edited by Rev. W. H. Carslaw.

The design of the work, says the author, "was to gather from the best authorities a summary of the lives and characters of a certain number of our most renowned *Scots Worthies*, who for their faithful services, ardent zeal and other Christian virtues deserve honorable memorial in the Church of Christ." The book contains 627 pages and seventy-two biographies, and portraits of these distinguished men. The book is now out of print, and can be found only in some public and private libraries.

At Lochgoin, the home of the author of the *Scots Worthies*, is a library consisting of several hundred volumes, which he collected as relics of the Covenanting times. Among the curiosities are Captain Paton's sword and Bible, which he used in many conflicts, and which he handed to his wife from the scaffold, before his execution. There are also a flag and drum bearing the inscription, Phinick For God—Country and Covenanted.

Among the interesting biographies we find the life of the innocent Patrick Hamilton, a nephew of the Earl of Arran, by his father, and of the Duke of Albany by his mother, who studied for the church but at the age of twenty-four was burned at the stake before the old College of St. Andrews for preaching "that the corruption of sin remains in children after their baptism; that no man is without sin so

long as he liveth; that man is not justified by works, but by faith only."

George Wishart was a brother of the Laird of Pitcarron, in the county of Mearns. He was educated at the University of Cambridge. On his return to Scotland in 1544, he preached with great power throughout the country. Two years after, he was arrested and burned at the stake. On the scaffold, he spoke to the people, saying, "I entreat you to love the Word of God for your salvation. I fear not this

fire, and I pray you may not fear them that slay the body, but have no power over the soul." He prayed for his accuser. The executioner asked his forgiveness; yes, come hither to me, and then kissed him on the cheek, as a token that he forgave him. When raised up from his knees, he was bound to the stake, crying with a loud voice, "O, Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me. Father of Heaven, I commend my spirit into Thy hands." The executioner, having kindled the fire, the powder fastened to his body blew up.



"LEAVING THE MANSE"

WHO WERE THE SCOTS WORTHIES?

They were intelligent people, endowed with great gifts, and had an uncommon service to perform. They were a mirror reflecting all the virtues and duties of a religious and domestic life, and were united together as a band of men and women who craved for civil and religious liberty in Scotland. Among them were four hundred clergymen who were evicted from their churches, because they protested against the divine rights of kings and asserted the headship of Christ. For

this they were persecuted and suffered death on the bloody scaffold. Let Andrew Melville, the mouthpiece of the General Assembly of 1597, speak. He was sent with others to expostulate with King James. The King received them in his room. When Melville told the King his errand, the King was angry, and charged them with sedition. Melville interrupted him, and said, "This is not the time to flatter, but to speak plainly, for our commission is from the living God, to whom the King is subject"—then approaching

the King, said, "Sire, we will always humbly reverence your Majesty in public, but having opportunity of being with your Majesty in private, we must discharge our duty, or else be enemies to Christ. And now, sire, I must tell you, there are two kings in Scotland. There is King James, the head of the commonwealth, and there is Christ Jesus, the head of the church, whose subject King James is, and of whose kingdom he is not a head, nor a lord, but a member. And they whom Christ has called and commanded to watch over His church and given His spiritual kingdom, have sufficient authority and power from Him so to do, which no Christian king nor prince should control or discharge, but assist and support; otherwise they are not faithful subjects to Christ. And, sire, when you were in your swaddling clothes, Christ reigned freely in this land, in spite of all His enemies. His officers and ministers were convened, for ruling His church, which was ever for your welfare. Will you now challenge Christ's servants, your best and most faithful subjects, for convening together, and for the care they have for their duty to Christ, and to you?" It was the voice of John Knox speaking. The King kept his temper, but Melville's plain discourse was not relished by him. He showed his revenge at the next Assembly meeting at Dundee, in discharging Melville from the Assembly. But nevertheless, Melville had on some other occasions plain talks with King James. For his faithfulness in defence for Scotland, King James committed him to the Tower of London, where he stayed for three years. In 1611 Andrew Melville was released, after four years' confinement, through the intercession of the Duke De Bouillon, on condition that he would go with him to the University of Sedan. He died there in 1662, in his seventy-seventh year.

The seventeenth century was a remarkable period in the history of the United Kingdom, known as the Covenanting period. Two documents were signed. One was the National Covenant of Scotland in 1638; the other was the Solemn League and Covenant, similar in aspiration, but wider in geographical scope, being designed to embrace England, Scotland and Ireland. This covenant was framed on Monday, September 25, 1643, in St. Margaret's Chapel, Westminster, London,

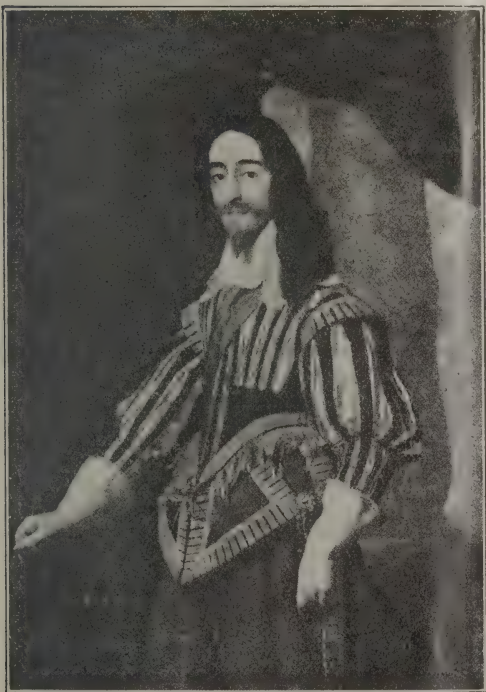
and was sworn to by two hundred members of the House of Commons and by the divines of the great Westminster Assembly. "The Covenant consisted of an oath to be subscribed by all persons in both kingdoms whereby they bound themselves to preserve the reformed religion in the Church of Scotland, in doctrine, worship, discipline and government, according to the Word of God, and practice by the best Reformed Churches, and to endeavor to bring the churches of God in the three kingdoms to the nearest conjunction and uniformity in religion."

The Grey Friars' Charter, Edinburgh, was a most imposing covenant. It was written and framed by Alexander Henderson and Archibald Johnston, of Wariston, a young advocate of the Edinburgh Court. Henderson was the foremost statesman of the Presbyterian Church of his time. The Covenant consisted of three parts—First, a reproduction of an older Covenant, the King's Confession of 1581; second, it enumerated the various acts of the Scottish Parliament. The third was a grave and emphatic protest against innovations of worship. This Covenant was signed on February 28, 1638, by 60,000 people, who came from all parts of Scotland, consisting of rich and poor; some signed it with their blood. Copies of this Covenant were conveyed to all parts of the land and to all who were unable to come to Edinburgh. Aberdeen and St. Andrew's were the only towns in Scotland that declined to sign the Covenant.

It was a battle between liberty and despotism. Scotland suffered much during the time of the Stuart kings. On June 1, 1661, James Guthrie, a minister at Sterling, was executed after eight months' imprisonment for writing a book, *Causes of God's Wrath Upon the Nation*. In his address on the scaffold, he declared that the Covenant was still binding on both England and Scotland. He was executed at the age of thirty-eight. It was a disgrace to Scotland that they had renegade Scotsmen acting as commissioners under the Stuart monarchs, who treated their countrymen worse than beasts. Middleton, Rhodes and Lauderdale were merciless. When Rhodes lay dying, he sent for a Presbyterian minister, which drew the taunt from the Duke of York, "All Scotsmen are Presbyterians, through their life

or death, profess what they may." The condition of Scotland from 1680 to 1688 was terrible; the period is known as "The Killing Time."

The tragedy at Bothwell Bridge was most discouraging to the Covenanters. The Royalists, with a large army, and the Covenanters, with a small army, without training and competent generalship, faced each other on the opposite banks of the Clyde. Between them was an old and narrow bridge. The advantage of position was with the Presbyterians, but they lacked unity and munitions. The Royalists crossed



KING CHARLES I

Beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, 1649

the Clyde; panic seized the Covenanters; some of them fled; others maintained their ground until they saw the cause was lost. The rout was complete; four hundred perished in the death chase; 1,200 were taken prisoners. A few hundred were freed by pledge. It was a terrible loss. Someone had made a mistake.

RICHARD CAMERON, the lion of the Covenant, was a native of Falkland, Fifeshire. He was born in 1648; his father, Allan Cameron, a merchant in Falkland, and his mother, Margaret Paterson, were excellent

people, and friends of the persecuted church. Richard, after finishing his university course, was a precentor and schoolmaster in his native town. After his conversion, he became an enthusiast as a preacher. He lives in the annals of Scotland as the man who denounced and abjured the despotism of the Stuart royal house. After suffering much from the persecutor, he and his brother, Michael, were killed at the age of thirty-two, on the lonely Ayrsmoss, by the enemy. They took Richard's head and hands to Edinburgh, and the man who cut them off declared, "There's the hands and head that lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting." His father, who was a prisoner in the Tolbooth, to whom they carried his head and hands, was asked: "Do you know them?"—and he took them upon his knee and bent over them and kissed them, and said: "I know them; they are my son's, my dear son's." Richard Cameron was a prophet. Many of his predictions regarding his persecutors were fulfilled. He lives in the memory of the church as "a burning and a shining light."

DONALD CARGILL was born at Rattray, Perthshire, in 1619, son of Laurence Cargill, notary. He was ordained in 1655 minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow, but was ejected after seven years of service by the Earl of Middleton's act, in 1662. After his expulsion, he preached in private houses and in the open fields. He loved Richard Cameron, though lacking his boldness. In his writings he was as bold as Cameron himself. Cargill was one of the great men of the Covenant. In his later years of persecution, he touched not on the misdoings of kings and the guiltiness of the land. He spoke of nobler thoughts. "I have followed holiness," he said, and when he came to die, "I have taught truth. I have been most in the main things." His sermons were briefer than the most of his brethren. Some spoke to him "that he preached and prayed too short," saying, "O sir, 'tis long betwixt meals, and we are in a starving condition, all is good, sweet and wholesome which you delivered, but why do you straiten us so much for shortness?" He answered: "Ever since I bowed the knee in good, earnest prayer, I never durst pray and preach with my gifts, and where my heart is not affected, and comes not up with my

mouth, I always thought it time for me to quit. What comes not from the heart, I have little hope that it will go to the hearts of others." In time of danger he said, "What needs all this ado? We will get heaven, and they will get no more. Yes, we will get more; we will get God glorified on earth, which is more than heaven." There was a prize of 5,000 merks placed on his head. He and two friends, Walter Smith and James Boig, were seized and hurried to Glasgow and then to Edinburgh. They soon listened to their sentence. "God knows," said Cargill, as he mounted the ladder, "I go up this ladder with less fear, confusion or perturbation of mind than ever I entered the pulpit to preach." It was on the 27th of July, 1681, just a year after Cameron's death, that he laid down his head on the Netherlow. So died Cargill and Cameron, captains of the unbending Covenanters.

John Howie of Lochgoin declares that during the twenty-eight years of persecution in Scotland, not less than 18,000 people suffered death or the utmost hardship and extremities; of these, 1,700 were shipped to plantations, besides 750 who were banished to the northern islands, of whom 200 were wilfully murdered. Those who suffered by imprisonment, confinement and other cruelties were about 3,600, including 800 who were outlawed, and fifty-five who were sentenced to be executed when apprehended. Those killed in skirmishes or on surprise and those who died of their wounds on such occasions were estimated to be 680. Those who went to America and other countries were calculated at 7,000. About 498 were murdered in cold blood, without process of law, besides 362 were executed. The number of those who perished through cold, hunger and other distresses, contracted in their flight to the mountains, and who even at the point of death were murdered by the bloody soldiers, cannot well be counted, but will certainly make up the number above mentioned.

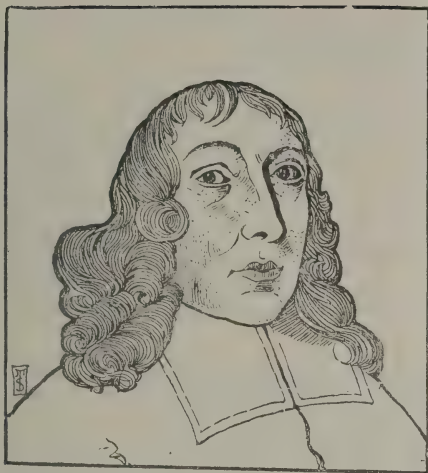
The more they were oppressed, the more they grew.

The blood of the martyrs, the seed of the church.

"Nec tamen consumebatur."

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD is recorded as "one of the most extraordinary men in the

age of heroes." He was born in 1600, in the parish of Nisbet, Roxburghshire. He studied in the University of Edinburgh, and was made a Professor of Latin. He was called to the church at Anwoth, Gallo-way, and labored there for nine years with wonderful success, from 1627 to 1636. He rose each morning at three, to spend the beginning of the day in prayer and study. James Urquhart, minister of Kinloss, said of him, "I never knew one in Scotland like him. He seemed to be always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always teaching in the schools, always writing treatises, always reading and studying." Being opposed to the conduct of the government, he was sent to Aberdeen as a prisoner. "I go," he said, "to my King's palace at Aberdeen; tongue, pen and wit cannot express my joy." If his lips were closed, his pen was busy. He wrote two hundred and twenty letters; they revealed the character of this wonderful man. "My heart is not my own; Jesus has run away to heaven with it. I never knew that his love was so great." He was a Commissioner in the Chamber at the Westminster Assembly, London, from 1643 to 1647. In the intervals he was glad to set his face northward, to meet his students, for he had since his liberation from prison held a professorship of divinity at St. Andrews University. Twice Utrecht invited him to occupy its Chair of Theology. He wrote: "I had rather be in Scotland with an angry Jesus Christ than in any Eden or garden on the earth." Mr. Taylor Innes said of him: "This man was impatient of earth, intolerant of sin, rapt into the continual contemplation of one unseen Face, finding his history in its changing aspect, and his happiness in its returning smile." He said: "It's not an easy thing to be a Christian, but for me, I have gotten the victory, and Christ is holding out His arms to embrace me." "At the beginning of my sufferings," he told his friends, "I had my fears that I might have my faintings, but Christ says, 'Fear not.' This night I will close the door and fasten my anchor, and I shall go in sleep by five in the morning"—and thus it happened. His biographer holds that he was one of "the most moving and affectionate preachers of his time, or in any age of the church. He was one of the most resplendent lights that ever rose in this horizon."



SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

From a photograph which reproduces a painting now in New York

WILLIAM GUTHRIE was minister of the Fenwick Church of Kilmarnock, one of the historic parish churches in the west of Scotland. He was born at Pitforthly, near Brechin, in 1620. Four of his brothers became ministers. He studied at St. Andrew's; he was a convert of Samuel Rutherford. Before his ministry, he proved to be a devoted Christian. He was invited by some of the Covenanters of Fenwick to preach, and in November, 1644, he was ordained. After his ordination, he brought his young wife, Agnes Campbell, to his manse, a woman with a gracious spirit. William Guthrie was a Covenanter full of merriment. His talks sparkled with humor. He and James Durham were together in a gentleman's house, at dinner. Guthrie was so full of fun that Durham, usually so composed, caught the infection and laughed again and again. It is said: "Let Guthrie be ever so merry, he was presently fit for the most spiritual duty."

Mr. Guthrie was a great spiritual preacher, and a man greatly beloved. He won the hearts of his parishioners by his faithful work and unselfish methods. Yet the enemy evicted him and barred the church door against him.

PUIR AULD SANDY. Alexander Peden, the seer, says Alexander Smallie in *Men of the Covenant*, "is the chief and monarch of those wandering heralds of God to whom, in that era of death and silence,

the country owed the deepest debt. For three and twenty years the mountains and moors were his haunts; we pant in vain after his unresting footsteps, if we look out from the vantage ground of his Renfrewshire or Linlithgow, sometimes south in Dumfries or Kircudbright, or Wigton. Here he is remembered by a grotto which is "Peden's Cave," and here by a rock, which is "Peden's pulpit," and there by a shaded hollow, which is "Peden's bed."

Peden was a scholar of the University of Glasgow, and well connected. His father was a proprietor. He was born in 1626, in the parish of Sorn-in-Ayr. He grew to be a giant in body, whom God had fitted to endure hardship. New Luce, in Galloway, was his parish, but his ministry there was brief, being ejected in 1663, when Middleton's act came into force. When the church was closed, he became a field preacher. He had many narrow escapes from being caught by the persecutors. Once he showed a party of dragoons the way to the ford. "You might have sent the lad," a friend said to him. "No," he retorted; "they would have asked questions of the lad, and he might have fainted and discovered us." Once over among the glens of Antrim, he was pinched by hunger. He hired himself to a farmer to thresh his corn. The work was well done, and at night he had a comfortable bed in the barn. But in the dark and in the day the stranger was continually praying for the afflicted church in Scotland, so he had to confess his identity. Many a time the mist shrouded him at the crisis, when his capture appeared inevitable; "Cast the lap of Thy cloak, Lord, over puir auld Sandy." In June, 1673, he was holding a conventicle at Knockdon, in Ayrshire; he was arrested and sentenced to the Bass Rock for four years, and fifteen months more to the Tolbooth, Edinburgh. In December, 1678; he was out of the Tolbooth to enter fresh experiences of trouble. With sixty others, he was sentenced to banishment. They were put on board a ship to convey them to America. Nevertheless, he told his brothers that the ship was not built that would carry them to a plantation. They were liberated. Peden, for seven years after, divided his ministry between Scotland and the north of Ireland, going from one bloody land to another bloody land.

At times when ministers and people begged of him to be their teacher, he would answer, "It is praying folk alone that will get through the storm. Where is the Church of God in Scotland at this day? It is not among the great clergy. I will tell you where; it is where a praying young man or young woman is at dykeside in Scotland; that is where the church is." He would use such illustrations as follows: "There was a poor widow in Clydesdale as I came through, that was worth many of

ever the people of God yoked with; if ye be pleased with the wares what of His grace makes best for you, He and ye will soon sort on the price; He'll sell good cheap, that ye may speir for His shop again, and He draws all the sale to Himself. . . . Now when it comes to your door, either to sin or suffer, I counsel you to lay your count with suffering, for an outgate coming to your soul's interest. . . . There shall not be a pin in all your graces, but God shall know whether it



BASS ROCK

you put together. She was asked how she did in evil time. 'I do very well,' says she, 'I get more good out of one verse of the Bible now than I did of it all lang syne. He hath cast me the keys of the pantry-door and bid me take my fill.' Was not that a Christian?" He would speak to those who excuse themselves by the plea that they must labor for their livelihood. "O sirs," he cried, "will you trust God and give Him credit? If so, he will help you at all your work. He would plough your land, sow your corn, sell your corn, and bring home your money."

Peden sent the following quaint letter to Patrick Walker, the biographer of the "Men of the Covenant": "If ye think Christ's house be bare and ill-provided, harder than ye looked for, assure yourselves Christ minds only to diet you and not to hunger you; our Steward kens when to spend and where to spare. . . . Grace and glory come out of Christ's lucky hand. . . . He's the easiest merchant

be crooked or even; He will never halt until he be at the bottom of men's hearts. I defy the world to steal a lamb out of Christ's flock unmissed. What is wanting at the Day of Judgment, Christ must make them all up. Christ deals tenderly with his young plants, and waters them oft, lest they go back; be painful, and lose not life for the seeking. Grace, mercy and peace be with you."

Alexander Peden, worn out by privations, felt that the time of his departure was near, and he crept to the old homestead at Auchlincloich. On his deathbed he sent for James Renwick, a man greatly beloved, with whom he had a heart to heart talk. In January, 1686, he passed away, at the age of sixty.

James Renwick was the last of the Scottish Covenanters who died as a martyr by execution, on February 17, 1688, and before the end of that year the Stuarts were in exile, and the twenty years of the persecution were ended.—*Editor*.

The Second Advent of Christ.

BY REV. ANDREW BURROWS, D. D.

Having written on the First Advent of Christ in a previous article (February CALEDONIAN), I wish to follow it with a few practical thoughts on His Second Advent, a subject of importance in Scripture. This will appear obvious from the fact that the Lord's Second Coming occupies an unique place in the Bible: for is it not a doctrine of Holy Writ more frequently and prominently presented to our minds therein than any one of its fundamental doctrines? In the New Testament specially, does it not shine forth in all its celestial fulgence. There it is referred to, no less than 480 times; so that the references to it are more numerous than those of the Atonement of Christ, or even that of love, without which all our doings will not avail much.

And why, it may be asked, does this particular doctrine of our Lord's Second Coming obtain as we have seen such prominence in the Bible? Simply for this one reason among many, that it is the objective point towards which all the past and present operations of God are directed; it is, as it were, the crowning act in the gracious, redemptive, mediatorial work of Jesus Christ. And if ministers of His Gospel would keep it before their minds when delivering His message, what a marvelous and beneficial effect it would have upon themselves and their congregations! It is recorded of Moody, that eminent evangelist, that he never preached a sermon without thinking possibly the Lord might use it for the calling out of the last Saint, who should go to make up the full number of God's elect, and so accelerate the Lord's Second Coming. It is my personal conviction that, if the services of the Sanctuary were conducted in the full realization of this scriptural and consolatory truth—"Christ's Second Coming"—for His people, at any moment—What a blessed transformation would be effected in the churches! Then, the new theology, now so conspicuous in some pulpits, would be unheard of, and the down-grade teaching and preaching complained of by so many would be unknown. Is it not a deplorable fact, that this precious truth of our Lord's Second Coming is so neglected, yes absolutely forgotten, by many professing, excellent Christians, distinguished for their personal piety and excellent good works?

And here, may be asked, What is the hope of the Church? Is it not this identical truth, our Lord's Second Advent? (*Titus 11:13*). Indeed, this may be regarded as the central truth of Christianity, one which ought to be prayerfully retained in memory by all Christians, who are looking forward with joyous anticipation to His glorious appearing. For will not this be the period of the fulfilling of God's promises respecting the Kingdom of Christ, and the answering of His peoples' prayers, such as "Thy Kingdom Come"? This

expectation of Christ's Second Coming constituted the hope of the Church in the early days of Christianity, as it does the hope of the Church at the present, and will continue until His Church, styled His bride, is taken up to meet Him in the air, and dwell with Him evermore (*Acts 11:10-11*).

"Thy Kingdom Come" should be distinguished from what we designate the Church, which should be properly regarded as the "Herald" of the Kingdom, which is yet to come, and different from His Kingdom now in the hearts of true Christians. The phrase, "Kingdom of God," has a wide meaning, seeing it embraces the universe over which Jehovah rules, but it has also a limited meaning in the Gospel sense, including a redeemed humanity, called in theological phraseology the mediatorial Kingdom of Christ, in connection with His redemptive work. We know there can be no kingdom wanting a King and subjects over which to rule, and laws by which they must be governed, and now it would seem that the time is drawing nigh when he shall return and establish His Kingdom; when He shall gather His subjects, i. e. His redeemed, out of all lands, and take to Himself His great power and reign. And that Christ will come again is clearly set forth in the Word of God, and appear the Second time without sin unto Salvation (*Hebrews, IX:28*). This doctrine is so uplifting and inspiring in its influence, and well calculated to stimulate His people to exercise all their powers to secure the good of humanity and promote the glory of our Heavenly King.

Those who have received the consolatory truth of our Lord's Second Coming into their hearts, and adhere to it steadfastly, and view it as a working force, will be able to rejoice at His glorious appearing, since they have learned their duty towards Him in the five following ways: (1) They are watching for His Coming; (2) They are waiting for His Coming; (3) They are praying for His Coming; (4) They are hastening His Coming; (5) They are working for His Coming—"They are to occupy till He come." May grace be given to us to do these things, and thus be prepared!

Hamilton, Bermuda.

The Rev. John Macaskill, Minister of Wallace Green Church, Berwick, died March 18, 1919, after a lingering illness. Mr. Macaskill was the eldest son of the late Rev. Murdoch Macaskill, Dingwall, and Mrs. Macaskill, 13 Rochester Terrace, Edinburgh. After a brilliant career at Edinburgh University, where he graduated with first-class honors in Mental Philosophy, he entered the New College, where he was one of the most distinguished students of his time.

Enriching the Life of the Soul

"Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge." Here is a vital principle; every added virtue strengthens and transfigures every other virtue. Every addition to character affects the color of entire character. In Ruskin's great work of *Modern Painters*, he devotes one chapter to what he calls "The Law of Help." And here is the paragraph in which he defines the law: "In true composition, everything else not only helps everything else a little, but helps it with its utmost power. Every atom is full of energy. Not a line, not a speck of color, but is doing its very best, and that best is aid." It is even so in the composition of character. Every addition I make to my character adds to the general enrichment. We cannot possibly supply a new grace to the life without bringing wealth to all our previous acquisitions. For instance, here is "godliness." Godliness by itself may be very regular, and at the same time very icy and very cold. It is like a room without a fire. But now "in your godliness supply love." And what a difference a fire always makes to a well furnished room! Love brings the fire into the cold chamber, and godliness becomes a genial thing with a new glow upon it, and a new geniality at its heart. But the love thus supplied not only enriches godliness, but every other grace as well. What a tenderness it gives to patience, and what a soft beauty it brings to self-control! Take love away from the circle of the graces, and they are like a varied landscape when the sun is hid behind the clouds. "In your faith supply * * * love." And so on, with never-ceasing additions, for ever enriching the entire life of the soul. Men who bring such business-like qualities into the sphere of their religion, and who are continually enriching their spiritual stock, make a lasting contribution to the common weal. "For if these things are yours and abound, they make you to be not idle nor unfruitful unto the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." Such lives are not "idle," they are active; they are not "unfruitful," they are efficient.—(From *The Epistles of St. Peter*, by Dr. Jowett.)

Scotland 2,000 Years Ago

In an address delivered recently at the Ceilidh of the Lochaber Comunn, on "Glimpses of Scotland 2,000 Years Ago," Rev. Cyril V. Dieckhoff, said that glimpses of those early days were given by the classical writers, the contents of our museums, and the ancient tales and songs examined by experts in history and philology. Three races inhabited Scotland, of which the "Cruithneach," Caledonians or Picts were the dominant. This Celtic race were akin to the "Breathnach" or Britons of the south. Remains of the language, which resembles Welsh, are found in place-names, as Aberchalder. Immense forests covered the coun-

try. The people lived by rearing cattle, and traces of their agriculture are found in well-formed implements and moulds for these. Centres for their manufacture are known. Hunting was a serious occupation. Wild boar, bears, wolves, elks, rein and red deer abounded. The houses built were all of a round form, such as the towers of Glenelg. The King's "Dun" was of stone, 7 feet in thickness at the top, and 12 at the base. Lesser ranks and the people's clustered round, the latter all of wood. There were many steps in the social ladder of those days, we learn from the compilation of laws by King "Conn of a hundred fights." Thus nobles of the lowest rank could only have a house of 19 feet. The compensation for damage accorded with the grade. Seven other grades reached the King's estate, whose "Dun" measured 140 feet each way. The clothing was of wool reaching to the knees, secured by a leather belt, and fastened on the shoulder by a brooch. The people wore this of undyed wool. Rank was indicated by the colors worn. The Romans expressed much admiration of the dyes and patterns used by the Celts in Gaul—stripes, checks, and precursor of the "Breacan," a very ancient word. Large cloaks were also worn. Three figures thus attired are depicted on Trajan's Arch in Rome. A poem, from the "Book of Lismore," describes the dwelling of a wealthy chieftain's daughter:—

Delightful the house in which she dwells,
Between men and children and women,
Between Druids and musical performers,
Between cupbearers and doorkeepers,
The colour of her Dun is like the colour of lime,
Within it are couches and green rushes,
Within it are silks and blue mantles,
Within it are red, gold, and chrysal cups,
Its portico with its thatch
Of the wings of birds blue and yellow,
The lawn in front, and its well
Formed of crystal and carbuncles.

The Caledonians enjoyed a tremendous reputation among the Romans for their courage and warlike spirit and intense love of freedom. Chariots were used in warfare. Charioteering is mentioned as one of the feats of championship required for passing an examination in military matters; others were throwing the dart and the ball. Recreation was supplied by the bards and harpers; the latter always appreciated, the former were often feared for their witty and often wicked tongues. The tale of Briene of the Poisonous Tongue threw a sidelight on the times.

Some 30,000 Scottish nurses, both trained and partly trained, have been mobilized for the nursing services during the war. The large contribution made by these women to their country in the hour of need is unquestioned; many gave up good positions as matrons and nurses to serve within earshot of the guns in France, Italy, Serbia, Egypt and Mesopotamia, or to tend the wounded on board hospital ships, under perpetual menace from submarine and mine.

Donald G. C. Sinclair

Twenty-fifth Anniversary Dinner

A complimentary dinner was tendered by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to Mr. Donald G. C. Sinclair, Superintendent Murray Hill District, New York City, in celebration of his twenty-fifth anniversary with the company, on Monday evening, April 21, 1919, at the Hotel Commodore, New York.

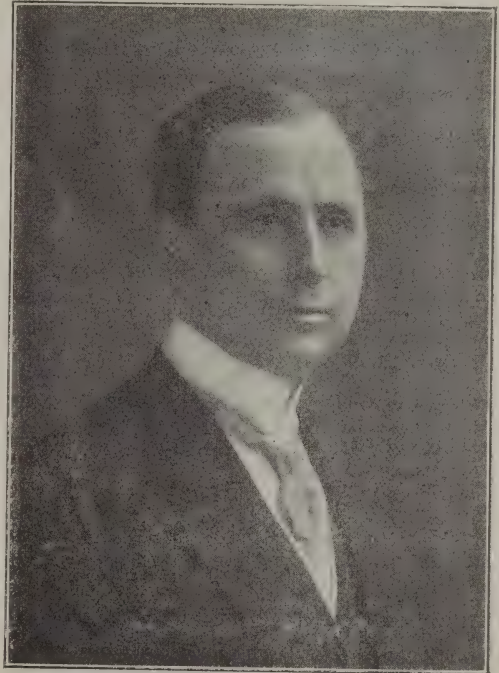
It was a pleasant social gathering of about 160, including officers of the company, superintendents, the Murray Hill staff and guests.

Mr. Haley Fiske, Vice-President, acted as chairman of the evening, and it is interesting to note that on the following day, April 22 Mr. Fiske, who has served the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for twenty-seven years as Vice-President, was elected by the Board of Directors to its presidency, to succeed John R. Hegeman, who died recently.

Mr. Fiske was a most delightful toastmaster. He remarked that these silver anniversaries for superintendents have become of quite frequent occurrence, but that none of them had given him greater pleasure than this silver anniversary for Mr. Sinclair. He outlined Mr. Sinclair's career since he left his home in Scotland. Going first to Canada, he tried various lines of business, as banking, real estate, etc., but did not find his life work until he came to New York, at the age of twenty-one, and began his work with the Metropolitan as agent. He met with success from the beginning, and was rapidly promoted. For the past sixteen years he has been Superintendent of the Murray Hill District, and during his twenty-five years of service has written policies to the amount of \$45,000,000—the most remarkable record of any superintendent of the company. Mr. Fiske spoke of Mr. Sinclair's industry, fidelity, integrity and loyalty to the company as the secret of his success.

Mr. Sinclair, in a very telling speech, thanked Mr. Fiske for his kind words of appreciation, and said that for the past

five years he had been looking forward to this night. He recalled the fact that he reached New York on Sunday, and began work with the Metropolitan on Monday, and that the first three weeks he earned \$3.45 per week, and had a hard time making both ends meet; but he soon suc-



DONALD G. C. SINCLAIR

ceeded in earning \$10, then \$20, and later \$30 a week. He loved the work, and the company has been kind to him, and always treats its men nobly.

Mr. S. S. Voshell, Superintendent of the Brooklyn District in which Mr. Sinclair began work as agent, said he looked upon him as his adopted son, and gave a brief history of his work during the years he was under his direction, and spoke highly of his zeal and untiring efforts. In the name of the superintendents, he presented to Mr. Sinclair a beautiful gold watch, with his monogram in the back.

Mr. Fiske then handed to Third Vice-President Frank O. Ayres the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Gold Badge with diamonds, and Mr. Ayres pinned it upon Mr. Sinclair's breast. Then Mr. Christopher Murrap, Deputy Superintendent, presented to Mr. Sinclair, on behalf of the Murray Hill staff, a beautiful chest of silver. Mr. Sinclair acknowledged these gifts with appreciation.

Brief speeches were made by Mr. Ayres, Mr. Murray, Robert Lynn Cox, Third Vice President; Harry J. Miller, Superintendent of Agencies; James P. Bradley, James H. Ward, Hon. Luke Stapleton, Hon. Edward M. Grout, Hon. William M. Calder, and Rev. Donald MacDougall. They spoke of Mr. Sinclair's persuasive power and excellent work as a leader, and gave due credit to Mrs. Sinclair for her loyal co-operation.

The following guests were present: John J. Kerr, Norman A. Robertson, Thomas H. Roulston, James H. Ward, James P. Bradley, Edward McCormack, William F. Schneider, Charles F. Murphy, Hon. Luke Stapleton, Hon. Edward M. Grout, William H. English, Jesse L. Hopkins, Hon. Charles H. Kelby, John B. Chambers, Hon. William D. Niper, Alexander MacDonald, Rev. Donald MacDougall, Hon. Cornelius Huth, Alexander Walker, Donald H. Bain, Otto E. Reimer, Hon. William M. Calder, R. H. Woody, John A. Murray, S. W. Eckman, Thomas J. Blain, George A. Fleury, Arthur L. J. Smith, Charles G. Smith, Mrs. John Goldthorpe, Mrs. D. G. C. Sinclair, Miss Maude M. Sinclair, Donald G. C. Sinclair, Jr., and Calder P. Sinclair.

It was a most impressive and enjoyable occasion and the congratulations tendered Mr. Sinclair on his silver anniversary were heartfelt and well-deserved.

Mr. Sinclair not only works like a steam engine for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, but, with his staff of sixty men, has devoted a large amount of time to the Liberty Loans, and has been congratulated by the Government for his patriotic work. He has also been a tireless worker for the New York Caledonian Hospital, of which he was one of the founders, and has been president since its organization.

Mr. Sinclair's residence is at Thirty-fourth street and Eighth avenue, Brooklyn. He has recently purchased a beautiful summer home at Avon-by-the-Sea, facing the ocean, on Shark River, N. J. His business is at 11 East Twenty-fourth street, New York.

"That Old Sweetheart of Mine"

Written for

Our FORTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, June 1,
1879-1919

"Nothing in common," says the world,
"Exists between us."
Because in love that effervesced
They've never seen us;
Nor knew the unseen held us where
No wiles could wean us.

UNCOMMON LOVE first came from HIM,
Who reads the heart.
The inward thought and outward show,
He keeps apart.
The love that never dies, that's where
It gets its start.

Old-fashioned Sweetheart, best of Mothers,
Old-fashioned ways
Of being kind and helping others;
Gives nights or days
To cheer the sick, and sickness smothers
With sunshine's rays.

For forty years, with silken rein,
She, day by day,
Has led my steps o'er dangerous paths.
The safest way.
Her guidance kept my wayward feet
From going astray.

Into my web of life, she wove
Her threads with care;
Spurred me to reach my highest notes
In song or prayer.
And in my heart's most sacred nook
She's imaged there.

If Death's grim hand should come and leave
On her its mark,
The embers of my life would hold
No latent spark
To light me on, the journey's end
Reached in the dark.

What days, or months, or years are left
Beneath that mask
Of love obscured to all but me?
Just let me bask
In its warm rays,—my first and last
That's all I ask.

HUGH W. BARNES.

Boston, Mass.

King George has expressed surprise and regret at the fact that the Second Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders have been allowed to come home from the front almost unnoticed, and without any official welcome being accorded to them. He has asked for further particulars of this incident be supplied to him. Sometime ago the King expressed his wish that all troops coming home by units should be officially welcomed by some high military official. The King is determined to be able to show his appreciation of the services rendered by the Highlanders throughout the war.

A Princess of Thule

(Continued from page 64)

Sheila looked up frightened. The statement was an audacious perversion of the truth. But then, Frank Lavender knew very well what his aunt meant by going into the open air every afternoon, wet or dry. At a certain hour her brougham was brought round; she got into it, and had both doors and windows hermetically sealed; and then, in a semi-somnolent state, she was driven slowly and monotonously round the park. How would Sheila fare if she were shut up in this box? He told a lie with great equanimity, and saved her.

Then Sheila was taken away to get on her things; and her husband waited, with some little trepidation, to hear what his aunt would say about her. He had not long to wait.

"She's got a bad temper, Frank."

"Oh, I don't think so, Aunt Lavender!" he said, considerably startled.

"Mark my words, she's got a bad temper; and she is not nearly so soft as she tries to make out. That girl has a great deal of firmness, Frank."

"I find her as gentle and submissive as a girl could be—a little too gentle, perhaps, and anxious to study the wishes of other folks."

"That is all very well with you. You are her master. She is not likely to quarrel with her bread and butter. But you'll see if she does not hold her own when she gets among your friends."

"I hope she will hold her own," he said, with some unnecessary emphasis.

The old lady only shook her head.

"I am very sorry you should have taken a prejudice against her, aunt," said he, presently.

"I take a prejudice? Don't let me hear the word again, Frank. You know I have no prejudices. If I cannot give you a reason for anything I believe, then I cease to believe it."

"You have not heard her sing," said he, suddenly remembering that this means of conquering the old lady had been neglected.

"I have no doubt she has many accomplishments," said Mrs. Lavender, coldly. "In time, I suppose, she will get over that extraordinary accent she has."

"Many people like it."

"I dare say you do, at present. But you may tire of it. You married her in a hurry; and you have not got rid of your romance yet. At the same time, I dare say she is a very good sort of a girl, and will not disgrace you, if you instruct her and manage her properly. But remember my words, she has a temper, and you will find it out if you thwart her."

How sweet and fresh the air was, even in Kensington, when Sheila, having dressed and come down-stairs, and having dutifully kissed Mrs. Lavender and bade her goodby, went outside with her husband. It was like coming back to the light of day inside the

imaginary coffin in which she had fancied herself placed. A soft west wind was blowing over the park, and a fairly clear sunlight shining on the May green of the trees. And then she hung on her husband's arm; and she had him to speak to instead of the terrible old woman who talked about dying.

And yet she hoped she had not offended Mrs. Lavender, for Frank's sake. What he thought about the matter he prudently resolved to conceal.

"Do you know that you have greatly pleased my aunt?" he said, without the least compunction. He knew if he breathed the least hint about what had actually been said, any reasonable amity between the two women would be rendered impossible forever.

"Have I really?" said Sheila, very much astonished, but never thinking for a moment of doubting anything said by her husband.

"Oh, she like you awfully!" he said, with an infinite coolness.

"I am so glad!" said Sheila, with her face brightening. "I was so afraid, dear, I had offended her. She did not look pleased with me."

By this time they had got into a hansom, and were driving down to the South Kensington Museum. Lavender would have preferred going into the park; but what if his aunt, in driving by, were to see them? He explained to Sheila the absolute necessity of his having to tell that fib about the four o'clock engagement; and when she heard described the drive in the closed brougham which she had escaped, perhaps she was not so greatly inclined as she ought to have been to protest against that piece of wickedness.

"Oh yes, she likes you awfully," he repeated, "and you must get to like her. Don't be frightened by her harsh way of saying things; it is only a mannerism. She is really a kind-hearted woman, and would do anything for me. That's her best feature, looking at her character from my point of view."

"How often must we go to see her?" asked Sheila.

"Oh, not very often. But she will get up dinner parties, at which you will be introduced to batches of her friends. And then the best thing you can do is to put yourself under her instructions, and take her advice about your dress and such matters just as you did about your hair. That was very good of you."

"I am glad you were pleased with me," said Sheila. "I will do what I can to like her. But she must talk more respectfully of you."

(To be continued)

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Caledonian \$1.50 a Year.**



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Detroit Letter

Since the Burns gatherings, there have been but a few small gatherings of the Scotch: A fortnightly dance for the young folks; a mid-monthly social for St. Andrew's; a smoker for the Burns Club that awakened some enthusiasm, and brought to light again the aims and ambition of the Detroit Burns Club, who seemingly have agreed upon a replica in bronze of one of the best statues in New York or Pittsburg. Anyway, whether of stone or bronze, Burn's figure will be one of the very few erected in memory of "those who forever live," in the fourth largest city in the Union—if all goes well before January 25, 1920.

Excepting the ship yards, all factories have gone back to their old business before the war. Mr. Ford seems to be doing the most for the returning soldiers. He is employing thousands who are maimed for life, perfecting machines—for the one-armed—and for many who have lost a leg, etc. Having so little real news, it might be fitting at this time to give a brief sketch of a few who have been affiliated with St. Andrew's Society for over thirty years.

Our present president, Mr. John Cameron, was born near Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, coming to Detroit in the early 80's. An all round athlete himself, he has ever been since coming to Detroit, an authority, as well as taking active parts in all the Scottish outings. For years he had firmly refused taking an office in the society, but at last he was persuaded to become president and no other Scot has looked so well in the chair—kindly, but firm. A man of action rather than of words, he has hewn his way into the hearts of a far greater number of people than is measured by the Scots of Detroit. Mr. Cameron is a carpenter contractor, and none is known better and whose services are sought and appreciated more than our honest, talented countryman.

Mr. Alexander Watson, another loon hewn from Aberdeen granite, a past president of St. Andrew's Society, at present treasurer of the trustees, and we may say truthfully, the financial head of the society, and has been for many years; like Mr. Cameron, he well enjoys a Scotch reel. But Mr. Watson is one

whose service reaches far beyond the circles of Scotch societies.

If you were to visit his offices in the Hammond building, you would find a steady run of people asking his advice in law, or taking out fire insurance or life, etc., buying or selling property, investing or most anything. If you was to ask some one, where can I get such and such information, the answer would usually be, "Go an see Sandy Watson." And though his foundation is granite, his heart is of gold.

Mr. William Carnegie, another Aberdonian, came to Detroit over thirty years ago. He has also been an active member of St. Andrew's, filling nearly every office, as well as president. Willie used to sing a guid sang, and can make a stirring speech, but his leisure time is usually spent in his garden. Mr. Carnegie is secretary and treasurer of the Berry Bro Varnish Company, one of the largest manufacturers in America—a position he has attained by hard work, as well as a will to master every obstacle. He is also a trustee of St. Andrew's Society.

No wonder that our St. Andrew's Society has prospered when such men as I have briefly sketched have given of their time and talent. Sentiment brings us together, but business methods lay the foundation and elevate the structure that contains the traditions and songs of Auld Scotia. We have others, but those three Aberdonian Canny Presbyterians—rather good looking ones at that—will give readers an idea of the stuff we ha'e in Detroit. As Sir Walter Scott has said, "They are of the kindly Scots, and Christian gentlemen."

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.

26 Marquette Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Accident to Chief Edwards

Chief James C. Edwards of the New York Caledonian Club, while descending the steps of the 71st street elevated railroad station near his home in Brooklyn, on the evening of April 1, tripped and fell. It was feared at first that he was seriously injured, but though badly cut in the head, a few days in bed put him in shape to take a trip to the country, where he will rest for about a month, and then resume his job of keeping things in running order at the club.

Clan MacDuff New York

TO THE CALEDONIAN:

The meeting of April 12th was one of the best attended in years, over 250 members being present with quite a few of the boys from overseas.

Clansman David Low of the Royal Air Forces, who had spent four years and eight months overseas; Past Chief Smith, of Clan Bruce, New Rochelle, Lieutenant U. S. N.; Past Chief Gavin Rae, Clansmen David Smith, Alexander Smith, Thomas Innes, Thomas J. Graham and John P. Buist, gave some of their experiences while at the front. Invitations were read from the Northminster Presbyterian Church, 141 West 115th street, to attend service on Sunday, April 27, at eight o'clock. Beck Memorial Presbyterian Church, 980 East 180th street, to assemble at the church Sunday, May 4, at 7:00 p. m., to hear Rev. Maitland Bartlett speak on Great Britain's part in the World War, and on Sir Douglas Haig, the valiant Scot.

One initiation took place and proposal for membership for three more for our next meeting, April 26.

EDITOR CALEDONIAN:

At the regular meeting of Clan MacDuff held at 1941 Madison avenue, on Saturday evening, March 22, two new members were initiated, and plans are under way for a masquerade ball to be held at Floral Garden, 146th street and Broadway, on Election Eve, November 3. After the regular meeting the doors were opened to admit the ladies, and quite a number of delegations from other clans, namely: Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn; Clan Chisholm, Brooklyn; Clan MacKenzie, Clan Graham, Lady MacKenzie, Lady Hamilton, Grahams, and Lady Bruce, and Chief William MacMeekin, of Clan Fraser, Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Tanist Murdo MacKenzie deserves great credit for the very select program he had made up. The program follows:

Murdo Mackenzie, "Selections on Bagpipes"; Miss Alice Mackenzie, songs, "O, Promise Me," and "Mavorneen"; Past Chief W. P. Campbell, songs, "Pal o' Mine," and "Ye Banks and Braes"; Miss Isabella Buist, songs, "Doon the Burn Davie Lad," and "When the Great Gray Dawn is Shining"; Mr. Thomas Tait, Recitations, "Grannie's Laddie" (by Harry Lauder) and "Somebody's Laddie" (original); Miss Constance MacKenzie (dance), "Highland Fling"; Miss Isabella Davidson, songs, "The Maid of Dundee" and "Kiss Me Again"; duet by Miss Alice MacKenzie and Mr. Reginald Brice, "Beautiful Ohio" and "Till We Meet Again." Miss Christina Croal (teacher of music) accompanied all the singers and gave quite a few selections on the piano.

After an interval of ten minutes, the second part was gone through: Murdo Mackenzie, "Selections on Bagpipes"; Miss Buist, songs, "For the Sake of Somebody" and "My Dreaming of Home, Sweet Home"; Miss Davidson, songs, "Coming Thro' the Rye" and "The Sunshine of Your Smile"; Mr. Thomas

Tait, recitations, "Glesca Fair," and by special request, "Hogmanay in Flanders."

Drawing then took place, for which tickets had been taken: First prize, mirror, won by Robert Scott, 1026 Nelson avenue, Bronx; second prize, pillow, won by Dr. James Law, 15 East 127th street, New York. Miss Alice MacKenzie, song, "The Long, Long Trail."

Afterwards a hearty vote of thanks was given to all the artists and all joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and departed to their homes, remarking that it was one of the most enjoyable evenings they had spent in a long, long time.

THOMAS WATT,
1026 Nelson Avenue, Bronx, Secretary.
New York.

Clan Scott, Passaic, N. J.

At our last meeting the Audit Committee reported that Clan Scott had made remarkable progress despite the trying times that the clans have just come through.

Clansman Sanders, on behalf of his mother, handed over to the trustees the title deeds of the burial plot in the local cemetery which Mrs. Sanders so kindly presented to Clan Scott in memory of her late husband. The clan gratefully accepts this token of memory which has been called, "The Mungo Sanders Memorial to Clan Scott."

The clan hopes to hold in the near future a "Welcome Home Banquet" to the members released from service. Three are now on the way home from France and only one member is still in Germany.

Our meetings are held on the first and third Thursdays of each month. We will be pleased to greet visiting clansmen who may be in town on these dates.

A. G. CAMPBELL,
Press Representative.

Ladies' Meeting

Mrs. John Stark presided at the regular monthly meeting of the Ladies of the New York Caledonians, on the evening of April 14. It was unanimously decided to hold the annual party for the weans in Central Park on Saturday, May 17. All readers who can should make the trip to the park. It will do them good to see the youngsters at play. The treasurer, Mrs. Alexander McIntosh, reported that a good profit was likely to be the outcome of the concert held April 4. The profit is to be spent on a welcome home to those connected with the club who served in the forces of the United States or its Allies during the war. The ladies were greatly pleased to receive letters praising their work from Ex-Chiefs James C. McEachen, James Robb, Neil MacKay, Ex-Chieftain Richard Grant and Colonel Walter Scott. The writers all gave practical proof of their sincerity by enclosing substantial sums for the support of the undertaking.

Miss Annie Gordon and Mrs. Stark were the prize winners in the monthly bowling competition.

New York Caledonian Club

Chief James C. Edwards presided at the meeting of the New York Caledonian Club held April 4th. Three new members were admitted. Two proposals were received. Clansman Hugh Bowman who had been in the fighting overseas with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces attended the meeting in uniform and was warmly welcomed by his brother clansmen. Ex-Chieftain Thomas McNab, Jr., was reported as recovering from an attack of pneumonia. There was lots of routine business which went through quickly as many had come to help Frank Dykes, who joined down in "Old 118" April, 1869, celebrate his fiftieth birthday as a Caledonian. By direction of the Chief, Ex-Chiefs Reid and Foulis escorted the honor guest to the platform where he was received by the Chief, given a rousing reception by the members and presented with his half century membership medal. In replying, Clansman Dykes thanked the members for the kindly feelings they evidently had for him and stated he hoped to wear the badge at future meetings when some of his friends of the 60's and 70's would present themselves for their's. Going back to the year he joined, Frank went over some old times in a manner that brought a sparkle to the eye of those who were associated with him in the old gymnasium class. A few old dance orders he had with him contained the names of one time active members, almost all of whom have passed away. At the close of the meeting all adjourned to the reception room where a social time was spent with songs, stories and reminiscences of club days in Sullivan Street and Horatio directly connected with Clansman Dykes. There were songs by Andrew Gillies, James Brawley, John Coyle, George Swanson, Alexander Fraser, Gilbert A. Burns, Malcolm McNeill, J. H. Whiteford, David Scott and James Whyte. It would be a waste of space to tell who sung "Lachie Wilson." Everybody from Boston to Philadelphia knows. Ex-Chief Foulis spoke of Frank as he had found him and of good times passed in his company. Ex-Chief James Robb and Clansman James Hunter, unable, through other engagements, to get to the meeting, sent letters in which they told of their respect for Frank and best wishes for many years of continued usefulness. Auld Lang Syne brought a particularly pleasant evening to a close. To show how much good his early club training did him it may be mentioned that Mr. Dykes has been secretary of the Grand National Curling Club of America and for several years was president of the St. Andrew's Curling Club and survived two strenuous years as president of the New York Scottish Society.

Ladies of the N. Y. Caledonians' Entertainment

The Victory entertainment and social under the auspices of the ladies of the New York Caledonians held in the Amsterdam Opera House, Friday evening, April 4, was

the occasion of a most delightful gathering. The presence of a large number of soldiers and sailors in uniform, both American and British, gave it quite properly a distinct service atmosphere. The entertainment was most satisfactory, all of the artists acquitting themselves in capital style. The singers, Miss Lillian Davis, Miss Helen Yule, Miss Laura Thomson, Miss Maude Rowe, Mr. Dudley Wilkinson and Mr. Simon Denys were all given hearty recalls. Miss Ione Wreidt, eleuctionist, was an entertainment in herself. The dancing of Miss Betty Mitchell and Miss Estelle Mackintosh was a most graceful exhibition. Reels and Strathspeys on the National instrument by Club Piper Murdo MacKenzie made everybody eager for the heiland schottisches to come later in the evening. When the hall was cleared a section of the Highland Guard under command of Captain William G. Reid was reviewed by Chief William Thomson of the Newark Caledonian Club.

The grand march was a brilliant spectacle, so many of those taking part being in uniform. It was lead by the president, Mrs. John Stark, escorted by her son, Corporal John Stark, Jr., U. S. Army, and was followed by the vice president, Mrs. Robert Foulis, accompanied by her nephew, Chief Petty Officer William W. Foulis, U. S. Navy, and the secretary, Miss Jean H. Don with Corporal James O'Connor, U. S. Army, as escort. Mrs. Stark was indeed proud to have her soldier son, who had been through some of the hardest fighting in France, as her companion. All of the young men escorts mentioned wore gold chevrons for foreign service. Chieftain Gilbert A. Burns with his assistants, Clansmen George Swanson and James Hoey, carried out the floor program in a manner that pleased all those present. The music of Forbes' Scottish Orchestra was as always up to the minute. Mrs. Lusher, whose son, Clansman Victor H. Lusher, is recovering from wounds in a London hospital, was chairman of the entertainment committee. Mrs. Roger Potter was chief usher with Miss A. Gordon, Miss Vera Lusher and Jean H. Don assistants. The party did not disperse until three o'clock Saturday midnight. There were many expressions of regret when it became known Chief James C. Edwards had been kept at home and was confined to his room as the result of an accident.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

The following British enemy princes have been removed in March, 1919, from the British Peerage: H.R.H. Leopold Charles, Duke of Albany, Earl of Clarence and Baron Arklow; H.R.H. Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale, Earl of Armagh; H. R.H. Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, Prince of Great Britain and Ireland, and Henry, Viscount Taaffe of Coren and Baron of Ballymote.

New York Caledonian Hospital

The Caledonian Hospital is in Urgent Need of \$100,000 Toward Part of a New Building

The campaign to raise \$100,000 for the new building, which began last month, is meeting with an encouraging response. Many societies have already contributed, and others are planning entertainments for the benefit of the fund.

We again appeal to the officers of those societies who have not responded to take up the matter at an early date. We are also grateful for the liberal checks we have received from individuals.

This is a worthy cause. The present accommodations of the hospital are inadequate; as many as six patients a day have had to be turned away for lack of room. The nurses and doctors are among the best in the city, and the service rendered by the hospital has been praised by all its patients. Hence the demand for larger quarters. It is those who have needed the services of a hospital who can best appreciate this situation.

Will you, reader, help to put a brick in this building? "I was sick and ye visited

me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." A complete list of all contributors will be published later.

Please send your contribution to the President, D. G. C. Sinclair, 53 Woodruff avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., and notify the Chairman of any action you may take for raising money for this purpose.

Committee: D. MacDougall, Chairman, Bible House, N. Y.; D. G. C. Sinclair, Colonel Andrew D. Baird, Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, Hon. Andrew McLean.

Scholarship For Flora Macdonald College

Mr. Walter Scott of New York has recently founded a scholarship in Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, N. C., which is to be known as "The Order of Scottish Clans Scholarship." The annual income from the fund is to pay for the tuition of a worthy young woman.

Colonel Scott recently presented to the Library of Flora Macdonald College, 182 volumes on the subject of Scottish Poetry, collected over a period of thirty-five years by the late Oliver V. Osborne, as noted in the March CALEDONIAN.

Isle of Sorrow

LEWIS

BY NEIL MUNRO

April has come to the Isles again, blythe as a lover,

Shaking out bird-song and sunshine, and soothing the tides;

April has come to the Hebrides, filled them with frolic,

Only in Lewis of sorrow, bleak winter abides.

Always they went to the battles, the people of Lewis,

And always they fell, in the wars of a thousand years;

Peace never to Lewis brought Spring-time of joy or of season,

The wars might be won, but her women were destined to tears!

That is, to-day, why in Lewis the lark sings unheeded,

The sparkle of waves in the sea-creeks gladdens no eye,

No dance to the pipe in the croft, and no mirth in the sheiling,

Cheerless and leaden the hours of the Spring go by.

They had lit up their windows for beacons, the women of Lewis,

The peat-fires were glowing a welcome, the table was spread,

The sea brought their sons back from war, and the long years of tumult,

And cast them ashore; on the cliffs of their boyhood, dead!

We are but players in motley, brief moths of a season,

Mimicking passion and laughter, and loving and grief,

But yet are we kin to all souls that are sad and enduring,

Acquainted with sorrow ourselves, we would bring them relief.

Far, far is the Cry to the Lews, and its storm-bitten beaches,

To the Isle of lamenting, that lies on the sea like a gem.

If aught be of feeling profound in this place of our playing,

'Tis because we remember the widows, our thoughts are with them!

—The Oban Times.

Farewell Dinner to Lord Reading

The Pilgrims of the United States gave a farewell dinner to Lord Reading, the retiring British Ambassador to the United States, Thursday evening, May 1, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. About 600 were present, including members and guests, one of the most distinguished gatherings ever assembled in the city. For an hour preceding the dinner a reception was held in the ante-rooms. After the members and guests filed into the banquet hall, filling the seats, the guests of honor at the head table, about fifty in number, were led to their seats by George T. Wilson, vice president and chairman of the Executive Committee, with six pipers in kilts, Lord Reading and the president, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, heading the procession. It was an impressive sight; the audience rising and applauding the distinguished guest. Rev. Dr. Manning invoked blessing; and in the course of a sumptuous dinner toasts were given to King George, President Wilson, and the guest of honor, Lord Reading, and messages read by Mr. George T. Wilson from King George, The Duke of Connaught, The British Pilgrims, and a long message to Lord Reading from Secretary of State Lansing, from Paris.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, president of the Pilgrims, in his 85th year, one of the most remarkable men of New York, with graceful phrase and anecdotes going back through more than a half century, complimented the distinguished guest and expressed the unanimous regret of the gathering and the entire nation that the need for Lord Reading's services at home should have made necessary his recall from his post at Washington.

He referred to the strong feeling of friendship existing between Great Britain and the United States, calling attention to the fact that "It began when John Quincy Adams, chairman of our delegation at the peace conference between the United States and Great Britain at Ghent in 1915, offered at the banquet his famous toast: 'That the peace thus made might endure for a hundred years.' It has overrun the century mark; it has often been strained to the breaking point, but never ruptured."

When Lord Reading rose to respond, he received a tremendous ovation. He spoke with great feeling, saying in part: "I am not inclined to be sad to-night. For a fortnight I have been saying goodbye to my American friends. If I thought that I was leaving the United States never to return, my heart would indeed be sad, but I know that I shall return and I shall be delighted, more than I can tell you, to do so, for I have learned to know the American people."

"You have just heard the splendid message from the King of England, and also that other splendid message from Secretary Lansing."

"We in Washington have had but one thought during all that time, and I have in mind the President, the Secretary of State, Mr. Polk, who is here to-night, and all the members of the Cabinet, and that was the

winning of the war and to-night I can only express the heartfelt gratitude of my country for the aid the Government of the United States has given to us. So complete was the understanding between us that it was just as if we were all the members of the ministry of the same country. It was right that it should have been so for we were working for the same cause and our ideals were exactly the same."

"I am but the representative of my country, and I know that all this but expresses the harmony and the sentiment that is characteristic of the relations between the American and British peoples at this moment."

Lord Reading recalled in detail his three visits to the United States since the outbreak of the war. He told of his historic conference with President Wilson, at which the decision was reached by the President to rush the American forces to Europe as fast as ships could be found to take them and, as Lord Reading expressed it, "as fast as the American and British Navies could clear the ocean track for those ships." He said that the President's action at that time, when the Allies were fighting in France with their backs to the wall, will form a chapter in American history "of such momentous importance that it will be almost beyond the power of historical description."

Mr. Paul D. Cravath, the next speaker, one of New York's noted lawyers, who has devoted practically all of his time to the cause of the Allies during the war, sketched his experiences in London, where he was co-operating with the British at the time of the great German drive of 1918.

The banquet hall was beautifully decorated with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. At the rear of the hall, below the orchestra gallery, was an elaborate design of clasped hands across the sea. The galleries were adorned with the wives and daughters of the guests. Lady Reading occupied a box opposite the speakers' table with a party of friends, and on occasion of her name being incidentally mentioned, received an ovation. The souvenir menu was from a beautiful design by Malcolm & Hayes, reproduced in photogravure, bearing a portrait of Lord Reading.

After a graceful and heartfelt acknowledgment by Lord Reading of the farewell greetings and kind words spoken, the most auspicious gathering came to a close.

A Sagacious Collie

During the very severe snowstorm over the hill area of Liddesdale, a shepherd lost some of his sheep.

While searching for them in a big drift he missed one of his dogs, and eventually had to abandon the search.

Next day he resumed the search for the missing sheep, and was surprised to find the lost dog in charge of them.

It had found the sheep, but was unable to shift them owing to the depth of the snow and had remained on watch eighteen hours on the bleak hillside.

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Colonel Scott's Gift to the Congressional Library

A copy of the first edition of the rare old Louvain Bible has recently been presented to the Library of Congress by Mr. Walter Scott, of New York. It was printed in 1547. It is understood that this Bible was formerly owned by a Dr. Owen, of Baltimore. At his death about thirty years ago, his trustees parted with it.

This Bible originally came from the famous library of the Lateran College, Rome, and is bound in the original covers of oak, finely covered in vellum. It is in perfect condition as far as the printed matter is concerned. It is thought that there is only one public copy in this country, which is in the possession of the General Theological Seminary. This copy, however, is in modern binding. The New York Library, Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University have not a copy. There is one copy at the British Museum, and one is possessed by the British Bible Missionary Society. There is also one in Paris, Rome and Vienna.

In accepting this Bible, Mr. Appleton P. C. Griffin, Acting Librarian, Library of Congress, says: "The high place which this Bible holds among choice and rare editions is fully recognized. We wish to express our great appreciation of your generosity and public spirit in entrusting us with this bibliographical and historical treasure."

Fine Scottish Concert

A Scottish Concert in aid of the "Harry Lauder Million Pound Fund" for maimed Scottish soldiers and sailors, under the auspices of the Trenton Caledonian Club, was given at Shriners' Temple, Trenton, N. J., on Friday evening, March 23. The concert proved a tremendous success, both musically and financially and the Lauder Fund will receive a very substantial check.

A copy of Harry Lauder's book, "A Minstrel of France," was auctioned off by Miss Edith Hallett Frank, the soprano, and was purchased by Mr. James Ogilvie Lindsay, of Kearney, N. J., for \$50.00.

Autographed photographs of prominent opera stars and moving picture artists, were purchased by Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, for \$50.00. The big hit of the concert proved to be Will Wilson, the comedian. So successful was he in his mirth making that he actually ran out of songs in endeavoring to please the audience.

Chairman of concert, Mayor Frederick W. Donnelly. Manager of concert, D. Scott Chisholm, Harriman, Penna., care Y. M. C. A.

The Concert Committee of the Caledonian Club rendered great assistance; but the greater credit is due to Mr. D. Scott Chisholm, an intimate friend of Mr. Harry Lauder, who was manager of the concert.

A new coat of arms is being designed for the Dominion of Canada.

**Buy Victory Notes
and**

"Finish the Job"

**This space contributed by
MR. WILLIAM THOMSON**

**Thomson Nelson & Sons,
New York**

**"If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though pop-
pies grow
In Flanders fields."**

This space contributed by

**MR. B. S. BEARN
Lamb, Finlay & Co., New York**

Rhode Island Letter

Renewed activity is being shown by all the societies in this section. Vigorous proposals are being made for increased membership and attempts at making meetings attractive. Clan Cameron, Providence, has started smokers and debates, which have drawn the old members back to the moot, and even been the means of bringing a Presbyterian clergyman for the first time among them. The Frasers of Pawtucket are better off, for they have a clergyman as an honorary member, who attends regular meetings as often as he can.

The Thirty-fifth Anniversary of the Frasers was a very successful affair. The Hutchinson Hall was tastefully decorated, thanks to the Daughters of the Heather, who also upheld their title to be a real auxiliary to the clan, by assisting and serving the supper in such a way as to draw praise from all concerned. The new chief, John Richardson (who takes the place of William McMeekin, recently called to Government service) made his debut and conducted the meeting in a very satisfactory manner. The other speakers were, Royal Deputy Adam and Rev. T. J. Stewart. Songs were rendered by Mrs. Rankin, Mrs. Toombs, William Doctor and James Palmer. Miss Annie Walker (daughter of the president of the Daughters of the Heather) gave some pleasing recitations. Among other changes, the Frasers have had to leave the hall they have so long occupied

and make their new home in another part of the city. The "boys" who have recently come home find not only a new chief, but a fresh hall, both of which let them know that we have not been standing still while they have been away.

During the month the Camerons and Frasers have again met in Bowling Battle Array, and although each had two teams, the Frasers were successful with both. The Tannahill Choir also has been resuscitated under the leadership of Robert Gilchrist, who so successfully conducted it in former years.

Another very successful affair was a performance given by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Comfort Club of the Presbyterian Church, of Central Falls, R. I. The S. S. C. C. includes some thirty young women who have devoted themselves to sending cheer and comfort every month to the fifty-four boys from the church who have been serving in the American, British and Canadian forces on land and sea. Not only have they sent monthly letters and parcels all the time, but now they are raising money to provide a large bronze tablet with the names of all the boys as a suitable and permanent memorial to them. This effort was in the form of a three act drama entitled "Breezy Point," and was given in the large hall of the Y. W. C. A.

There is a likelihood of a Canadian War Veterans' Association being formed in this district. Preliminary meetings have been held and the scheme is having the hearty

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Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Increasing interest is observable in the meetings and many interesting hours are spent in the Clan moot. At the first meeting of the month Clansman Graham lectured on vocational training in the public schools and invited expressions of opinion and a spirited discussion which brought out many interesting points was participated in by our Past Chiefs, William Mann and Royal Deputy Martin, Royal Tanist Walter Scott, Royal Treasurer Duncan MacInnes, as well as many of the members who are practical men in various vocations. If vocational training in schools is a benefit, as the discussion seemed to prove, as Scotsmen we ought to support it to the limit. At the meeting of the 19th, we were fortunate in having Professor McCombie Murray, an Aberdonian, famous among musicians in America as a choir leader and voice specialist. He talked of the care that ought to be bestowed upon the human voice, the most priceless gift of God to man. He tried to impress on his audience the necessity of caring for the delicate organs that produce song. He claims that every child born is endowed with a musical instrument more priceless than the most famous crenena. His illustrations were interspersed with stories full of pawkey Scottish humor in the Braid Auld Scottish tongue, that tickled the fancy of the audience. James Kennedy, the Scottish-American poet, spoke on the ballads, tracing them from the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens in the reign of Alexander 2nd. to Rudyard Kipling, Prince of Modern Balladists. Our Clan Piper Murdo McKenzie enlivened the proceedings with Strathspeys, reels and marches, and many examples of the gems of Scottish song were given by Madam Janet Steel Ewing and Theodore Martin. Mrs. Hector Smith played the accompaniments and also contributed a Scottish selection on the piano.

Clan MacDonald is fortunate in having so many accomplished artists to help in the great work of preserving the traditions of the homeland. On behalf of Clan MacDonald, Past Chief Spence presented a beautiful charm to Clansman William Clark, and gold lavalieres to each of his daughters, Jean and Mamie, as a mark of respect for one who has loyally devoted his services and those of his daughters to the work of the clan. As entertainers, the girls were always ready and their audiences always appreciated their work. The clan will miss this loyal clansman and wish him godspeed in his new sphere of work in the homeland. Our dear old clansman, Sandy Mitchell, has passed into the great beyond and the clansman will well miss him. A charter member, he gave his best to the clan at every meeting and whenever there was a sick brother, no matter how far the journey or stormy the weather, he was sure to visit him. Only two weeks before he died he was ministering to Brother Logan and stood at his death bed. Surely he will hear, the "Well done good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in

a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord."

It is a great joy to the clan when the boys come home and the chief welcomed back Roddie McChesnie, Canadian Signal Corps; Clansman Findlayson, U. S. Army, and Clansman Lamberton, U. S. Navy. There was a large delegation accompanying Mrs. Clark, president of the Flora MacDonald Society, and many friends of the clan were present and spent an instructive and enjoyable evening.

R. K. YOUNG,

369 Nostrand Avenue,
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Secretary.

Clan MacKenzie, New York

Clan MacKenzie has a reputation for good concerts, and the stormy night did not interfere with a good attendance at the annual entertainment at the Amsterdam Opera House, Friday evening, April 11. The program was an excellent one, including, in addition to the old favorites, many less familiar songs, that made a pleasant variation. The artists were Misses Mary Bruce Brown and Jean MacNeill, and Messrs. Hector A. Smith and Joseph Mathew; Mr. Arthur Leonard, accompanist; The Lovat Pipe and Drum Band, Knox's Scottish Orchestra, and the Elder Troupe of Highland Dancers. Chief William J. Skinner, in the intermission, gracefully thanked the audience for their part in making the concert a success, and made an eloquent appeal on behalf of the clan. The committee of arrangements was: William Nixon, chairman; Roderick M. Martin, secretary; George Anderson, treasurer; Andrew Wallace, Sr., John MacLean, Sr., Walter P. Campbell, James Elder, Sr., Oliver Meiklejohn, William L. Loudon, John Swanson, John Cormack, William S. George, John MacLean, Jr., Wallace Carrie, George Clark, William S. Davidson and Chief William J. Skinner (Ex Officio).

Tam O' Shanter Club, Philadelphia

The Tam o' Shanter Club of Philadelphia, held a most interesting meeting Saturday evening, April 12, in honor of Robert Burns. President John Duff, in calling the meeting to order called attention to Burns as the "poet of mankind." A feature of the evening was a lecture by Mr. John McMaster, Philadelphia, "A Nicht wi' Burns—Song and Story." Mr. McMaster was born and spent his boyhood in the "Burns Country" and his address was listened to with deep interest and received hearty applause. Upon the call of the president, Mr. McMaster was given a rising vote of thanks with unanimous good will. Songs were sung by Cronies Dougal, Shaw, and James Kennedy. Cronie Morrison gave an original recitation on Burns. Short remarks were made by Cronie Stewart, Cronie Jameson, Mr. Oliver and Mr. MacClenon.

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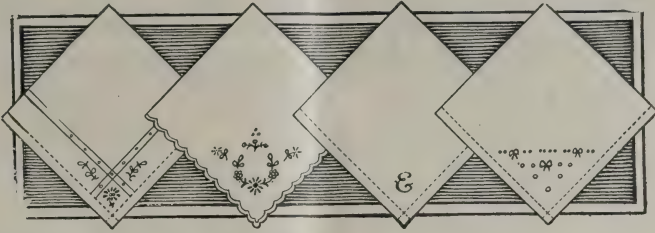
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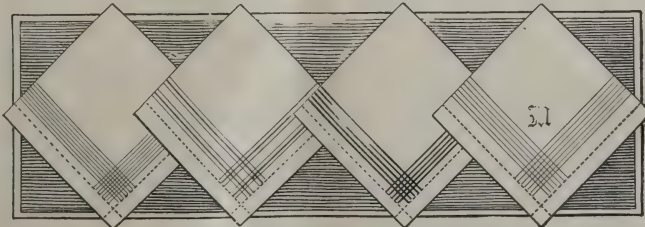
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THE CALEDONIAN

(An American Magazine, Founded 1901)

THE ALLIES' MAGAZINE

THE CALEDONIAN, now in its eighteenth year, has its subscribers not only in America, Canada, Newfoundland and Great Britain, but in South Africa, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and India; in fact, among all English-speaking people.

To enlarge the scope of the magazine, we are arranging with representative men in these countries to contribute regularly to THE CALEDONIAN—this department to be called *The Allies' Magazine*. These contributions will in no way change or take the place of the regular features of THE CALEDONIAN, but will furnish additional matter of deep interest to our subscribers, and authentic information of what these countries are doing.

Subscription price \$1.50 a year, in advance. Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express Order, or Post Office Order. (Checks not payable at New York Banks require 10 cents additional for collection charges).

Current Events

Domestic

The will of Thomas Skelton Harrison, of Philadelphia, who died recently, provides a fund of \$1,000,000 to be devoted to improving governmental conditions in the city. The trustees must be citizens of Philadelphia engaged in business in the city, one each to be chosen by the Franklin Institute, Law Association, College of Physicians, City Club, Board of Trade, Board of City Trusts, and University of Pennsylvania.

Brig.-Gen. Douglas MacArthur, brigade commander in the Rainbow Division in France, who was one of the first Americans decorated with Croix de Guerre, was appointed, May 10th, to be superintendent of West Point Military Academy. General MacArthur, son of the late Lieut.-Gen. Arthur MacArthur, was born in Arkansas in 1880, and was graduated from West Point at the head of his class in 1903.

Coincident with the removal of the body of the late Edith Cavell to its final resting place in England, the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross hung in the living room of the new Nurses' Home, 38 West Forty-eighth street, New York city, a photograph of Miss Cavell, with a framed copy, in French and English, of the remarkable letter the doomed nurse wrote on the eve of her execution, October 12, 1915, to her nurses at the Ecole Belge d'Infirmieres Diplomees in Brussels.

The Midsummer Number of THE CALEDONIAN combines July and August, and is dated August. (Issued July 10).

Congress met in extraordinary session at the call of President Wilson on May 19th. The session, which will consider the Peace Treaty and other important legislation, promises to be the most momentous since the era of the Civil War. The Republican party, after an absence of eight years in the House and six years in the Senate, control both branches. Senator Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa, was elected president pro-tempore of the Senate and Hon. Frederick H. Gillett, of Massachusetts, speaker of the House. The President's message was cabled from Paris.

More than 1,500,000 tons of shipping have been assigned by the United States to the work of feeding the starving peoples of Europe.

The James Gordon Bennett Memorial Home for New York Journalists, provided for by the will of the late owner of the *New York Herald*, who died May 14, 1918, has been incorporated. It is not stated when measures will be taken for acquiring property and erecting buildings.

Rt. Rev. David Hummell Greer, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York for the past eleven years, passed away at St. Luke's Hospital, New York, May 19th, in his seventy-sixth year. A simple funeral was held in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Friday morning, May 23rd. About 400 clergymen of all denominations attended the service. Dr. Greer stood staunchly behind the movement for the unity of the churches in Christian fellowship, and his death was hastened by his unrelenting work upon the great reconstruction problems growing out of the war.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States will build a community house at Chateau-Thierry in memory of the Americans who died there. They will also undertake the reconstruction of several French towns destroyed by the war.

Lord Reading, the retiring British Ambassador, sailed from New York, May 3rd, to take up his former post of Lord Chief Justice, which he relinquished temporarily to represent his country in Washington. Lord and Lady Reading sailed laden with gifts and good wishes from their many friends in America.

Plans have been approved to remodel a portion of the interior of historic Nassau Hall at Princeton University into a memorial hall in memory of the university's dead in the war. It is also further planned that a scholarship shall be endowed for each of the 132 men who gave their lives in the war.

The Forestry Service of the United States Department will establish a patrol of airplanes over the National forests, beginning June 1st, to give early warning of forest fires. Routes have been mapped which will be covered twice daily. Warnings of fire will be transmitted either by means of parachute messages dropped over a town or by the aviator descending and communicating with the forest supervisor.

The welcome home of New York's Own, the 77th Division, on May 6th, was a stirring lesson in Americanization. These were the drafted men drawn from the Greater City and represented nearly every race on earth, from Sing Kee, the highly Americanized and twice decorated color sergeant of the 306th Infantry to the blue blooded private from the Upper West Side. Among the spectators were Jews from many lands, Italians, Armenians, Poles, Greeks, Czechoslovaks, Jugoslavs, Rumanians, Hungarians, Germans, and many other original ingredients of the melting-pot were there to see their sons and relatives—now Americans all, and the backbone of the nation—having their day of glory.

The Rev. John Kelman, D.D., Minister of Free St. George's U. F. Church, Edinburgh, is delivering the Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale University.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, met in St. Louis, May 13, and elected as Moderator Dr. J. Willis Baer, of Pasadena, Cal. Dr. Baer is a banker in California, an elder in the church, and the first layman Moderator.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner, author of the hymn, "Lord, I hear of Showers of Blessing," passed away recently at her home in Addiscombe, at the age of ninety-five. She was a gifted literary woman, the friend of many celebrities during two or three generations, and her memory and mental powers were clear to the last.

Canadian

Werner Horn, alleged German plotter, who attempted to blow up the international bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Vanceboro, Me., and McAdam, New Brunswick, early in 1915, has been released to the Canadian authorities and will be tried in Fredericton, N. B.

A domestic loan, similar to the Victory Loan of a year ago, but not so large, will be floated by the Canadian Government, probably in September. The loan is in connection with the \$350,000,000 war appropriation to be voted by Parliament this session. Between \$600,000,000 and \$700,000,000 was raised by the Victory Loan.

The soldiers' land settlement board at Winnipeg is crowded daily with returned service men. More than 1,300 have been examined for qualification and 400 are already working on farms. The Canadian Government loaned more than \$1,000,000 to soldiers during April.

Canada is to have a permanent representative in Washington, to succeed the present war mission. Premier Borden is now discussing with the Imperial authorities the status of the Canadian Ambassador to the United States. The announcement was made by Hon. H. W. Rowell, early in May, when the Canadian House of Commons voted \$50,000 for the maintenance of the office.

"The Trans-Canada Limited," a new daily express train to be installed on the Canadian Pacific Railway, will reduce the time of the trip between Montreal (via Toronto) and Vancouver to less than four days. The two sections will start simultaneously from Vancouver and Montreal and pass midway.

The Parliamentary Committees on Titles has decided, by a vote of twenty to three, that the conferring of Knighthoods on Canadians shall be discontinued.

The citizens of Glasgow, Scotland, gave a rousing send-off to 1,500 embarking Canadian troops early in May. These were the first home-coming troops to sail from Glasgow. Two bands played patriotic music at the quayside for two hours prior to the departure, and crowds of civilians cheered with enthusiasm.

Dalhousie University has conferred degrees of LL. D. upon Rev. Clarence Mackinnon, D.D., Principal of Pine Hill College, and Melvin Cumming, Principal of the Agricultural College, Truro. Dr. Mackinnon recently returned from overseas, where he served as Chaplain and where he also figured prominently in the Khaki University. Principal Cumming is a graduate of Dalhousie College, having taken his B. A. in 1897.

One hundred and fifty oak trees, brought from England, have arrived in Woodstock, Ontario, where they are to be planted in memory of the fallen Woodstock soldiers overseas. The memorial drive, along which they will be planted at intervals of fifty feet, will encircle South Side Park.

British

Field-Marshal Haig and Admiral Beatty received the freedom of the City of Glasgow on May 8.

Overseas troops paraded through London, May 3, and were reviewed by King George at Buckingham Palace. About 11,000 troops were in line, including men from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Newfoundland. Every arm of the overseas armies was represented in the parade, while famous Canadian airmen flew overhead. General Currie of the Canadian army, with his staff, including Prince Arthur of Connaught, headed the procession. Among the guests of King George at the review was Josephus Daniels, American Secretary of the Navy.

Among the historic estates of Scotland that have recently changed hands are those of Fingask and Kinnaird in the Carse of Gowrie. Fingask Castle was founded in 1194, and sheltered the Old Chevalier on the night of Saturday, January 7, 1716, on his way to join the defeated forces of the Earl of Mar at Perth. Kinnaird Castle dates from the thirteenth century, was the original seat of the family of that name, and in 1617 had James VI for a week as its guest.

Sir Harry Lauder who is now in Australia will return from there to the United States for a tour through the States from California where he expects to arrive about November 3. He will tour the United States and Canada for about sixteen weeks, under the auspices of William Morris, and will then go direct to South Africa.

Rev. Duncan MacArthur, minister of the parish of Kilninver and Kilmelford, has been elected minister of the Gaelic Parish Church, Greenock.

Rev. C. V. A. MacEchern, parish minister of Tighnabruaich, has been unanimously appointed minister of Castlehill Parish Church, Campbeltown.

On the occasion of Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig being made Lord Provost of the University of St. Andrew's, May 14, the university conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on General John J. Pershing. General Pershing was represented by Colonel Lloyd Griscom.

At the recent meeting of the United Free Church Synod of Glenelg, at Portree, the Rev. J. Macdougall, Snizort, Skye, was elected moderator for the current year. He is also moderator of the Presbytery of Portree. He is a first cousin of Mr. Macdougall, editor of THE CALEDONIAN. The Rev. D. A. Macdonald, Kilmuir, tendered his resignation as clerk of the Synod, but at the earnest request of the members consented to serve for another year.

Dr. Fort Newton has announced that he will continue his successful ministry in the City Temple, London, and that he has had no thought of returning to America.

The memorial statue to Edith Cavell, the martyr nurse, the work of Sir George Frampton, R. A., will be completed in about three months. The site selected is in St. Martin's Place, London, opposite the National Portrait Gallery.

In 1917, there were 1,337,000 more marriageable women than men in Great Britain. *National Health* estimates that this figure has been increased by the war casualties of 1918 to more than one-and-a-half million.

Rev. George Adams, an intimate friend of Sir Harry Lauder, who received the honor of knighthood early in May, reports that Sir Harry will retire from the stage and devote the rest of his life to the political and social interests of Scotland.

General Sir William R. Birdwood, D. S. O., the distinguished leader of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps in Gallipoli, was inspecting officer at the annual review of the Glasgow Battalion of the Boys' Brigade, May 17. General Birdwood entered the Royal Scots Fusiliers in 1883, and had a distinguished military career in India and South Africa previous to the great war.

Lady Betty Balfour has been elected to the Urban District Council at Woking, where the Labor Party and the Co-operatives met with defeat, winning only two seats out of nine.

Rev. John MacDougall, M.A., Parish Church, Tobermory, on bidding farewell to his old congregation to accept the call to Duncansburgh, Fort William, received the warm congratulations of both church and Presbytery for his splendid work in the parish and best wishes for his labors in his new charge.

Universal tribute was paid to the late Edith Cavell, when her body was brought to London, May 15th, and memorial services held in Westminster Abbey, before taking it to its last resting place at Norwich, her native city. The streets through which the cortege moved were crowded and every inch of standing room in the neighborhood of the Abbey was crowded. The service was conducted by the Dean of Westminster. King George was represented by the Earl of Athlone, brother of Queen Mary. Services were held later in Norwich Cathedral.

With the object of giving guidance and concrete suggestions to those concerned with war memorial schemes, the Scottish Advisory Committee on War Memorials will hold an exhibition in the National Galleries, Edinburgh, during July. The exhibition will consist of representative examples of memorials erected in the past or in recent times, and of designs and models for new work to be contributed by artists in all parts of Scotland. The opportunity of seeing examples of many types of memorials will be of great practical value to members of local committees who, without such an opportunity, have found it difficult to arrive at a well-considered decision.

A committee has been appointed to raise funds to establish a suitable memorial to the late Miss Jessie N. MacLachlan, the famous Gaelic vocalist. Ex-Bailie Malcolm Campbell, president of the Glasgow Argyllshire Association is chairman.

Miss Jessie MacLachlan was indubitably the foremost interpreter of Gaelic music as a vocalist in her time. She was married in 1887 to Mr. Buchanan, to whom she had been introduced by Mr. Walter Freer when he had engaged them both as promising young artists to appear at the old Waterloo Rooms in a clan festival. The couple toured together twice round the whole world, and particularly in the United States and Canada, where the deceased was received with much enthusiasm and honored on many occasions. She had the distinguished honor in September, 1892, of singing by Royal command before the Queen and Court at Balmoral. For years her services were in great demand, and one season she appeared in London no fewer than twelve times with conspicuous success. At Highland gatherings, Miss MacLachlan was a special favorite.

The *Inverness Courier* expresses great satisfaction that the Highland regiments are to be represented on the committee which has just been appointed by the war office to go into the question of after-war uniforms of the British Army. Continuing, it says:

"Quite apart from the indignant outburst which such a proceeding would wring from Scotsmen all over the world, one can hardly imagine even the War Office suggesting any interference with the traditional uniform of the Highland troops. There is something irresistible about the kilt, both to the soldier who wears it and to the civilian with any sense of its meaning as an historical survival. If it has managed to live through the exceptionally trying conditions attaching to four years of trench warfare, its enemies, if it has any, would be hard put to it to find a practical argument in its disfavor. In France and in Italy, and in fact wherever the Scottish Highland troops went in the war, the kilt was immensely popular.

A contributor, writing in the *Oban Times* in July, 1883, called attention to the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, as descended from the Robertsons of Perthshire, and quotes the opinion of an able critic of his day upon "Robert of Brighton" and Dr. David Thomas (also of Celtic descent), "it would be difficult to mention two authors who, during the last quarter of a century have influenced so much the pulpits of Great Britain and America, indeed, every country where the English language is spoken, as the late Robertson of Brighton and Dr. Thomas of Stockwell. These two in their works are a kind of public property of all denominations alike, Conformists and Non-conformists."

Among the more cultured and refined classes of English readers, he says, no Scottish writer enjoyed more appreciation than

another Perthshire Gael, the Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan. His elaborate descriptions of Nature are frequently met with as quotations.

Permission to smoke in church, which has recently been suggested as an incentive to church-going, would not be such an innovation after all. Quite a number of precedents could be quoted for the practice. In 1615, when James I visited Cambridge University, the Vice-Chancellor issued a notice to the students to the effect that "noe graduate, scholler, or student of this universitie presume to take tobacco in Saint Marie's church upon payne of finall expillinge the universitie." This notice was needed in view of James's notorious dislike of tobacco. And Sir Walter Scott, in his "Heart of Midlothian," refers to an old Scotsman who smoked during the whole of the dominie's discourse—with borrowed tobacco. But to come to more recent times, we find that in 1861 an Essex church had installed in its gallery nooks where the congregation placed their pipes after use.—*Ex.*

Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to any advocate was paid to Mr. M. M. Mackenzie, one of the referees of the High Court, who died, by the Master of the Rolls, the late Lord Esher. An important case in which, as it happened, Mackenzie had no brief, was being argued in the Court of Appeal by the Attorney-General. The case involved a novel and important point of law, and the Master of the Rolls, interrupting the Attorney-General, remarked, "I see that Mr. Mackenzie is present; perhaps he can assist the Court." Mackenzie instantly replied, "My Lord, there is no authority at all upon the subject in the English books, but there is an American case, — v. —, reported in the Vermont Reports, and also a case in Australia," and he proceeded to give elaborate details of the cases from memory. Lord Esher leaned back in his chair and said, "Ah, what a thing it is to be a master of one's subject!"—*Ex.*

Miss Croall's Recital

A recital was given by the pupils of Miss Christina Croall at St. Nicholas Avenue Presbyterian Church, Tuesday evening, May 27, 1919. The program comprised twenty numbers, including piano, violin and vocal selections, all by pupils of Miss Croall, and reflected great credit upon her taste as a musician and ability as a teacher. Miss Croall was assisted by Miss Rene Forsythe, late of Edinburgh, who sang with a great deal of feeling. Dr. Brown, the pastor of the church, made a short address, complimenting Miss Croall upon the excellence of the program and the splendid progress of the pupils under her instruction.

Miss Croall came to New York from Glasgow a few years ago, after an excellent musical training in Scotland.

Our Glasgow Letter

30th April, 1919.

The will of the late Mrs. Janet Coats or Black, widow, of Ayr, is one worthy of special record. An amount, not exceeding £20,000 has been left to the Scottish Indigent Gentlewomen's fund, to provide annuities, not exceeding £50 a year, to indigent gentlewomen who are natives, or have had five years' residence in Paisley.

Also she directs her Trustees to set aside £11,000 to provide two prizes for (first) the best biography or literary work of that nature each year, and (second) the best novel or book of that nature each year, judged from a literary standpoint, but taking the word in its fullest and widest meaning, the choice to be made by the Professor of Literature of the University of Edinburgh, whom failing, the Professor of Literature of the University of Glasgow. The prizes are to be of equal amount, and each is to be called "The J. Tait Black Memorial Book Prizes," being a memorial to her husband, who was deeply interested in the best and most educative and elevating works of literature. There are many other fine bequests in this lady's will, which all go to make up a remarkable and well thought out distribution.

Mrs. Fergus, of Glasgow, widow of the Rev. William Fergus, of Blythswood Parish Church, Glasgow, has presented to the Admiralty two valuable and interesting cups of Sheffield Plate, of a pattern dating as far back as 1800, which, according to tradition, were used as communion cups on board H. M. S. Victory at the time of the Battle of Trafalgar. The gift was made by Mrs. Fergus on the 112th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar "In appreciation of what the British Navy have done in the present war for the safety of the world and the honour and love I hold to my country." The cups will be preserved amongst the church plate of the R. N. Barracks Church at Portsmouth, for use there.

Dingwall has taken the initiative in reviving the weaving industry by opening a factory for discharged and disabled soldiers. It is really an extension of the scheme promoted by Mrs. Stewart Mack-

enzie of Seaforth, who has already done so much for the unfit returned soldier, and we wish her every success in her laudable endeavors.

We learn the fine estate and mansion house of Torr-Aruma, Bullwood, Dunoon, which belonged to the late Sir Francis Powell, has been purchased by Lord Rowallan (better known perhaps as Cameron Corbett) and presented to Dunoon, for the purpose of converting it into a Home for children. It is a magnificent gift, and only adds another to many similar gifts from the same donor. It will be remembered that Rotten Glen—one of Glasgow's show places—was presented by Cameron Corbett, and has proved a real boon to our city folks as well as to our soldiers from overseas, who are loud in its praises.

Attention is drawn in a special article in the Glasgow News to the disgraceful bungling once again of the Government in connection with the Ministry of Munitions (Mid-Lanark) housing scheme at Cambuslang, and it is, but right, that the public should be informed on these points. It is suggested that the architects who designed the houses must have been totally ignorant of the conditions under which the Scottish working classes live, and have built the houses without any consideration for the lessening of labor. A large apartment measures 12ft. long x 10ft. broad, and a bedroom in these houses measures 7ft. 5. x 6ft. The rent for a two rooms and kitchen house is £21 and £26 for another type of three rooms and kitchen, all rates and taxes, amounting to upwards of £5 per annum (exclusive of gas) being additional to this rental. The conditions of tenancy are so ridiculous that one only hopes the people will refuse to put up with them. If this is the best the Government can do to help the working classes then we would advise them to try their prentice hand on something else that will not effect such a large proportion of the community, and where their bungling would not be so glaringly apparent.

On the occasion of the arrival of the gallant 42nd, Royal Highlanders (Black Watch) at Aldershot, from overseas, there



EDINBURGH CASTLE AND THE BLACK WATCH

were many tributes paid to their services in the great war. Colonel Anderson, who now commands the Battalion, related how they had fought at Mons, in the retreat, and in the desperate battles around Ypres in the autumn of 1914, at Loos, Richebourg l'Avoue, and around Ypres later. The personnel has changed many times. During the severe strain that marked the opening of the German offensive last year the Battalion was in line at Givenchy, and held the position in spite of the repeated attacks by overwhelming masses of the enemy. Marshal Foch was an eye witness of some of this fighting, and has given this tribute to the valiant stand of the battalion:—

"I have seen nothing to equal it. The heroism of these Highlanders was beyond praise. They were determined the Bochs should not pass, and they did not pass. This splendid Battalion withstood the shock of repeated attacks made by the best troops the enemy could put into the line, attacks made by fresh relays of men, and backed up by artillery fire of murderous violence. Had the line given way at that point it might have had serious consequences for the Allies, and would almost certainly have interfered with the rapid development of those plans that ultimately gave us our crowning victory. That we

were able to go calmly onward with our plans, was in a large measure due to the fine fighting qualities of this great Highland regiment.

"In a series of fierce assaults lasting nearly a week, the Germans employed against this Battalion a whole division and two brigades of infantry, supported by tanks and machine gunners out of all proportion to the numbers previously employed.

"With only a very brief rest the remnants of the heroic battalion went into action at another part of the line and played a great part in stemming the German rush in the center, fighting on that occasion alongside another battalion of the great regiment linked up with the famous 51st Division. I have nothing but the warmest regard for this regiment. France and Humanity owe them a debt that can never be repaid. We shall not forget in France what we owe to these splendid men."

Such a magnificent record will surely make the heart of every Scot—or descendant of a Scot—thrill with pride, to think that these men and many others have so nobly upheld our traditions.

Glasgow University has in preparation a Roll of Honor. At the beginning of

November last the number of members directly engaged on naval or military service was 3,370. Over 600 have laid down their lives, and over 700 have been wounded. Three members have gained the V. C., 40 hold the D. S. O., nearly 250 have the M. C., while between 20 and 30 foreign honors have been conferred.

While on the subject of our University we would like to mention that a sum of £20,000 has been handed over by Principal and Lady McAllister to aid the proposed scheme for a Memorial Chapel at the University. This magnificent sum has been quietly subscribed privately, and shows what can be done. Glasgow Town is still wondering and considering what to do in the way of a War Memorial, and the University lead should surely inspire and stimulate those interested.

We notice that Kipling's new pamphlet, "The Graves of the Fallen" is illustrated by a Scottish black and white artist, Mr. Douglas Macpherson, of Edinburgh, who was previously on the staff of the London Daily Graphic, along with Phil May, Cleaver, A. S. Boyd, John Duncan and Hartrick. Mr. Macpherson's father was an Edinburgh artist, and an intimate friend of Mr. Sam Bough, the famous artist.

On Saturday the 12th of April, an extension was opened to Mr. McKenzie's house at Mauchline, recently acquired by the Glasgow & District Burns Association, in which Burns and Jean Armour began married life. Deserving old people are now lodged in the property. This, we think, is a very practical and fine memorial of our poet.

GRACE D. WILSON,

34 Terragles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

(Will Mrs. Macfarlan, of Dingwall, kindly send her address to Miss Wilson?)

The Bitter Wail of a Non-Scot

The *Morning Post*, whose editor is a Welshman, has been complaining that the draft of the report adopted by the National Industrial Conference too obviously has been written by a Scotsman. There are evidences of this crime on most pages, but the glaring example is the use made of the word "presently." The Committee says "presently" when it means "at present," a thing of which no Englishman would have been capable, since for him "presently" sig-

nifies "in the immediate future." But, as the paper sadly remarks, these Scotticisms are not to be wondered at when we remember that the minister of Labour (Sir Robert Horne) is a Scotsman, that the Chairman of the Committee (Sir Thomas Munro) is a Scotsman, that the leader of the employers (Sir Allan Smith) is a Scotsman, and that the leader of the men (Mr. Arthur Henderson) is a Scotsman. "These Scots," observes the *Morning Post* ruefully, "seem to rule us in every department of life."—*Scots Pictorial*.

The Cannie Scot

BY WILLIAM LAURIE HILL

(For The Caledonian)

The sons of Scotland travel far—
Find hames in distant lands;
But ever hold one guiding star,
"Dinna forget," where e'er they are,
For "Scotland's Name" to stand.

We find them in the Orient,
On islands of the sea—
Whether on trade or pleasure bent,
His busy mind keeps heart intent
On "Hame across the sea."

The Cannie Scot is ever true
To country, home and kirk.
In trade may get the best of you,
But will na' grumble if you do
The same by him—wont shirk.

The poppy fields of sunny France
Are red with Scottish blood.
The Pibroch called, Haig said "Advance!"
To rescue bleeding, fallen France,
The Scots came like a flood.

The Scotsman's claymore never stays
When standing for the right,
Until the victory be won
O'er Goth and Vandal, Turk or Hun,
Till he has won the fight.

O, Cannie Scots, be always right—
Or else 'tis said of thee
"If thou art wrang, then wrang thou art."
'Tis naught but Grace can change thy heart
To all Eternity.

Secretary Daniels, of the United States Navy, and Mrs. Daniels were entertained at dinner by the Corporation of Edinburgh, while visiting the city recently. Replying to a toast, Mr. Daniels said that all men owed much to the literature and inspiring history of Scotland, and he more than most, because North Carolina, where he lived, was inhabited by so many of the Scottish race that one might travel a hundred miles, salute any men met with "Good morning, Mac," and he would reply. In their Legislature there were seventeen members named "Mac," and so dependent was its organization upon their support that they became known as "the God-blessed Macs."

Pioneer Reminiscences of a Scottish American

(An Aberdonian)

PART TWO

(Continued from May CALEDONIAN)

[The following vivid autobiographical notes written for THE CALEDONIAN by one who has made good in the land of his adoption. The story of his struggles is romantic, and will be continued in the JUNE CALEDONIAN.—Ed.]

When we reached Helena, Weeks' Reduction Works was under construction. I went there and got a job. They got a smelter going, but the man in charge would not run it on Sunday, and the company failed. The workmen waited and waited for their wages, but did not get paid until the Spring of 1878.

I was in Helena, March and April, in May went mining on Spokane Barr, twelve miles east of Helena. My two partners had no money: I had \$55.00. I had bought provisions with it and went in debt for \$20 more. I told the merchants that I would pay them if I did not die. They said they would take a chance on my dying, and let me have the goods I wanted.

After we got well started to work, my partners thought the ground would not pay, and wanted to quit work. I told them they had got me into the deal, I had spent my money for them, and they must work until we had used up what food we had bought. They did not leave but they did not more than half work. I sharpened the picks; had a water ditch seven miles in length, which I had to look after on rainy days while they slept in the cabin. We worked five weeks and cleaned up a nice sack of gold.

I took charge of the gold, we all went to Helena, paid all the bills, and I got my money back. Then we divided up what was left and my partners wanted me to go back but I would not go with them. I got another partner and we went back and worked out the pay streak. Then we quit. At no time did we make full wages. We had to give half of the gold to Houser Bank for the ground and the water. W. F. Sanders, who afterwards became U. S. Senator, was the agent; and a good fellow he was to the miners.

In the fall I worked by the day mining

on Last Chance Gulch, and attended the horse racing at the Fair in October. I was yet foolish with money and when the Fair was over all the money I had was \$15.00, I had not won on a single race. I paid my bills, paid my fare on the stage to Butte, fifty cents for dinner, and had \$8.50 left. Winter was coming on, in fact the snow was beginning to fly.

For the first month, I managed to get work enough so that I could pay my board and lodging, \$9.00 per week, and then I got a job driving team at \$50. per month and board, from a Mr. Fifer. My work was first hauling wood, and then later, hay from Deer Lodge valley, twenty-eight miles away.

Teaming in Butte in winter is a cold, cold business, 35 and 40 degrees below zero. I quit in January, 1879 and rented a farm, or rather, worked it on the shares. I received one-fourth of the crop for my labor, which brought me \$40 per month for the year. Rented the same farm next year and got one-third of the crop. Mr. Fifer furnished everything except labor. When the grain was about ready to harvest, hail storms came and threshed it; knocked the grain out of the head, none of it was worth cutting. I lost all the crop and all my labor, besides the money I had paid to hired help. I gave Fifer the hay and potatoes for him to let me go away without cutting the straw. I immediately got work from Drs. Mitchel and Niscabrood who had the Insane Asylum, at Warm Springs.

When the haying was over, the foreman got discharged and I was put in his place. My work was mostly hauling wood. On Saturdays killed bees. Two men, one inside, one outside, a negro cook and two women were all the hired help, the rest being done by the inmates.

I left in March, 1881, and rented a farm for two years. Sold my homestead in Kansas for \$350.00. With the money I had earned, I now had \$750.00. I furnished everything needed on the farm

and gave one-third for the use of the land. I put in all the crops alone; did all the work on the farm, except in harvest, when I had a man for two months. I had a good crop and did well.

I am a little ahead of my story, on March 16th I was married to Mary Hanaford. We went to Butte, 28 miles in a lumber wagon, got married at the home of a friend, Mr. McLain. The next morning we bought what household goods we needed, stove, dishes, bedding, etc. and provisions enough for the next three months, went to the farm and went to work.

After farming this place for two years, I bought Mr. Kuntze's Right to 160 acres of N. P. R. R. lands, gave him \$1,200.00 for his interest; he had a cabin and small shed for his horses, had been on the place for 10 to 12 years. The Railroad Company promised to sell this land to those who were on the land before the Government gave them the Grant for \$2.50 per acre; but when I went to their office in Helena to buy this place, they charged me \$10.00 per acre. I did very well on the place, worked it for five years, made a trip to Scotland in the mean time, and in the Spring of 1888, sold it for \$3,000.00.

The reason I left Montana was on account of the cold winters. While I was farming in Montana, we had the best of markets; Butte was growing into a large mining district, no railroad had reached it and the farmers and stock men got good prices for everything they sold. Oats, potatoes, wheat and cabbage sold for 2½ cents per pound in the fall of the year and for more in the spring. I sold one load of oats in Butte for 3½ cents per pound or \$70.00 per ton. Hay one winter sold for \$35.00 per ton. When the railroads came in, prices went down.

I was near where the City of Anacosta, now the great copper smelting plant city of America, was built up. It was started in 1883 or 1884. I saw the price of town lots go up from \$100.00 to \$3,000.00 in three years, which showed me that money was made easier and faster in town property than in farm lands.

In May, 1888, I started out to look for a place to settle down for good. I trav-

eled over most of the States of Washington and Oregon, was in Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Pullman, and Spokane. I could not make up my mind where to go, so went back to Montana and sold my horses, wagons, etc.

About this time Messrs. Bennett & Larrabee bought a coal mine in Skagit County, Washington. I knew both of these gentlemen. Our Deer Lodge paper gave a write-up about the purchase these men had made of coal lands, and the wonderful resources of the Puget Sound country. I thought that would be a good place to go. If the Puget Sound country was a good place for Bennett & Larrabee, it would be a good place for me. I again packed my trunk, and headed toward Whatcom County, Washington.

I arrived in the town of Whatcom about the 20th of June, 1888. At that time there were four towns on Bellingham Bay, Whatcom, Sehome, Bellingham and Fairhaven, and less than five hundred people in all the towns. What is now the business part of Bellingham was in the woods then.

Mr. Strand had a building near the corner of Elk and Maple streets, and there were no buildings or houses between that building and the water-mill at the mouth of Whatcom Creek. Jake Beck's old Pacific House was the best hotel in the city. Mr. Singleton ran the hotel and Mr. Beck the bar. Opposite the hotel was William Legoe's blacksmith shop. He was the only blacksmith in the neighborhood and not work enough to keep him busy except for about half of the time. The hotel, bar and shop formed the business center.

There were three teams in town; Mr. Smidlap had one, Mr. Singleton of the hotel had one, and Mr. John Stenger had the other. Mr. Stenger owned the only wharf and he would not allow any team to do hauling from the wharf but his own. His was the Old Colony Wharf, and was located on the west side of what is now the water-way. The wharf disappeared many years ago.

On July 4th there was no celebration in Whatcom; but people told me that they were celebrating in Fairhaven. When the tide was low in the afternoon, I went along the beach to Fairhaven (there was

no other way to go). I found the celebration consisted of a woman, two children and a dog. She had a tent up and in it were coffee and cake to sell, but there were no buyers around. At this time the towns on Bellingham Bay were the deadest places in the west.

In August I bought eighty acres of land near what is now Everson, paying \$15 per acre. At that time there were no real roads in the county; dirt roads and trails only. When I bought this land I had seen but little of it. About a week afterwards I went to look it over, got out in the woods and was lost. Could not find a way out. I wandered around until I was tired, when I came upon a work ox. He was lying down. I said to him "Old boy, I am glad to meet you for you will pilot me out of the woods." So I started the ox going, took hold of his tail and followed him out. We came out on the opposite side from where I went in but was glad to get out of the dense woods.

In the early part of September, 1888, Mr. Cornwall, of the Bellingham Bay Improvement Company, sent some shovels, picks, and old wheel-barrows to Sehome and said he was going to build a railroad to connect with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and from that time on things began to move. People came to buy town lots and farm land. The land between Champion and Elk streets was burned over by the Bellingham Bay Improvement Company and surveyed into lots and blocks. Where the business section now stands, on Holly and the adjoining streets, the corner lots of 50 feet sold for \$1,825.00, and the alley 50 feet sold for \$1,750.00, with a contract that a building must be built on each 50 feet within the next six months, the building to cost not less than \$1,000.00. The first building on Holley street was a Real Estate Office built by Mr. Quackenbush, on the corner of Dock and Holly. It was finished in December, 1888. Perry Clouser was the carpenter in charge. I helped to build it.

In January, 1890, I let a contract to Perry Clouser to put up a building on my lot, 24 feet by 40 feet, for which I paid him \$1,200.00. This was the first store building on Holly Street (J. F. Wood,

built at the same time but no store ever occupied his building.) Mr. Fritzell rented it for a hardware building, and started in business on the 15th of March, 1890. I added thirty feet to the building for a tin shop. I fitted up the second story for living and sleeping rooms.

There were no furniture stores on the Bay, at that time. I went to Seattle for furniture and bedding, which came by boat, and landed at Sehome Wharf. Holly street was not yet open, a wagon could make its way around the stumps and logs but a truck could not. They had to go north on Elk to the lake road then come over the hill where the Post Office now stands.

At that time all of the corners on the west side of Holly street were reserved by the company. They rented the ground: 1889 and 1890 were busy years, building was brisk. Most of the lumber came from Utsaladdy, on rafts and scows. The building contracts on the lots, forced up buildings farther than needed for business. At one time on Holly and Elk streets there were twenty vacant store rooms.

The merchants in Whatcom, now called old town, and Sehome whose business center was near the Orchard Tract, would not move on to Holly street. New people came one by one, made a small cluster of business houses on Holly, then the old firms moved toward Holly a little at a time, until Holly finally became the business center. In 1892, the railroad was finished to Sumas and the Canadian Pacific passengers from Seattle and the South came this way and what is now the Bellingham & Northern Depot and Hotel nearby were erected for their accommodation. It looked at this time as if we would soon have an important city of perhaps 100,000 people.

In 1889, Messrs. Bennett & Larrabee bought the townsite of Fairhaven and started a railroad building to the south and north. Boomers came in by the score and built the city. They thought they were the people. Jim Hill was to make that a terminus, everything needed to make a city was coming their way. The people on the north side in Whatcom and Sehome were too slow for them. All went well while the building was going

on, but when work ceased on the railroads and the hard times of the years 1893 and 1894 came on, Fairhaven died. The country trade was all the support the towns had and as the country folk could not get to Fairhaven without passing through Whatcom, consequently they did not go to Fairhaven, but did their trading on the north side. About this time the two towns on the north side consolidated and called the city New Whatcom.

From 1893 to 1896 times were very hard. No one had any money. Stores on Holly that now rent for \$150.00 per month, at that time would not rent for more than \$20.00. Many buildings were empty. About the time the hard times commenced, I sold the land I had bought in 1888 for \$44.00 per acre. I therefore had a little money when many people had none.—\$100.00 was harder to get then than \$3,000.00 would be to-day.

In the early 90's the Bellingham Bay Improvement Company started the big mill, and the Blue Canyon Coal Company built coal bunkers. The Navy ships came for coal. Logging camps were started, logs were shipped into the city, made into lumber and sent abroad. But all this business stopped when the panic came on. In 1896 confidence was restored. Currency was firmly fixed on a gold standard. The days of the Free Silver craze had passed. Capital came out of its hiding. Factories were opened, machinery was put in motion, and idle laborers put to work. Happiness was again in the land.

In 1897 I was in very poor health. I applied to several physicians for treatment but not one of them seemed to know what the trouble was. In the fore part of August, news came of the rich gold discovery in Alaska. With several friends, I started for Skagway. I was not able to do hard work, but thought the change might benefit my health.

We went on the Steamer Queen. After being settled on the steamer, and having time for meditation, I found that I had set out on this hazardous trip without a Bible. Having been taught in my school days (as all Scotsmen in those days were taught) that I should at all time have a Bible with me, and thinking that I might perhaps meet or know some

poor fellow who might be sick or dying, who would crave to have a chapter of the Scriptures read to him, I concluded that, when the steamer reached Juneau, I would buy a Bible. When we arrived there, along with a friend, I went to every store in town, but found no Bibles for sale.: the storekeepers looked at me as if they thought I were crazy. After reaching Skagway, I sent by mail for a Bible and carried it with me all through my trip, and have it now on my table for everyday use. There was no wharf at Skagway; the ship pulled in near the shore and unloaded her cargo on the rocks. Our company hired a small boat and as our freight came off put it in the boat. When we had all of our freight we started for the town, or camp ground. The tide was full, which hid the gulleys in the ground. Our boat went aground. I had my hip boots on and I jumped out to push and ease it off the mud. I stepped into a gully and went down over my head in the water. When I came up I caught the stern of the boat and climbed in. The crowd had a good laugh at my discomfort.

After looking over the trail to the summit, I saw that it would be impossible for me to move 1,000 pounds of goods, forty miles over such a road. I offered 35 cents per pound to men to carry my outfit over the road on their pack-horses, but no one would undertake to do it. The poor fellows who were staked by others had to go, but I spent the winter in Skagway.

I located a lot, built a cabin, put in my provisions and called it a home. I bought some other cabins and lots; no title to any of them. About March 1st I sold out for \$950.00 profit. I was in poor health most of the winter. The town was a tough hole. Sippy Smith and his gang ran the town. His captain was the manager of city affairs, spokesman in church meetings, and the one whom the people looked to as their deliverer from the crime and craft of the gamblers and thieves. The city had a work council of five members, and this outlaw and gambler was the chairman. Such was Skagway in the winters of 1897 and 1898.

In March, the snow trail to Lake Bennett was in fine condition. I hired a man with one horse to move my outfit over to Ben-

nett. We went over in two days and came back in one, for which I paid him \$150.00. From Lake Bennett to Skagway was the longest walk I have ever made in one day. It was a good forty miles.

The mounted police were camped at Bennett. There was a sort of hotel or stopping place there where one could get a meal or a place to sleep. I bought a boat that had been built in the fall, too late to get away before the river froze. It was just a shell, uncorked and unfinished. I paid \$100 for it.

I was the first on the trail among those who intended going to Dawson or the Klondike. In April my brother came from England to go with me. He had no money, so I had to buy an outfit of supplies for him. Being a sailor, he was a great help in putting the boat in order and managing it on the lakes, and rivers, through which we had to pass. The population at Bennett increased until there were from 15,000 to 20,000 people. All were happy in the anticipation of the gold mine that would soon be theirs. All were busy building boats and scows that were to carry them to the land of Promise.

This camp was a sight never to be forgotten. All lived in tents, with snow from two to three feet deep at times. The mercury stood at times fourteen degrees below zero. Lumber was provided for boats in this way:—men would go to the hills, cut down a tree, drag it to camp, take a rip saw and cut it into boards. Most of the people were cheerful and seemed to make the best of conditions. A few who had worn themselves out on the trail and from hard labor, were taken ill and died. We buried some of them on the hill near the little church and a few bodies were taken over the trail to be shipped east, to their old homes. Among those who died there were some Free Masons. I had the only Masonic Ritual in the camp and the funeral service was read from it. Some furnished a post, others a board and in this way we fenced the lonely graveyard.

There were no undertakers, and no coffins except home made ones. A young man who was a mason, died. His body was to be sent to Pennsylvania. We had to carry it one and a half miles to the horse-trail. We gathered at the tent at ten in the morning to take away the body.

In this wild stampede for gold, there were all kinds of people. They had many ways of bringing their goods over the trail; from Skagway to Bennett; some had horses, some dogs, others oxen and one lady had a team of goats. A few were kind to the animals, but most of them were harsh and cruel, all mad in their rush for gold. The terrible hardships of the trail, brought out the best or worst there was in the men and women who trudged along its pathway. Men were desperate. Many had left their families, borrowed the money, mortgaged or sold their homes to get money. To some of them it was a case of life or death, they must reach the gold fields or die by the wayside. I had money for all my needs and did not suffer the hardships that many had to contend with.

It was the first of June before the ice melted on Lake Bennett so that we could get away. Before leaving, I bought a collie dog, and took him on the boat. My brother rigged a sail and we sailed over the lakes and down the rivers. It is 600 miles from Lake Bennett to Dawson City. When we came to White Horse Rapids I hired a pilot for \$25.00 to take the boat through the Rapids. We got through in fine shape. Many poor fellows lost their lives there and many others lost their outfits. Between White Horse Rapids and the Yukon, we saw many wrecks of boats and scows.

We arrived at Dawson on the 14th of June. We got on the rocks at the mouth of the Klondike. With some help we managed to get off without any great loss. The Company's stores in Dawson were fine log buildings, the rest were shacks and tents. I met some friends and heard of the death of Mr. Powell. I had arranged by letter to go prospecting with him. Mr. Powell was now dead, which was a great disappointment to me and I knew it was a terrible loss to his family. He was buried near the cabin in which he had lived and died. He was a good man and a kind husband and father. There was a tree at the head of his grave on which I cut his name.

When all of the gold-seekers on the trail had reached Dawson and vicinity, there were 30,000 people and nothing for them to do. It was indeed a sorry sight

to see them. They had staked their all and lost. I tramped and prospected for about six weeks. I was very sick a part of that time. I found nothing and could locate no mines, that would pay. I was worn out, so I went to Dawson, and sold my outfit for \$750.00. I knew that if I did not go out that I, like many others, would leave my body on the Klondike before the next spring. The only regret I had was selling my collie dog. He and I had packed and tramped together. I had given \$5.00 for him and then sold him for \$43.00.

We made up a party of eight men, got a sail boat and started down the river 1,600 miles to St. Michaels. We had day and night shifts. We stopped at all of the Indian villages. The nights were light. On August 1st we saw a star. It is not dark enough in summer for the stars to show their light. After a few days at St. Michaels, I took the steamer for Seattle, at which port we arrived safely. I had been away about fourteen months. I had \$150.00 less than when I went away. I was disgusted with the trip, for it had been a hard and trying one. I was glad to get to get back and did not envy the Alaska men their gold.

My health was very poor so I concluded that if I could get out in the country on a farm I might get well. I therefore bought 160 acres near Everson and went to work cutting brush, building fence, digging drains, and little by little, my strength returned, until I was able to do a man's

work. In 1901 I sold the land and came back to the city.

In 1907 and 1908 I made a trip around the world. I wanted to see conditions in the different countries and acquaint myself with them. Our own United States of America is the best place in all the world. If people do not succeed here it is their own fault and not the fault of the country. Outside of this country, Great Britain has done more to civilize and better the conditions of the common people of the world, than all of the rest of the world put together, even ourselves in America. We do little outside of our own land.

At Deer Lodge, in March 1888, I was admitted into the Masonic Institution. I have always taken a great interest in its history and in the promotion of its principles. I have been three times Master of my Lodge and have filled many appointive places in the Grand Lodge. My leisure hours have been devoted to its interests. I believe that I have given more of my time and more of my money for the cause of Free Masonry than anyone within my knowledge in my State. The work appealed to me and I have received much pleasure from it. After years of study, I find that its principles are all summed up in the Ten Commandments and Golden Rule.

The years are fast rolling on and my record will soon close. No one lives so well but what they could have lived better. So do your best. At the age of seventy-four, hale and hearty.

The Haw-thorn

BY JOHN MC MASTER

(For The Caledonian)

"On receiving from a dear friend, a bunch of
haw-thorn blossoms.

"And pu'd the haw-thorn blossom."—BURNS.

While rosy May strews earth with flowers,
And lilies sweet the earth adorn,
No fairer, sweeter flower, for me
Than leafy, fragrant, flowering thorn.

We pu'd its blossoms, drank its sweets,
And tasted of its joys divine;
And now, this kind reminder greets
Old memories that once were mine.

The haw-thorn blossom brings to me
The sweetest hours that life may ken,
When youth, in happy childhood glee,
Sipp'd joys untold in haw-thorn den.

Sweet haw-thorn blossom, blooming still
Far frae the home that once was mine—
Its fragrances our bosoms fill—
May all its joys be ever thine.
Wissinoming, Pa., May 12, 1919.

Man's Impotency Apart From Christ

REV. ANDREW BURROWS, D.D.

"Without Me ye can do nothing."

Assuredly one of the most prominent features of the Gospel of Jesus is this: that it presents the impotency of man on the one hand, and the potency of Christ on the other hand—man's inability and Christ's ability, man's littleness and Christ's greatness, man's sinfulness and Christ's holiness—by way of contrast. In this respect, the Gospel differs widely from the writings of the wise and great among ancient and modern philosophers. Did not their work tend to exalt man, and consequently to imbue him with a spirit of pride; whereas the Gospel is designed to humble him and give him low views of himself and exalted conceptions of the Author and Perfector of our faith? How clearly do these words suggest and confirm the view: "Without Me ye can do nothing?"

The more we contemplate the attributes of the Son of Man, as seen in His marvelous works shining forth in the Word of God, and reflect upon that most glorious work of all—the matchless work of Redemption—shall not our boasted goodness and fancied holiness sink into absolute nothingness?

We shall briefly consider these words—"Without Me ye can do nothing"—in a threefold, practical aspect; view them with regard to Life, Work and Death. As to Life: the circumstances now surrounding the Apostles were both sad and critical. Their Divine Master was now addressing His farewell sermon to them prior to His departure; they would be exposed to temptation and tribulation, they would be tempted to renounce their profession of faith in Him, and their allegiance to Him. He, seeing and knowing all this, prescribes the remedy against this danger and leaves His exhortation "to abide in Him by faith." This abiding was necessary for several reasons; without it they could not be fruitful, without it they could not do any great work, such as raising the dead to life again, and casting out demons and healing the sick, but they could not do the least of good works, for "without Me ye can do nothing." Jesus did not speak these words to the community at large, but to that little chosen band, His twelve Disciples. Do not men of the world wrongly imagine that they can live without Christ? The words indicate separation from the old stock, the first Adam, and engraftment into the new man, the second Adam—to the former we are united by nature, and to the latter by grace. They also imply a complete renunciation of self, and a full appropriation of Christ; for we cannot place confidence in self without renouncing in some measure Christ, and we cannot put trust in Christ without abandoning self.

Hence the words harmonize with those of the great Apostle: "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me." It is in Him we live, we have not life in ourselves, and apart from Him we can do nothing. All those who believe in Him, and in whom He dwells by His Word and Spirit have eternal life. (John 3:36.)

Neither can we work without Christ. How can we, when we are so weak, and our powers become paralyzed, our hearts insensible, and our souls dead by the influence of sin? For so long as we continue in this state, we can neither work for ourselves nor for Jesus; but the moment we touch even the hem of His garment, then we experience the vitalizing influence of His grace in our hearts, and ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?" Without Christ we cannot work for His glory in the dissemination of the precious seed of His Word and in the Salvation of human souls, nor in the pulling down of those false systems of error and idolatry, and the building up of His Kingdom.

While there are many good works for Christians to do, since they are created anew in Christ Jesus, there is one special work each believer in Christ is commanded to do, namely, "Work out your own Salvation with fear and trembling." This is a work which no man can do without Christ; we learn this from the following words: "For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." How can they, who are conscious of the fact that "in them dwelleth no good thing," and "when they would do good, evil is present with them," do any good works in the way of giving to God an acceptable service, and of turning many or any to righteousness, or mortifying the deeds of the body and cultivating a fruit-bearing life and experiencing assimilation to the character of that Righteous and Holy One, who has declared, "Without Me ye can do nothing."

We should remember that no human being is absolutely necessary to our help and comfort in this world; we can live and work without our best and dearest friends; but not so in regard to Jesus. A kingdom can do without a king to sway the scepter; a nation can do without a ruler; parents can do without their loving children, and children without their beloved and loving parents; a congregation can do without its minister, however highly appreciated he may be for his work's sake; but no man can do without the Saviour as his Companion and Friend. How sad to think there are so many in heathen lands to-day living without Christ, being ignorant of Him! When they become sensible of sin and its dread penalty, what painful fastings, what lacerations,

tions of the flesh, what weary pilgrimages, and bloody scourgings are endured to get peace! But all, without Christ, is vain and unprofitable. It is only His blood that can secure pardon, and His Spirit that can satisfy, and His death that can obtain for every poor sinner reconciliation with God, so that without Christ we as sinners can do nothing in beginning, carrying on, and consummating the grand work of Salvation.

Neither can we die without Christ and experience in death that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory. Picture to your mind the isolation and desolation of a soul entering into that eternal world without Christ! Who of us would like to cross the swollen tide without His supporting hand and cheering presence? And yet this must be the sad condition of every unsaved sinner. Without Him, a man may climb to the throne; he may become honorable in the world's estimation; and become learned in all the arts and sciences; but without Christ he cannot live happily, work successfully and die peaceably, and see God's reconciled face in glory.

Hamilton, Bermuda.

Holding Fast The Faith

This is not the first time the world has been overrun with devilry and abominations. Travel back through the centuries. There have been other generations when conditions were like graveyards—the grass withering and the flower fading, and all lovely things apparently sinking into the clammy mould. And always in those seasons there were souls who had got the vision of God, and who held and proclaimed a mighty faith in God, and in the vitalizing power of their faith changed the sickening winter into a bounteous spring. Just look back upon some of those stern and gloomy days. Think of the world in the time of the apostle Paul. It abounded in riot, in unlicensed passion, in satiety, in weariness, in bleached and bloodless philosophy, and in dire disgust. The grass withered and the flower faded; And one man, aye, many men and women too, went through that old, putrid, Roman world with this word upon their lips which expressed the faith within their souls. "The word of our God shall stand forever!" It thrills me whenever I recall the picture of the great apostle moving among all the scenes of moral and social corruption, proclaiming his faith in a living God, and by that faith changing many a desert into a garden and making the wilderness blossom like the rose. Many things are going to be changed as a result of the present war. The changes have already begun. A conventional church is going to be changed. A conventional society is going to be changed. Conventional politics are going to be changed. These changes will come as sure as tomorrow's dawn. Make no mistake about it, there is going to be much dissolving and

much crumbling, and much change, and much decay. But "the word of God shall stand forever!" Amid all the welter of dissolution the Church stand forever!" Amid all the welter of dissolution the Church will be reborn and rebaptized into a holier and more sacrificial life.—REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

Prayer for the Day

Our Father Who art in heaven, Thy presence is our supreme blessing. All places are holy where Thou art found. Make us conscious of Thy nearness now and give us free access to Thy throne of grace. In all our industrious seeking we would seek Thee most of all. With all our anxious striving life is vain if we do not find Thee. Thy wisdom, Thy light, Thy adorable goodness alone can satisfy our souls' deep need. Here we seek the Bread of Life. Here we would see the boundless and pure stream of Thy grace. Give Thy blessings of comfort to all who mourn. Cause the poor in spirit and those who hunger and thirst after righteousness to experience the blessedness of Thy provisions. In the monotonous round of the weary day and in the confused clamor of life may we keep Thy abiding peace. May we never lose possession of our souls. Keep in our minds and our wills and our better emotions in constant obedience to the worthy purposes of life. Bind our energies in a loyal service to Thy holy causes. By Thy Spirit working through the people may wrongs be righted and burdens removed until mankind shall be free and human worth revealed according to Thy word of truth. Hear our meditation and hallow it for Christ's sake.—Amen.

Fare Thee Well, Scotland

The following verses were written by Francis Lambie in 1839. Mr. Lambie came with his family to Ypsilanti, Michigan, from Straithavon, Lanarkshire, Scotland. The verses were very popular with the early Scottish settlers of the region, and were, I believe, set to music.—R. C. CAMPBELL, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Then, fare thee well, Scotland, thy hills and thy dales,
Thy clear, winding streams, and thy sweet, flowery vales;
Though distant, far distant, on a Michigan soil,
Thou art dear to my bosom, my sweet native isle.

Thou birthplace of freedom, thou land of the brave,
Unawed by the tyrant, untrod by the slave!
Thy cloud-crested mountains, thy rock-bounded shore
Are charming to thousands who'll ne'er see thee more.

Clan Duffie or Macphee and Its Chiefs

Clan Badge: Pine Tree (*Guithas*); Oak (*Darag*).

The Septs and Dependents entitled to use the Macphee Tartan are: Duffie, Duffy, MacDuffie, Macfee, Macfie, MacGuffie, Machaffie, Macphee, Macphie.

The Arms of the Clan is: Gold, a red lion rampant, surmounted by a blue fess. Crest: A black demi lion rampant.

Motto: *Pro rege*.

The Siol Alpin, descended from the early Scottish king of that name, and comprising the MacGregors, Grants, Mackinnons, MacQuarries, MacNabs and MacAulays, have always prided themselves upon being the most ancient and noble of the Scottish clans. In the Gaelic MS. of 1450, upon which the antiquary Skene founded so much of his genealogical work, Clan Dhubhie is shown to be of the same descent. The prefix "dhu" in their name indicates that they were of a dark race, which corroborates their Celtic origin, in contrast with the fair-haired Norwegians who for so many centuries colonized and dominated the Western Isles. Though the 1450 MS. details their genealogy, little is known of their early history, except that they were the most ancient inhabitants of the island of Colonsay. With that island Oronsay is connected at low water, the two together making a pleasant domain some ten miles long by one to three miles broad. Here St. Columba and his companion, St. Oran, landed first on their way from Ireland in the year 563, and gave their names to the islands. Here, in consequence, a monastery of Canons Regular of St. Augustine was founded at a later day, and colonized with monks from Holyrood. The priory, which still stands on Oronsay, is, next to Iona, esteemed the finest relic of religious antiquity in the Hebrides. Martin, in his tour in the Hebrides in 1703, describing it, says: "On the south side of the church within, lie the tombs of MacDuffie and of the cadets of his family: there is a ship under sail and a two-handed sword engraven on the principal tombstone, and this inscription: "Hic jacet Malcolumbus Mac-Duffie de Colonsay": his coat of arms and color-staff is fixed in a stone, through which a hole is made to hold

it. . . . About a quarter of a mile on the south side of the church there is a cairn, in which there is a stone cross fixed, called Mac-Duffie's Cross, for when any of the heads of this family were to be interred, their corpses were laid on this cross for some moments on their way toward the church."* The Malcolm MacDuffie of Colonsay thus commemorated corresponds with a chief of this name who appears in the 1450 MS., at the period to which experts assign the carving of the stone. The "ship under sail" of the description is the galley or lymphad which was the insignia of an Island chief.

Martin also says: "There is an altar in this church, and there has been a modern crucifix on it, in which several precious stones were fixed. The most valuable of these is now in the custody of Mac-Duffie in Black Raimused village, and it is used as a catholicon for diseases."

Monro, Dean of the Isles, in his description of Colonsay, says the island "was the property of ane gentle Captain called MacPhie, but pertained of auld to clan Donald of Kintire." The writer, seems, however, to have put the cart before the house. The Macphees came before the Macdonalds as owners of the island. In early times, as was natural on account of their geographical situation, the Chiefs of Colonsay appear to have been supporters of the Macdonald Lords of the Isles. According to the Register of the Great Seal (VI 17), on April 12th, 1463, Donald MacDuffie appears as a witness to a charter by John Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, executed at the Earl's castle at Dingwall. After the forfeiture of the last Macdonald Lord of the Isles in 1493, the MacDuffie chiefs appear to have attached themselves to the Macdonalds of Islay. In 1531 there is mention of a certain MacDuffie chief, who bore the name of Murroch, or Murdoch.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Lairds of Colonsay were probably at the height of their consequence. In

*In most accounts the location of this tombstone and cross is erroneously stated to be Iona.

1609, Donald Macphee of Colonsay was one of the twelve chiefs and gentlemen who met the Bishops of the Isles, representing the King, and at Iona gave assent to the nine celebrated "Statutes of Icolmkill." Shortly afterwards, however, the fortunes of the family seem to have taken an unhappy turn. In 1615, on the escape of Sir James Macdonald of Islay from Edinburgh Castle, he was joined by Malcolm MacPhee of Colonsay, and in the troublous times which followed, the latter was one of the chief leaders of disturbance. The business ended tragically. Along with eighteen others he was delivered up to the Earl of Argyll by Coll MacGillespie Macdonald, well known afterwards in the wars of Montrose as "Colkitto," being Ciotach or left-handed. By Argyll he was brought before the Privy Council. In the end he came to his death by violence. In the Council Records for 1623 appears an entry detailing an accusation against Colkitto of being "airt and pairt guilty of the felonie and cruell slaughter of umquhill Malcolm Macphie of Collonsay."

From that time the estates of the Chiefs appear to have passed into possession of the Macdonalds, and at a later day they became a patrimony of the Macneils, while the Macphees became a "broken" clan and the clansmen formed only a small proportion of the inhabitants of Colonsay.

A branch of the clan then settled in Lochaber, and attached itself to the Camerons, by whom it was much esteemed for its bravery. At the battle of Cullo-

den, when the Camerons made the furious onset which nearly annihilated the Duke of Cumberland's left wing, the Macphees furnished part of their strength, and suffered proportionately. The story is told of one of them, engaged in the attempt to prevent the dragoons from getting through the wall which protected the right flank of the Highland army, that he cut down a horse and rider, but received a kick which broke his spine. He was carried from the field, but went through life thenceforth bent to the ground and hobbling on a stick.

As late as the middle of the nineteenth century the traditions of the clan were revived by a deserter from the army, named Ewen MacPhee. This individual with his wife and family took possession of an island in Loch Quoich in the Great Glen, and set up as an outlaw, paying no rent, prepared to defend himself with a loaded rifle, and supporting himself by means of a herd of goats and such game and fish as he managed to secure. Still more lawless was the career of Edward Duffy, the Fenian leader in Connaught who was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude in 1867.

More creditable to the clan was the career of Robert Andrew Macfie, M.P. for Leith Burghs, from 1868 to 1874, who was notable as an advocate of free trade, helped to found Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, and published several works dealing with patents, copyright, and political questions.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

Chapter XII

TRANSFORMATION

Had she, then, Lavender could not help asking himself, a bad temper, or any other qualities or characteristics which were apparent to other people but not to him? Was it possible that, after all, Ingram was right; and that he had yet to learn the nature of the girl he had married? It would be unfair to say that he suspected something wrong about his wife—that he fancied she had managed to conceal something—merely because Mrs. Lavender had said that Sheila had a bad temper; but here was another person

who maintained that, when the days of his romance were over, he would see the girl in another light.

He had not quite forgotten or abandoned those imaginative scenes in which the wonderful Sea-Princess was to enter crowded drawing-rooms and have all the world standing back to regard her, and admire her, and sing her praises. But now he was not so sure that would be the result of Sheila's entrance into society. As the date of a certain small dinner party drew near, he began to wish she was more like the women he knew. He did not object to her strange sweet ways of speech, nor to her odd likes

and dislikes, nor even to an unhesitating frankness that nearly approached rudeness sometimes in its scorn of all compromise with the truth; but how would others regard these things?

"Sheila," he said, on the morning of the day on which they were going to this dinner party, "you should not say *like-a-ness*. There are only two syllables in *likeness*. It really does sound absurd to hear you say *like-a-ness*."

She looked up to him, with a quick trouble in her eyes. When had he objected to her manner of speaking before? And then she cast down her eyes again, and said, submissively,—

"I will try not to speak like that. When you go out, I take a book and read aloud, and try to speak like you; but I cannot learn all at once."

"I don't mind," he said, in an apologetic fashion; and he took her hand as if to show that he meant no unkindness. "But you know other people must think it so odd. I wonder why you should always say *gyarden* for *garden* now, when it is just as easy to say *garden*."

Once upon a time he had said that there was no English like the English spoken in Lewis, and had singled out this very word as typical of one peculiarity in the pronunciation. But Sheila did not remind him of that. She only said, in the same simple fashion,—

"If you will tell me my faults, I will try to correct them."

She turned away from him, to get an envelope for a letter she had been writing to her father. He fancied something was wrong, and perhaps some touch of compunction smote him, for he went after her, and took her hand again, and said, gently,—

"Look here, Sheila. When I point out any trifles like that, you must not call them faults, and fancy I have any serious complaint to make. It is for your own good that you should meet the people who will be your friends on equal terms, and give them as little as possible to talk about."

"I should not mind their talking about me," said Sheila, with her eyes still cast down; "but it is your wife they must not talk about, and, if you will tell me anything I do wrong, I will correct it."

"Oh, you must not think it is anything so serious as that. You will soon pick up from the ladies you may meet some notion of how you differ from them."

When, in the evening, Sheila came down dressed and ready to go out, Lavender had to admit to himself that he had married an exceedingly beautiful girl, and that there was no country awkwardness about her manner, and no placid insipidity about her proud and handsome face. He would much rather have had Sheila unnoticeable and unnoticed—one who would quietly take her place at the dinner-table and attract no more special attention than the flowers, for example, which every one would glance at with some satisfaction and then forget in the interest of

talking and dining. It was for Sheila's own sake, he persuaded himself, that he was anxious about the impression she should make, and that he had drilled her in all that she should do and say.

"Above all things," he said, "mind you take no notice of me. Another man will take you into dinner, of course; and I shall take in somebody else and we shall not be near each other. But it's after dinner, I mean—when the men go into the drawing-room, don't you come and speak to me, or take any notice of me whatever."

"Mayn't I look at you, Frank?"

"If you do, you'll have half a dozen people, all watching you, saying to themselves or to each other, 'Poor thing, she hasn't got over her infatuation yet. Isn't it pretty to see how naturally her eyes turn towards him?'"

"But I shouldn't mind them saying that," said Sheila, with a smile.

"Oh, you mustn't be pitted in that fashion. Let them keep their compassion to themselves."

"Do you know, dear," said Sheila, very quietly, "that I think you exaggerate the interest people will take in me. I don't think I can be of such importance to them. I don't think they will be watching me as you fancy."

"Oh, you don't know," he said. "I know they fancy I have done something romantic and they are curious to see you."

"They cannot hurt me by looking at me," said Sheila, simply. "And they will soon find out how little there is to discover."

The house being in Holland Park, they had not far to go; and just as they were driving up to the door, a young man, slight, sandy-haired, and stooping, got out of a hansom and crossed the pavement.

"By Jove," said Lavender, "there is Wemyss. That is Lord Arthur Wemyss, Sheila: mind, if you should talk to him, not to call him, 'my lord.'"

Sheila laughed, and said,—

"How am I to remember all these things?"

They got into the house, and by and by Lavender found himself, with Sheila on his arm, entering a drawing-room to present her to certain of his friends. It was a large room, with a great deal of gilding and color about it, and with a conservatory at the further end; but the blaze of light had not so bewildering an effect on Sheila's eyes as the appearance of two ladies to whom she was now introduced. She had heard much about them. She was curious to see them. Many a time had she thought over the strange story Lavender had told of the woman who heard that her husband was dying in a hospital during the war, and started off, herself and her daughter, to find him out—how there was in the same hospital another dying man whom they had known some years before, and who had gone away because this daughter would not listen to him—how this man, being very near to death, begged that the girl would do him the last favor he would ask of her, of wearing

his name and inheriting his property; and how, some few hours after the strange and sad ceremony had been performed, he breathed his last, happy in holding her hand. The father died next day; and the two widows were thrown upon the world, almost without friends, but not without means. This man Lorraine had been possessed of considerable wealth; and the girl who had suddenly become mistress of it found herself able to employ all possible methods of assuaging her mother's grief. They began to travel. The two women went from capital to capital, until at last they came to London; and here, having gathered around them a considerable number of friends, they proposed to take up their residence permanently.

But were there two Mrs. Lorraines? That had been Sheila's first question to herself when, after having been introduced to one lady under that name, she suddenly saw before her another, who was introduced to her as Mrs. Kavanagh. The mother and daughter were singularly alike. They had the same slight and graceful figure, which made them appear taller than they really were; the same pale, fine, and rather handsome features; the same large, clear, gray eyes; and apparently the same abundant mass of soft fair hair, heavily plaited in the latest fashion. They were both dressed entirely in black, except that the daughter had a band of blue round her slender waist.

Sheila was prepared to like Mrs. Lorraine from the first moment she had caught sight of her. The honesty of the gray eyes attracted her. And, indeed, the young widow seemed very much interested in the young wife. Sheila was introduced to a number of people, but none of them pleased her as well as Mrs. Lorraine. Then dinner was announced, and Sheila found that she was being escorted across the passage to the room on the other side by the young man whom she had seen get out of the hansom.

This Lord Arthur Wemyss was the younger son of a great Tory Duke; he represented in the House a small country borough which his father practically owned; he had a fair amount of ability, an uncommonly high opinion of himself, and a certain affectation of being bored by the frivolous ways and talk of ordinary society. He gave himself credit for being the clever member of the family; and, if there was any cleverness going, he had it; but there were some who said that his reputation in the House and elsewhere as a good speaker was mainly based on the fact that he had an abundant assurance and was not easily put out.

Now Mrs. Lorraine had intended to tell this young man something about the girl whom he was to take in to dinner; but she herself had been so occupied with Sheila that the opportunity escaped her. Lord Arthur accordingly knew only that he was beside a very pretty woman, who was a Mrs. Somebody—the exact name he had not caught—and that the few words she had spoken were pronounced in a curious way. Probably, he thought, she was from Dublin.

He also arrived at the conclusion that she was too pretty to know anything about the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, in which he was, for family reasons, deeply interested; and considered it more likely that she would prefer to talk about theatres and such things.

"Were you at Covent Garden last night?" he said.

"No," answered Sheila. "But I was there two days ago; and it is very pretty to see the flowers and the fruit; and they smell so sweetly as you walk through."

"Oh, yes, it is delightful," said Lord Arthur. "But I was speaking of the theatre."

"Is there a theatre in there?"

He stared at her, and inwardly hoped she was not mad.

"Not in among the shops, no. But don't you know Covent Garden Theatre?"

"I have never been in any theatre, not yet," said Sheila.

And then it began to dawn upon him that he must be talking to Frank Lavender's wife. Was there not some rumor about the girl having come from a remote part of the Highlands? He determined on a bold stroke.

"You have not been long enough in London to see the theatres. I suppose."

And then Sheila, taking it for granted that he knew her husband very well, and that he was quite familiar with all the circumstances of the case, began to chat to him freely enough. He found that this Highland girl of whom he had heard vaguely was not at all shy. He began to feel interested. By and by he actually made efforts to assist her frankness by becoming equally frank, and by telling her all he knew of the things with which they were mutually acquainted. Somehow or other Lord Arthur found himself relating all his experiences as if he were a novice begging for the good opinion of a master. She knew all about it, obviously; and he would tell her his small adventures, if only that she might laugh at him. But Sheila did not laugh. She was greatly delighted to have this talk about the hills, and the deer, and the wet morning. She forgot all about the dinner before her. She was no more in Holland Park at that moment than were the wild animals of which she spoke so proudly and lovingly. If the great frail masses of flowers on the table brought her any perfume at all, it was a scent of peatsmoke. Lord Arthur thought that his companion was a little too frank and confiding; or rather that she would have been, had she been talking to any one but himself. He rather liked it. He was pleased to have established friendly relations with a pretty woman in so short a space; but ought not her husband to give her a hint about not admitting all and sundry to the enjoyment of these favors? In the mean time, he was very well pleased to be sitting beside this pretty and agreeable companion, who had an abundant fund of good spirits, and who showed no sort of conscious embarrassment in thanking you with a bright look of her eyes or by a smile when you told her something that pleased or amused her.

(Continued on page 139)

Glimpses of Scotland



MONTROSE



THE MALL, MONTROSE



ABBEY OF ABERBROTHOCK, ARBROATH

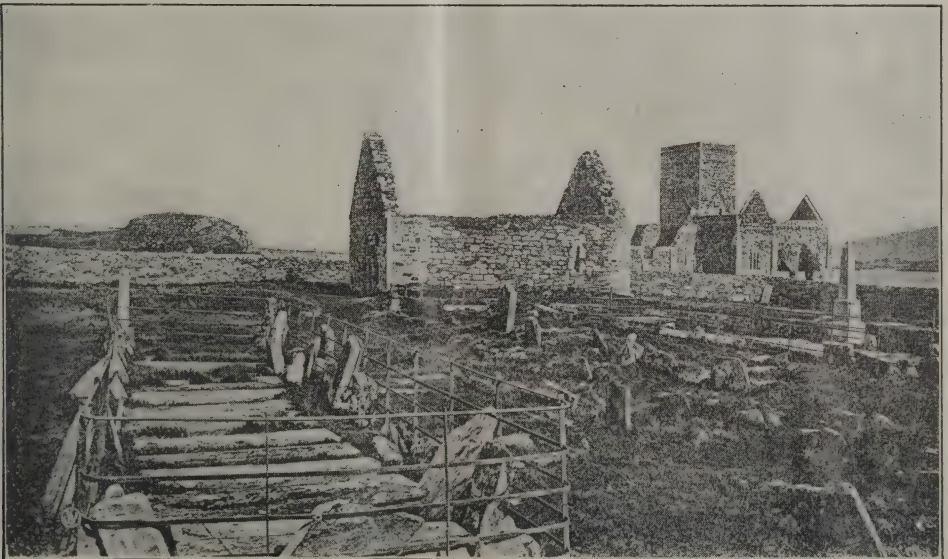
Begun 1178

Completed 1233

Glimpses of Scotland



OLD ST. ANDREW'S



THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS, IONA

Men Worth Remembering—VI

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

1800—1859

John Macaulay, the grandfather of Lord Macaulay, was a clergyman, a native of the West Highlands, born in 1720. He preached in Barra, South Uist, and Inverary. In 1774 he removed to Cardross, Dumbartonshire, where on the banks of the Clyde, he spent fifteen years of useful life. He married Margaret, daughter of Colin Campbell of Inneseger. By her he had twelve children, and some of these obtained high positions in the world. Zachary, the father of Lord Macaulay, was born in 1768. He was sent, at the age of sixteen, as bookkeeper to an estate in Jamaica, of which he soon rose to be sole manager. On his return to England, he took a personal interest in advocating freedom to the negroes of the West Indies. He married Selina Mills, a daughter of a member of the Society of Friends. Thomas was born October 25, 1800, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire.

In his youth he did not like to go back to school after dinner, but his mother would answer his excuses by saying, "Tom, if it rains cats and dogs, you shall go." On another occasion, when his mother told him, "Tom, you must learn to study without the solace of bread and butter," he replied, "Yes, mama—industry shall be my bread and attention my butter."

His mother was a woman of many excellent qualities, of a warm-hearted and affectionate disposition, without a trace of weak indulgence in the training of her children. Tom was regarded a prodigy, not only by his parents, but by others. His compositions in prose and verse, histories, epics, odes and hymns flowed with equal freedom and correctness from his facile pen. He had three brothers and five sisters, all his juniors, whom he loved intensely. He attended the school at Clapham and soon got beyond the educational capabilities of Clapham. Tom's trials came in his twelfth year, when he had to leave his happy home, his books, his parents and his playmates for a distant school in the neighborhood of Cambridge. His home-sick-

ness and his intense longing to be permitted to return to his home before the end of the summer holidays are passionately expressed in his letters to his mother. "You told me I should be happy when I once came here, but not an hour passes in which I do not shed tears at thinking of home. Tell me in your next letter, expressly, if you can, whether or no there is any likelihood of my coming home before the holidays. If your approbation of my request depends upon my advancing in study, I will work like a cart horse. If you should refuse it, you will deprive me of the most pleasing illusion which I have experienced in my life."

When he fell sick at school, his mother came and nursed him with such affection that years afterwards he referred to the circumstance with emotion—"There is nothing I remember with so much pleasure as the time when you nursed me at Aspenden. How sick and sleepless and weak I was, lying in bed; when I was told that you were come, how well I remember with what ecstasy of joy I saw that face approaching me! The sound of your voice, the touch of your hand are present to me now, and will be, I trust God, to my last hour." His mother lived long enough to see her son on the high road to fame, and died soon after he made his first great speech on the Reform Bill, in 1831.

His early training in private school laid the foundation of his future scholarship. In October, 1818, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by his classical proficiency. In his boyhood he had a liking for mathematics, but in a letter to his mother he writes: "Oh, for words to express my abomination of that science, if a name sacred to the useful and embellishing may be applied to the perception and recollection of certain properties in numbers and figures! Oh, that I had to learn astrology, demonology or school divinity. Oh, to change Cam for Isis." His inclination was wholly for literature. He failed to obtain honors in mathematics, but he gained twice the Chancellor's medals in English verse. His attainments later procured him a fel-

lowship at Trinity College, the highest honor in the University.

His biographer says that it was not Cambridge studies but Cambridge society that left a mark on his mind. Genial and frank, and with an unlimited passion and talent for talk, he made troops of friends, and before he left the University, had acquired a reputation as one of the best conversationalists of the day. "The impression which he gave was that of boundless strength, together with talents which combined with such apparent force of will and character, seemed capable of dominating the world."

After literature, Macaulay's strongest taste was for politics. It is said that his father's house at Clapham was a common meeting ground for politicians engaged in the agitation against slavery, and when a lad he had learned to take an interest in public affairs. "In the free atmosphere of an under graduate discussion, such an interest is the last which is allowed to lie dormant, and Macaulay soon became a strenuous politician." It is remarked by Macaulay's loyal biographer that his splendid literary faculty was seriously damaged by his early entrance into the conflict of party politics, and that he never wholly recovered from its effect. His contributions to *Knight's Magazine*, "spirited verse, prose, fiction and criticism on poets, were his finest efforts in literature, and prove sufficiently, if proofs were wanted, in what direction his calling lay."

Macaulay studied law, and in 1826 he was called to the Bar. But he did not succeed in building up a practice, and soon renounced the idea of the legal profession. In August, 1824, he received an invitation to write for the *Edinburgh Review*; in August, 1825, he contributed an article to it on Milton, which immediately arrested the attention of the public. Macaulay by that one article established his fame as a distinguished writer. Generally his essays were on men of action and historical periods. An article from his pen on Mill impressed Lord Lyndhurst, who made him a Commissioner of Bankruptcy. In 1830 Lord Landsdowne was so much taken up with his writings that he offered Macaulay, though a stranger, a seat in Parliament for the Borough of Calne, which he accepted.

His friends expected great things of him. He had the advantage of many of the members of being a good classical scholar, with an extensive knowledge of English, French and Italian literature. His remarkable knowledge of English history and wide reading abundantly prepared him to make more than a comfortable figure. He was thirty years old, in time to witness the battle of the Reform Bill, and to take share in the campaign and final victory. His first speech on the Reform Bill placed him in the first rank of orators. "The Speaker sent for him and told him that in all his prolonged experience he had never seen the House in such a state of excitement." Sir Robert Peel paid him a most handsome compliment, and another member was heard to say that he had "not heard such speaking since Fox." "When he rose to speak," says Gladstone, who sat in Parliament with him, "it was a summons like a trumpet call to fill the benches." In his fourth speech on the Reform Bill, he told the opposition that the bill must be carried or the country would be ruined—that it would be carried whatever they did, but carried by revolution and civil war. "You may make the changes tedious, you may make it violent, you may—God in His mercy forbid—you may make it bloody; but avert it you cannot." "What, then," it was asked, "would you legislate in haste? Would you legislate in times of great excitement concerning matters of such deep concern?" "Yes, sir, I would, and if any bad consequences should follow from the haste and excitement, let those be answerable who, when there was no need of haste, when there existed no excitement, refused to listen to any project of reform; nay, made it an argument against reform that the public mind was not excited. I allow that hasty legislation is an evil. But reformers are compelled to legislate fast just because bigots will not legislate early." It was a great speech.

His opponents acknowledged that Macaulay was a formidable man.

During the four years Macaulay was in Parliament until he sailed for India, he was a very busy man. Besides Parliamentary duties, he carried on the official work as secretary and Commissioner of the Board of Control, writing for the *Edin-*

burgh Review, and speaking at functions. The suppression of the Board of Control for the sake of economy left him penniless, and he voted for it. He was reduced to such straits that he was forced to sell the gold medals he had won at Cambridge, and he confessed later that he did not know where to turn for a morsel of bread. Further, his government introduced the Slavery Bill, though, with a liberal proposal, it did not satisfy the Abolitionist party, among whom Macaulay's father stood in the first rank. He told his colleagues that he could not vote against his father. He placed his resignation in the hands of the proper party. His resignation was not accepted. He wrote to his sister, Hannah: "I have resigned and my resignation has been refused. I have spoken and voted against the ministry under which I hold my place. I am as good friends with the ministers as ever." His independence had soon its reward.

In 1834 he was appointed to India as legal adviser to the Supreme Council, with the object of reducing the body of Indian law into a formal code. He sailed for Madras, February 15, 1834. He said that during his voyage he read all the way. "Except at meals, I hardly exchanged a word with any human being. I devoured Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French and English, folios, quartos, octavos, duodecimos." When in India, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Cropper, saying "that he would like to bury himself in some great library and never pass a waking hour without a book before me." He was always reading books when he had a moment to spare. When walking about London he read. On a trip to Ireland, he said, "I read between London and Bangor the lives of the Emperors from Maximin to Carinus, inclusive, in the Augustan history. We sailed as soon as we got on board. I put on my great coat, and sat on deck during the whole voyage. As I could not read, I used an excellent substitute for reading. I went through *Paradise Lost* in my head. I could still repeat half of it, and that the best half."

He went to Ireland to write the history of Ireland, and the following is a brilliant description of the Relief of Derry. It is a masterpiece (vol. iii, p. 235).

It was the twenty-eighth of July. The sun had just set; the evening sermon in the

cathedral was over, and the broken-hearted congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low, and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks, the Irish rushed to their boats and were preparing to board, but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the *Phenix* dashed at the breach which the *Mountjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Mountjoy* began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. While the *Mountjoy* grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half-hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, fitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of peas and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef and a pint of peas. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep

on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyful defiance. Through the three following days the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But on the third night, flames were seen arising from the camp; and when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

Carlyle caught a sight of Lord Macaulay's face as he was turning over a page of a book. "I noticed," said he, "the homely Norse features that you find everywhere in the Western Isles, and I thought to myself, 'Well, anyone can see that you are an honest, good sort of a fellow, made of oatmeal.'"

In 1838 he returned to England, after a period of four years' exile in India. His father died while he was on the ocean. Within a few weeks he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. In October he visited Italy. His journal reads as follows:

November 18—"On arriving this morning," he writes, "I walked straight from the hotel door to St. Peters. I was so excited by the expectation of what I was told that I could notice nothing else. I was quite nervous. The colonnade in front is noble—very, very noble; yet it disappointed me, and would have done so had it been the portico of Paradise. In I went. I was for a minute fairly stunned by the magnificence and harmony of the interior. I never in my life saw and never I suppose, shall see again, anything so astonishingly beautiful. I really could have cried with pleasure. I rambled about for half an hour or more, paying little or no attention to details, but enjoying the effect of the sublime whole.

"I pine," he wrote, "for liberty and ease, and freedom of speech and freedom of pen." "I purpose to write the history of England, from the accession of King James II down to a time which is within the memory of men living." "As soon as I return, I shall seriously commence my history." But politics again interfered. Lord Melbourne asked him to become Secretary of War. As a loyal friend, he yielded to party what was meant for literature. However, within two years Lord Melbourne's government fell, in June, 1841, and at the general election the Tories were defeated. Macaulay welcomed the change. He represented Edin-

burgh, but did very little speaking in the House. In 1846, Sir Robert Peel was driven from the Government. The new Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, tempted Macaulay to return to ministerial office as Paymaster of the Forces, with a seat in the Cabinet, an honor which had rarely if ever been attached to that office before. He did not retain it long. It was a busy time, writing his history, the first volume of which appeared in 1848. It was only his strong, rugged constitution that enabled him to accomplish such labors. In 1857 Lord Palmerston raised him to the peerage. During his latter years he scarcely took any part in the details of Parliament, and he ended his life as he commenced it—as an author. In addition to his history and essays, he wrote some poems and ballads, including *The Lays of Ancient Rome*. In July, 1852, he was stricken down by heart disease, which was followed by asthma. "I became," he says, "twenty years older in a week. A mile is more to me now than ten miles a year ago. Forty years of incessant labor have done their work." Oppressed as he was with asthma and heart disease, though so weak at times that he could hardly walk, even with a cane, he resolutely faced and accomplished his daily task, and wrote the whole of the fourth and fifth volumes of his *English History* while still a member of the House.

"The glimpse we catch of Macaulay," says his biographer, "in his last years, sitting with his eyes fixed on death, is touching, even to strangers." "I am a little low," he wrote, "but not from apprehension, for I look forward to the inevitable close with perfect serenity; but from regret for what I love. I sometimes hardly command my tears when I think how soon I may leave them." Lord Macaulay was never married, but he was passionately fond of his near relatives. "October 25, 1859.—My birthday! Well, I have had a happy life. I do not know that anyone whom I have seen close has had a happier. Some things I regret, but who is better off?" On the evening of December 28, 1859, at Holly Lodge, he died, suddenly and peacefully. He was buried in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, January 9, 1860.—*Editor*.

Kaiser and Kultur Gospel of Herr von Tirpitz

BY JUDGE W. C. BENET

The God of War ist unser Gott;
Our Kaiser his vicegerant here;
His chosen people we; our lot
To rule the world by force and fear.
War is the plan approved by heaven
To purge the earth of worthless dross,
And to the Prussian folk 'tis given
To count a life of peace but loss.

Let our affrighted foes revile
Our great All-Highest—call him Hun;
We fight to win for him the while
His proper place—a place in the sun.
To terrify and horrify
The enemy peoples is our aim;
Therefore from land and sea and sky
Our bolts are sped to kill and maim.
With frightfulness on sea and land,
Under the sea and in the air,
By God's help, with unsparing hand,
We smite our enemies everywhere.
And so we slaughter young and old,
Women and children in their sleep;
We pounce like wolves upon the fold,
To rend the lambs and silly sheep.

Murder and rapine, fire and sword,
Poisonous gases, liquid flame—
By means of these our Warrior Lord
Will blaze our way to power and fame.
Our shark of war, our submarine,
Dreaded assassin of the seas,
The unconquerable Ocean Queen,
Will force Britannia to her knees.
Unchristian, say you? Be it so;
The creed of Christ has had its day:
The good old German God we know
Now leads us in a bolder way.
War is our gospel; Might our creed;
Cruelty, treachery, and wrong—
On such strong fare must warriors feed,
God gives the battle to the strong.

The corner stone of German strength
Is in the army and the crown;
Our Kultur shall prevail at length—
Before us shall the world bow down.
What are your solemn treaties worth?
Mere scraps of paper to be torn;
A Kaiser born to rule the earth—
What cares he if he be forsworn?

Small States? What right have they to live?
Too weak to grow or stand alone;
To them protection we will give
When they to us allegiance own.
Ambassador—(what's in a name?)—
In Kultur's lexicon means spy;
Diplomacy, a trickster's game;
And plighted faith a crafty lie.

Begone with international law!
The Hague Convention's an old song.
The rights of neutrals an old saw;
A Kultur State can do no wrong.
France crushed, and Russia held in chain,
With England from her high place hurled,
Kultur o'er all will rule and reign—
Our Kaiser Master of the world.

FINALE

Good-faith and honor, justice, right,
Our Kultur ruthlessly extirpates.
Old laws and creeds must yield to might.
Onward with frightfulness!

—VON TIRPITZ.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR—The above sounds better in the original. The harsh, guttural German tongue fits the subject. It is no easy task to render the gospel of Von Tirpitz in decent English. W. C. BENET.
Grimshawes, North Carolina.

Judge Benet's verses "Hey Hindenburg," which appeared in a recent issue of *The Dollar Magazine*, published by the former pupils of the Dollar Academy, Dollar, Scotland, where Judge Benet was once a teacher, were pleasantly received by Sir Douglas Haig and Sir Julian Byng, each of whom sent a letter of thanks and compliments to the author. Sir Douglas's was a charming letter in his own handwriting, and Sir Julian wrote that he liked the Scottish verses so much "he had sent them to his wife." Judge Benet contributed an interesting article on Sir Douglas Haig to the April CALEDONIAN, which has received much attention.

The Lost Sheep and the Faithful Collie

Lines written on the Faithful Collie who remained on guard for eighteen hours on a flock of sheep lost in the snow.—*Oban Times*.

Over the hills the snow fell down,
Over the heather grey and brown,
Over the streams to melt away,
Over the rocks and ruts to stay.

"Where are the sheep?" the shepherd cries,
And with the dogs, his ears and eyes,
Are busy seeking sheep and lambs,
And not a sound breathes through the calm.

So home he goes, one dog is lost,
And sheep that money much would cost;
Then off again when morning dawns,
O'er rugged paths and softest lawns.

Records of men who tilled the ground
But nowhere now are to be found;
Perhaps they are both rich and great
And men well-known in their new state.

Shepherd the sheep, find out the lost
And bring them back whate'er it cost;
So on the shepherd strongly goes,
Strength of love that the shepherd knows.

At last! at last! 'a sweet surprise,
Lost sheep, lost dog, before his eyes;
Wise as a man the dog braved all,
Mastered itself, obeyed love's call.

Weary and long the hours went past,
But rich reward has come at last;
Within the shepherd's heart you'll stay
Beloved and honored night and day.

ALLAN BAYNE in *Oban Times*.
Renton.

A Little Child

BY JAMES ANDERSON

(For The Caledonian)

The village of Rossie, located in a rich valley near the foot of the Sidlaw hills, in Perthshire, Scotland, consisted of two rows of cottages, most of them with thatched roofs, with the toll road from Cupar to Pently running between. Behind these rows were a number of straggling houses—the nuclei of two other streets. The cottages in front were devoid of much ornamentation, but those on the back streets had pretty gardens, the owners vying with each other for the honor of having the most attractive display of flowers and, it also seemed, the greatest number and variety crowded into the smallest space. Behind the houses were vegetable patches with apple trees and many berry bushes.

Near the middle of the village was a large square, of which the two rear rows of houses formed two sides, called the "Commonty" or more usually "The Green." There the school children played in the evenings, and the young men in the long summer nights threw the hammer, tossed the caber and played quoits. Sometimes a fiddle and a concertina would provide music for the country dances so much enjoyed in these parts, and the annual Highland Games drew the whole country to The Green.

A large stone cross, with hieroglyphics carved on it, had formerly been the center of the gatherings of farmers on market days.

The village had not doubled in size in fifty years, as very few of the youth could resist the inducements offered by the cities. The oldest son generally stayed to succeed his father as shoemaker, joiner, grocer, baker or blacksmith, and, marrying there, the life of the village continued from generation to generation without material change.

The "characters" of Rossie were the blacksmith, Jeames Broom; the teacher, Peter Saunders; the joiner, Alec Tosh, and the Free Kirk minister, Rev. David Birnie. These, by their advice, directed the affairs of the village—the influence

of the dominie and smith usually predominating.

"The toon pump needs a new handle," said Jeames Broom to Alec Tosh one morning.

"A richt," said Alec. "I'll mak ane if ye'll put a rim on the minister's gig wheel."

"I'll dae that. Say, Alec, dae ye ken that Geordie's wife is ha'en a hard time o't? He seems to be ga'in farer wrang. Cud'na something be done for 'er?"

"Mebbe if he was written tae he micht help 'er."

"Geordie Talbert was aince ane o' the finest lads in Rossie, an' noo see what he is."

"Ay, whun a lad begins to tak a dram it's like kickin' a big stane aff the tap o' the King's Seat—there's nae stoppin' o't."

"That's richt, Jeames. When a loon taks tae drink he fa's ower the precipice and its like's there's nae bottom for 'im to strike an' stop 'im."

"Ay, an' the worst o't is that when a man begins to row doon, some neebors get busy pushin' 'im. Lots o' e'en wi' beams in them are turnin' looks o' censure on Geordie. Speak to Mr. Saunders about 'im, Aleck, and let's help 'im put on the brake."

* * * * *

Margaret Talbert had lived in Rossie all her life. Fourteen years ago she married the most attractive man in all the country side. He had the faculty of making friends and was pleasant company; she was handsome; so the neighbors predicted for the couple a happy voyage on the marital sea.

At the time of his marriage George Talbert was a flesher. Buying young and poor stock and fattening them on his fertile little field was a profitable auxiliary to a butcher's business. This took George to the cattle markets at Cupar every Friday. At such markets trading is closely associated with drinking, and a farmer was not known in Cupar who could not treat and take his "dram" with the crowd.

The Talberts had not been opposed to the moderate use of Scotch whiskey,—even the best religious folks would “pree” it on certain occasions. When a particularly good trade was made, George, in addition to treating the traders, including himself, would bring home a “mutchkin,” and he and his wife would celebrate their good fortune over a dram. No excess was ever indulged in, but as business prospered, the occasions for such celebrations increased in frequency.

One Friday night, nine years after their marriage, George’s mare, Bess, came home alone, and Margaret Talbert feared something had happened. She was preparing to look for George when she heard a noise at the door, and in lurched her husband in his first state of intoxication. He had fallen from his horse. The sight paralyzed the wife’s movements—she stood “stock-still.” For a brief time she seemed bereft of her mental faculties. The danger of the tipping habit had never impressed her. The last thing on earth she would have suspected was the scene now before her eyes. The demon of drink, trifled with by her, had turned and hit her heart a crushing blow.

Mechanically and silently she set about washing his bleeding face, then burst into tears, sobbing out:

“Ma man; ma man! Did I eer think it wad come to this? God forgie me for my pairt in’t. God forgie me and ye.”

After seeing her husband in bed and asleep, Margaret climbed to her attic and, filled with remorse and shame, fell upon her knees crying out in the agony of her soul. Never before had she prayed as she did then. How long she remained in the attic she never could tell, but, at last, as she afterwards said:

“I seemed to feel a han’ raise me up, an’ I saw a bricht licht afore me een, and ma hert gae a big loup, an’ I kent I was forgi’en.”

For five years Margaret labored to reclaim her husband who was now completely caught in the Tempter’s net. The ravages of the disease ate into the vitals of that small, once happy family, until gaunt want, drunken abuse and misery became their portion.

Under her affliction her Christian character grew and, like a crushed rose, its

fragrance was diffused all around. Her own heart loaded, yet was she ever ready with a helpful word to those in distress, and never lost her assurance that her prayers for George would be answered, for, she said, “He promised wha canna lee.”

* * * * *

Dangling his legs over the bank of the beautiful river Isla, on a warm afternoon, ostensibly employed in following the directions of Isaac Walton in an effort to beguile the finny tribe to the bait on his hook, but more apparently to a careful observer engaged in what looked like day-dreaming, reclined a boy of interesting appearance. About fifteen years of age, strongly built, intelligence and strength of character stamped on his still undeveloped features, the boy exhibited all the characteristics of a manly man in embryo. A close scrutiny of that face, however, would detect a tinge of sadness. Sensitive to a degree, like many a strong man, care did not rest lightly upon his shoulders. Trouble had crowded itself into that brief life.

His supposed day-dreaming was not a wasteful frittering of time in idle fancies, but thoughtful planning. The battlefield of life, with all its responsibilities, all its exactions, all its defeats and triumphs, lay before him. Although only on life’s threshold, the problems facing him there were sufficient to stagger the courage of the boldest youth.

Though a keen angler, he had on this occasion rather sought a quiet sequestered spot to fight a battle being waged within, than to catch fish. A subtle temptation, appealing to the boy’s ambition and manhood, was being wrestled with.

At last he started up, saying aloud, “It’s settled—I canna leave her.”

Pulling in his line, he was surprised to find that he had hooked a three-pound pike, a catch of which any boy in Rossie would have been proud. Shouldering the burden of fire-wood he had gathered in the Den, he trudged along with it and his pike the few miles which separated him from his home. A burden was removed from his mind; a temptation had been overcome; a strong character had been strengthened; and when he reached home he felt happier than he had been for many a day.

An offer had been made Robert Talbert

by Dominie Saunders to leave his home and pursue his studies in Edinburgh (for he was a brilliant student), which he had now resolved, for his mother's sake, to decline. He never regretted the decision.

It was after dark when Robert reached home with the bundle of fire-wood and his fish, although he had got a "lift" in a cart part of the way. On entering, his mother greeted him with:

"Oh, Bob, whaur hae ye been a' aifternoon? I thocht ye micht hae faun in the water. Ye maun be awfu' hungry, laddie."

"Fa' in the water, mither! Na, na; an' if I had I can swim." Then in a lower voice, "Is faither hame yet?"

"Faither cam hame at e'en and took a bite o' supper and gaed oot again. Oh, Bob!" and Margaret heaved a long sigh. Robert put his arm around his mother, and was silent. Her sighs pierced his heart like a knife. The comfort of his mother always, he leaned toward her way of living and thinking, but had not yet learned the lesson of suffering. After a long silence, he said:

"Mither, dae ye think faither wull ever mome?"

"Aye, laddie, that he wull."

"Weel, it'll be whun there's nae mair whuskey tae drink."

"It may be that, Bob, or it may be suner. It seems a lang time tae us, but, laddie, mind ye that tae Him a thoosand years is like ae day. Eneuch for us that He said, 'Ask, and it shall be given.'"

"Aye, but ye hae been askin' a lang time noo, mither, an' I winder yer no tired waitin' sae lang for an answer that never comes."

"Dinna speak that wy, Bob. It maks my hert sair. Draw in an' hae supper noo. That pike in the pan smells awfu' gude," for during their talk the fish had been frizzling, Robert's little sister, Betty, attending to it.

* * * * *

Dominie Saunders belonged to the old school. A fat, burly fellow, he would have been jolly had he not been a teacher; but the stern exterior he thought he had to assume, and which for many years he had cultivated, gave his face an unnaturally serious aspect. It conveyed the impression that he was always trying to smother something mentally, or choke off a fit of humor. His hobby was Latin, but he was

not pedantic. No one could expect to succeed in life without having at least a fair knowledge of Caesar. The school was always opened with prayer, which was followed by the Scripture lesson and Shorter Catechism.

Dominie Saunders was an excellent teacher. Thorough, though stern; conscientious and painstaking. Nothing afforded him greater pleasure than to relate the records made by lawyers, doctors and ministers who had passed through his school. Bob had been his special care, for he recognized in the boy a precocity that needed careful leading. Knowing his difficulties at home, he had long been giving thought to plans for the continuation of his education. He would say to the minister, "If I could make the man of Robert Talbert that I believe he is capable of becoming, it would be the crowning effort of my life."

Examination Day was a great day at Rossie Free Kirk School. Three ministers were present. The girls were all dressed in their "braws," and the boys had their shoes on—everyone who had a pair. Dominie Saunders had smoothed his wig with special care, and was assiduous in his efforts to coach the pupils.

After the exercises were completed, Rev. Mr. Birnie made a short talk to the school on "Making of Character," and then all dispersed.

Dominie Saunders was a proud man that day. Robert Talbert carried off the only prize, he having left the next highest scholar far behind. After the two visiting ministers left, Mr. Birnie proposed calling upon Jeames, who was an elder in the kirk; so to the smithy they went. After the customary greetings, Alec Tosh, who was getting his horse shod, said:

"Jess got hame a while syne and tell't us ye had a fine examination day, Mr. Saunders."

"Yes, Mr. Tosh," said the Dominie, "the young folks acquitted themselves with credit."

"That maun hae been a fine address to children, by what Jess said," added Alec.

"What did he speak aboot?" asked Jeames as he hammered away at the red hot iron, making the sparks fly all around.

"His subject was 'Character Building'."

"Makin' character," said the smith, "is like makin' a horse shoe. The raw mater-

ial is ta'en and heated. Syne it is put on the anvil and strachened oot wi' the blows o' the sma' hammer. Aft times it needs the big hammer. Syne it's put back in the fire, the bellows blown, the cinders steered up, an' when it's red hot it's ta'en oot an' hammered again. In the fire, oot o' the fire, hammered; in, oot, hammered; until it fits the horse's hoof an' he can rin wi's head up. Nae character ever was great without passin' through a like process. The knock o' the warld on a man are awfu', and the blows the Almichty pounds on him are hard. Fires o' affliction an' adversity through which he has to pass a' help to shape the shoe. When I hit an' hit at the red hot iron, an' the red sparks an' scales flee aff like it was in pain, I canna help thinkin' o' the sobs an' sighs an' tears knocked oot o' a budy when under the blows o' the Guid Lord's chastenin' han'. See hoo unsteady an' crooked a man walks wha has na a richt character, limp'in' an' stumblin' like the minister's horse wud if I didna mak' his shoes richt. But when a horse is weel shod he can haud up his head like a man; and when a man has a gude character he can look ye stracht in the face, and haud up his head like a weel shod horse."

"That is well put, Jeames," said the Dominie. "The subject appeals to me in another way. A teacher's greatest object should be, not instilling into the memories of his pupils a great fund of knowledge, nor developing brain power, but the laying of a good foundation for character-building. The mother's early training the bottom, the teacher's influence, aided by the mother, the top of the foundation. A youth thus started is capable of weathering the storms of life, riding the billows of adversity, and entering triumphantly the haven of success. There's Robert Talbert, stuck by his mother—a woman of high ideals and strong moral power. I can perceive her influence all through his life, just like soda in a soda scone. Given a start like he has had, and his goal is not an 'x'; no, it is the top rung of the ladder."

* * * * *

One night soon after the examination Mrs. Talbert, Bob and Betty were sitting around the kitchen fire, talking about Bob's school success, the mother and sister so proud of it that they were picturing Bob with a lawyer's wig, or a minister's gown,

or watching him restoring the sick to health, while they were sharing the material comforts so long denied to them. It was getting late when Bob said:

"Faither's gae late the nicht."

"I was juist thinkin' sae," said Margaret.

Just then a commotion took place at the door, and Jeames Broon came in with some others behind him.

"Margaret," he said, "I fear Geordie has met wi' a bad accident." Then to those behind him he said, "Come in and lay him on the bed."

Margaret was beside herself with grief. All the love of her early married life welled out now as happy experiences of that period passed before her vision in a moment of time.

"Puir hert," said Jeames, as he patted her on the shoulder. "Lord, pour into it the Balm o' Gilead."

The doctor's examination disclosed the fact that the fall from his horse had so injured the spine that it was doubtful if he would ever be able to walk again.

George Talbert suffered intensely for several days, but when he became easier he called for liquor, which his wife unflinchingly refused to supply. The invectives he flung at the Almighty, and his bitter denunciations of the providence which had brought him such "bad luck" transformed the man into a semi-fiend. Not until weeks had passed did he become natural and submissive. Then he began to talk to Robert and Betty, and would listen to Margaret. One Sabbath morning Betty was washing the dinner dishes and singing. After a while, at her father's request, she sang her favorite hymn, "What a Friend We have in Jesus." When the hymn was finished, Margaret noticed that George brushed a tear away. That night she and Bob talked about the change apparent in him.

"Mither, dae ye ken I think faither begins tae tak notice o' me again, an' what dae ye think, he wants Betty to sing a hymn to 'im in the morn; an', mither, I hae na heard him swear for twa hale days."

"The Lord be praised, Bob; mebbe it's comin' suner than ye thocht."

* * * * *

Four weeks more and George still lay on his back. His mind, freed from the

fog of liquor, was growing clearer, and he lay for days in silence. He afterward said:

"I lay there sa'in' tae mysel', 'What a fule ye hae been, Georgie Talbert.' I had been blind a' thae years, an' for the first time I saw what a jewel Margaret had been. Ma conduct had brocht oot the brilliance o' her character, juist like the grindin' o' the diamond. Every time she cam' into the room I cudna speak—ma hert griped me. Ae mornin' she brocht me gruel, an' I hedna steeket ma een a' nicht. Whun I saw her smilin' face, and the tears in her een, I fairly broke doon, an' I took her han' an' cried, 'Oh, Margaret, my wife! What a madman I hae been. I cudna hae been mysel'. What devils possessed me! I've broken yer hert an' destroyed yer life. Oh, Margaret! Wull ye, cud ye, ever forgie me?' What dae ye think she did? Never a word tae me, but she fell on the floor, and, tears rinnin' doon her cheeks, only said atween her sobs, 'Lord, thank ye; Lord, thank ye.'"

* * * * *

During the next few months George Talbert wrestled with the problem of his life. In youth he had been well read in the Bible, and knew that it called him to repentance and faith. He now bitterly repented, but he would not be the coward to accept salvation without atoning for his past life in some way. In that quagmire he stuck. The thought of death intervening before he could do anything did not disturb him. He would rather be lost a hero than saved a coward.

One Sabbath, after Sabbath school, Betty ran into her father's room and kissed him. He asked her to sing, and she sang, "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old." He then asked her in a formal way what she had learned at Sabbath school, and she said:

"O, faither; sic a fine text, 'Except ye receive the kingdom of God as a little child, ye shall not enter therein.' The teacher said that faithers an' mithers an' auld folks had to become little children. Seems funny-like."

George Talbert started so that he pained himself. "A little child." He lay silently thinking for a long time. Then he called for a Bible. For days he studied the subject. "A little child." "Would," he thought, "a little child take his position of obstinacy? If Betty disobeyed him and he

was willing to forgive her, would she refuse forgiveness because it would be cowardly to accept it until she had atoned for her offense? What was he in the sight of the Almighty that he should presume to dictate terms for his own surrender? Would it not be more honoring to God to accept his terms as a little child, than to do so, even were it possible, as such a hero as he had planned to be? Even if he got the opportunity he wanted to prove his reformation and make atonement for himself, what was the chance of his succeeding?

All the arguments he could conjure up pointed to the road he should follow—but he refused to take the first step. Unrest took possession of him now—he was unhappy. This condition continued for many days.

One morning just after the sun had risen in all its effulgent glory, George called his wife. At a glance she knew that a change in him had taken place.

My wife, it's a' richt noo; I've yielded—I'm a little child."

"Oh, Geordie! I kent it wud come. I've been hearin' the rum'le o' His chariot wheels. We've bided a long time, but we can spend eternity thegither noo. Thank the Lord and bless His holy name."

George then told her of a dream he had. He said:

"I thoct I was at Cupar se'in a stirk cut up. The flesher took the hert to the trough and lat the water rin ower't. Syne I saw, juist like rats frae their holes, queer shaped creturs jumpin' oot o' the hert wi' tags on them. Ane was marked 'Disobedience,' anither 'Intemperance,' anither 'Pride.' I forget the ithers, but I wisna bothered until nae mair wud come oot, and the flesher wrapped the hert in a piece o' clean paper and marked it 'A Little Child.' Wi' a start and a scream, I cried 'That's me,' an' woke up shiverin' and cryin', 'My hert, my hert, that's whaur the trouble is,' an' I prayed, 'Lord, gie me a clean hert'. Whun I had time to think I kent I had changed; and I've been dain' naething since but what ye did the ither nicht, sayin', 'Lord, thank ye; Lord, thank ye.'"

The two remained a long time together, alone—no, *not alone*.

San Antonio, Texas.

An Unpublished Poem by the Author of "Cuddle Doon"

(It gives me great pleasure to enclose a copy of one of the earlier and unpublished poems of the late Alexander Anderson, author of "Cuddle Doon" and Librarian of Edinburgh University. The original copy, in the handwriting of the poet, was given me by himself and is now in my possession. —ALEXANDER RUSSELL, Canton, Ohio.)

Oh weel can ye crack, an' your crack is fine,
But for me as I'm thinkin' o' auld lang syne
There's nocht in the warl' sae sweet to see
As the dear love licht in a lassie's ee.

Ye may wanner far into mony a lan'
An' see a' sights that are unco gran'—
But never a sweeter thing can ye see
Than the dear love licht in a lassie's ee.

I look far back to the days o' youth,
When the heart was warm an' the words
were truth,
An' it's, Oh, to be young, to be young aince
mair,
When never a thocht can mak' us sair!

I have min' o' ane, an' sae licht was she
In a country dance at a country spree;
An' we twa—Oh, but the dance was fine,
There was never a dance like that dance
lang syne.

Sae bonnie an' gently she look'd that night
That my heart was fu' o' a sweet delight,
An' aye as we paired I could truly see
The sweet love licht in that lassie's ee.

But she lies lang-syne in the Auld Kirk
Yaird,
A bonnie flower, but she wasna spared;
An' fain wud I like to gang an' creep
Beside her, an' hae a lang, lang sleep.

Oh weel can ye crack, an' your crack be fine,
But for me wha dreams o' the auld lang
syne,
There's nocht in the warl' sae sweet to see
As the dear love licht in a lassie's ee.

Mr. Murray's Scottish Stories

At a dinner of the London Robert Burns Club, Mr. John Murray of the famous London publishing house, proposed "Scottish Literature." For nearly half a century, he said, his business had led him to deal with biography, a subject which he maintained was one of the inexhaustible, unending sources of human interest. Of biographies there were two which stood pre eminent, not only in the English tongue, but in the whole of literature. These two great biographies were Boswell's "Life of Johnson" and Lockhart's "Life of Scott." His distinguished namesake, the editor of the great English Dictionary, told a friend that he once had had a remarkable dream. He dreamt that Dr. Johnson came back to Oxford, and that there were being pointed out to the great

man the changes which had been made since his time. "Johnson," said the guide, "do you know that for the first time your dictionary has been superseded, and that the editor of the new book is a Scotsman?" "Sir," replied the Doctor, "in order to be facetious, it is not necessary to be absolutely indecent." Who could read aloud Sir Walter Scott's life from beginning to end? No man or woman whose bowels of tender mercies were, as an old Scottish aunt of his used to say, "not made of tenpenny nails," could read aloud that last touching volume of the days when Scott was working himself to death to wipe off the debts which, through the indiscretion of others, he had been led into. There was another Scotsman who came not far off—Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle reminded him of the old story of the Judge who, addressing a perverse witness, said: "You have a mind so twisted that if a nail could be got into one side of your head, I am convinced it would come out a screw on the other side." A certain gentleman brought his son to London, and said, "I am going to take you to see the two greatest men of the day." He took him first to Sir Herbert Spencer, and the son saw an elderly man who looked like a gardener in his Sunday clothes, and who said nothing that the young man could carry away. Then he took him to Cheyne Walk and told Carlyle the same story—"I have brought my son to see the two greatest men of the day." "And who is the ither man?" asked Carlyle. "Herbert Spencer," was the reply. "An immeasurable Ass," was Carlyle's comment. Burns and Horace stood highest in the world as the writers of lyrics. They never tried the greater subjects like some of the other poets, Milton and Shakespeare, for instance, but they invested the everyday things of life with a humanity and reality which could never die. Stevenson and others might be mentioned, but he would like to mention two whom the war had brought forth—Mrs. Jacob with her songs, and Sergeant Lee, from Dundee, who was not only a poet, but an artist. The latter had illustrated his own book. Among editors, he might mention McCulloch, the editor of the *Scotsman*. Years ago McCulloch was asked to speak at a literary dinner, and he said, "Why am I asked to respond to this toast? I am not a man of letters. I never would have had anything to do with books had it not been for three letters of the alphabet, and these three letters are L.S.D." With regard to Alexander Russel, another eminent editor of the *Scotsman*, the story was told. Years ago when first the question of Women's Suffrage was being agitated, Russel was asked, "What line will you take in the *Scotsman*?" His reply was, "I would not give the vote to the women, because if you give them the vote, they will never rest until they have got into the House of Commons, and my experience is that a woman can never have the feelings of a gentleman." There were also to be named in connection with the toast, James Naysmith and David Livingston. There was

a distinguished writer who had risen in literature during the war. He had commanded larger armies than Napoleon and Wellington together had commanded. By his recent dispatch Sir Douglas Haig had shown that if his vocation in life had been to wield the pen and not the sword, he would have been pre-eminent in letters. This pre-eminence of Scotsmen was due to two things—independence of mind, and to a curious originality in the way of looking at things.—*The Border Magazine*.

A Scotch Epistle

BY JOHN MC MASTER
(For *The Caledonian*)

It wadna be ceevil in me no' t' comply wi' your vera kind request ti' gae ye a bit screed about Scotland. Noo the subject is a gie big ane, and seein' that ye hae chosen it yersel' dinna blame me gin the subject sud' rin awa' wi' my better judgment. But there's naething I can tell ye that ye dinna ken already; maybe, hooveer, I can turn things roun' awee sae that folk may see them in anither licht.

Sometime since I gaed t' hear a lecture on Scotland, but the man didna ken his subject vera weel. He tel't some stories aboot a wee Clachan ca'd Milnathort, and aboot twa women that were drooned at Wigton, an' dae ye ken he had ane o' them singin' a modern hymn. Noo t' begin wi', the hymn wasna then written, an' what's mair, a Covenantan' deen' for the faith was never kent t' sing a hymn. Then he never named the land o' Burns, an' it the bonniest neuk in a' braid Scotland. And he never named the Trosachs, wi' its lochs an' Bens an' heather blooms. Sir Walter Scott had an e'e for places like that. Just hear him:

"Here Eglantine embalmed the air
Hawthorn and Hazel mingled there;
So wondrous wild the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

Folk sudna' talk about Scotland unless they ken'd somethin' o' what John Knox did for the education o' the people. "A School in Every Parish" was his motto. And they sud ken something o' the pairt that Alexander Henderson had in the framin' o' "The Solemn League and Covenant." And they sud ken aboot Lord Clyde an' his Hielant soldiers on the Alma when he faced the Russians (they being nearly three to one), when he shouted: "We'll have nane but Hielant bonnets here. Hielanters never retire." But I don't want to fill this letter wi' these; rather let me quote frae ane' wha ken'd what he was talkin' aboot. Listen: "A Scotchman reverences the grandeur of his native hills and glens. They weave a web about his heart, and out of it all there comes the fairy tales of the Wizard of the North, the captivating stories of a Stevenson, the witchery of the 'Bonnie Briar Bush,' or the pawkieness of the Wee MacGregor. Her landscapes ever present scenes of surpassing beauty, calling forth wonder and amazement; for every rocky cavern and wooded

dell, every placid loch and flowing stream, has its tale of fiction or of fact, interwoven with song and story of wizened witch or wanton ghost, of martial fire or martyr's faith, so that the traveler fears lest his heedless tread might disturb the dust of a hero, or pull a sprig of heather lest its purple bloom might be stained by the blood of a martyr. The rippling of her burns, the sighing of her winds, the murmur of her waves all blend into that devotional and sentimental spirit of her people, and you can hear it in the lilts that the mother croons to her bairns, or see it in the faith and trust her men exhibit as they appropriate to themselves the spirit of the twenty-third Psalm." Noo what dae ye think o' that for a flicht o' fancy, but let a Scotchman get warmed up on his favorite theme and he can do even better than that. And noo I'll just quote a wee bit o' ane o' their sangs and then I'll quat:

Oh sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,
I' the braid Scottish tongue;
The sangs my father liked to hear,
The sangs my mither sung.

Oh weel I loe' the auld Scotch sangs,
The mournfu' and the gay;
They charmed me by my mither's knee
In bairnhood's happy day.

And even yet tho' round my pow
The snaws o' age are flung,
The bluid lous joyfu' in my veins
Whene'er I hear them sung.

What tho' they spring frae simple bards,
Wha ken't nae rules o' airt,
They ever, ever yield a charm
That lingers round the heart.

Spinning Song

BY JANE MORISON, NEW ZEALAND

We cannot all shoulder a rifle,
But there is the Spinning-Wheel!
And work must be done, the war must be won;

For home and our country's weal.
We cannot all enter the trenches,
Nor fight on the battlefield!
But we can spin yarn, with wool from the farm,
The distaff and spindle wield.

Chorus

We are spinning, spinning, spinning;
And so busily we'll spin!
While the World's Great War we're winning,
Till the World's Great War we win.

'Tis not the desire for conquest,
'Tis not for the greed of gold;
We're fighting away with ships of gray,
And warriors true and bold!
It is to protect our empire,
And the flag of the red, white and blue.
So we'll work with a will the reels to fill,
For we have our bit to do!

The Sign Posts of Peace

BY MALCOLM PARSONS
(For The Caledonian)

There are sign posts which lead to the end
of the trail that leads to the city of
peace,

Each one of which shows the graves of those
who gave to the future, release.

The dead men who watched the struggle
have their eyes on the men below,

And looking into the future, mark the seeds
of peace ye sow.

Their work accomplished, they have no part
in framing that city's laws

But in justice to those who fought through
hell, and died in a righteous cause,

Ye must make these laws so binding that
reproach may not be known

By the humblest of his subjects to the king
upon his throne.

God! the toll has been so heavy and the
sacrifice so great,

That the world might be made better and
a saner, newer state

Be born from out the chaos, a new light
shed down the years,

Bought by death of many millions—bought
by suffering, blood, and tears.

Keep these sign posts in your memory as
ye sign the treaty scroll,

And beside it place the parchment of our
"Allied" honor roll.

St. Johns, Newfoundland.

"Blin' Jamie"

A Notorious Character

In the early thirties of last century, a notorious old character, called "Blin' Jamie," whose thieving propensities were most pronounced, made his home in the Old Court-house at Forres. This building was demolished in 1837. "Blin' Jamie" had an apartment to himself in the prison, and he came and went as he would to an ordinary dwelling house. He had, in fact, come to regard it as a sort of private claim or possession, and on one occasion when he found another defaulter incarcerated in his cell, his indignation knew no bounds.

Prison life seems to have been rather unfettered in those bygone days. In the old building there were also several apartments for debtors, who, though nominally incarcerated for debts, came and went as they liked, making the jail, in point of fact, a sort of retreat from the pursuit of creditors. This may strike people of the present generation as being a rather lax sort of discipline. Nevertheless, such regime prevailed not only at Forres, but at many other county jails. Indeed, so great was the amount of freedom sometimes enjoyed by those embarrassed citizens that some of them had been known to go out of a morning and hoe potatoes in the little garden plots attached to their houses, and afterwards return to prison!

"Blin' Jamie," like most cunning rogues of his kind, had a ready wit and a sharp retort, and he was not often caught napping.

Jamie was once being rebuked by a lady for his dishonesty. "Don't you know we are forbidden either to steal or to covet our neighbor's goods?" she said. Jamie eyed his interrogator up and down. She was a lady of rather plain looks, indeed. "Weel," said the vagabond, with a chuckle, "if I were yer husband's neighbor it wud be a gey lang time ere I coveted his wife!"

The lady replied not a word, simply heaved a sigh and went her way, never more to cross swords with "Blin' Jamie."

Jamie was once brought up on a paltry charge, which was not supported by sufficient evidence.

"You fool," exclaimed the judge, "who brought you here?"

"Oh, brawly ken ye that, yer honor," was the ready reply, "but let me awa' and I'll gang hame mysel'!"

Jamie and another vagrant met near a country shop one day and compared notes. It was found that neither possessed a bit of tobacco, though one had an old clay pipe, and the other a half penny. Entering the shop, the tramp with the bawbee laid the coin on the counter and asked "a wee bit 'bacca."

"No," said the shopman, "we cannot sell less than a pennyworth."

"O-h," said Jamie, "let's see a pennyworth then."

The shopkeeper cut the tobacco and laid it down on the counter. Whereupon Jamie cut the small piece in two, with the observation—"There noo, that's the wey to mak' a bawbee's worth o' 'bacca." And picking up one of the pieces he marched out of the shop, with the parting shot—"Ca, me blin', if ye like, but I'm nae sae blin' 's ye're blate, ma billie!"

In course of his peregrinations through the country districts, like those of the many fatuous persons who then led a wandering life without let or hindrance, "Blin' Jamie" sought food and shelter for the night wherever he chanced to be at nightfall. Arriving late one evening at a country manse, he was given a good meal and was being sent out to a stable-loft to sleep. Jamie did not relish this announcement. He thought he would get a "shake-down" in a corner in the kitchen. However, he at last consented to sleep in the stable-loft, and the minister personally showed the way. A ladder was placed so that one could get up. The minister beckoned to Jamie to go up.

"Na, na," said the mendicant, "you lead the wey yersel', sir."

His reverence obeyed, but had scarcely set foot in the loft when the rascal drew away the ladder, bawling to the outwitted parson,—"If the cock laft's sic a sweet place to sleep in, gie't a trial. Ta, ta!"—*Scottish Country Life.*

The Prince of Wales will visit Canada next August and will take part in the ceremonies incident to the opening of the new Parliament buildings.



JAMES C. EDWARDS

Death of Chief James C. Edwards

It will be a shock to his many friends throughout the country to learn that Chief James C. Edwards of the New York Caledonian Club is dead. He never rallied after his return from Philadelphia early in May. It was known then that the end was near, but his great vitality kept him alive until May 21, more than two weeks after the doctors gave him up. The funeral services were held at his late residence, 1621 Sixty-ninth street, Brooklyn, Saturday, May 24, and were attended by a large number of the members. The services were conducted by Clansman the Rev. Donald McDougall and the minister of Trinity Chapel, of which Mr. Edwards was a member. Club Piper Murdo MacKenzie played "Lochaber No More," "The Land o' the Leal," and "The Flowers of the Forest." The pall bearers were Chieftains Marshall, Nixon and Burns, Ex-Chiefs Robb, Foulis, Taylor, Gray and MacLean, Chief Thomson, of Newark and Ex-Chief Simpson, of Philadelphia. The club members, under command of First Chieftain Caldwell, escorted the cortege some distance. Interment was in Greenwood Cemetery.

Chief Edwards was a native of Edinburgh, and joined the club in November, 1890. He was long active on committees and served as First Chieftain in 1916 and 1917. At his request he was buried in the kilt he was so proud to wear. For the first time on such an occasion, all of the officers and a number of the members attended in Highland costume. Chief Edwards is survived by Mrs. Edwards and two sons for whom great sympathy is felt.

The following resolutions were adopted by the officers and members of the New York Caledonian Club as a tribute of respect to their late chief, James C. Edwards:

WHEREAS, Almighty God in His wisdom has taken away from us our worthy leader, James C. Edwards on May 21, 1919.

RESOLVED, That we the officers and members of the New York Caledonian Club with sorrow feel the loss sustained by his removal and that we shall always cherish kind thoughts of him for his faithful and efficient work as a member and officer of the club.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the club and conveyed to his widow and sons with expression of our deep sympathy in their sore affliction.

Mrs. Sara A. Conboy

THE CALEDONIAN offers its congratulations to our genial neighbor, Mrs. Sara A. Conboy, International Secretary and Treasurer of the United Textile Workers of America, the first woman to hold an executive post among the textile workers of the world. It is in no small measure due to her efforts that to day 100,000 women and a much larger number of men throughout the United States have the assurance of a forty-eight hour week. The significance of this recent victory of the organized workers is that it gives women more time for development, for education, for recreation, and for the care of their dependents.

Beginning as a carpet weaver, Mrs. Conboy has been identified with the labor movement for about fifteen years. She was first made business agent of her own union, and later organizer for the international. Five years ago, she was elected to her present position. A woman of engaging personality and exceptional business ability, Mrs. Conboy's career will be watched by all interested in social betterment.

In addition to her activities for the textile workers, Mrs. Conboy is vice-chairman of the New York State Reconstruction Commission, chairman of the Advisory Board to the New York Board of Education, and is serving on the health, food, unemployment and educational committees of the State Reconstruction Commission.

More than 15,000,000 persons subscribed to the fifth or "Victory Liberty Loan," which closed on May 10th. The amount asked, \$4,500,000,000, was greatly oversubscribed, the total amount reaching \$5,249,908,300.



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Boston Notes

SCOTS CHARITABLE SOCIETY

The Scots Charitable Society had a very interesting and enjoyable meeting in Gilbert Hall, Tremont Temple—interesting from a business standpoint and enjoyable from the social features introduced by our indefatigable president, Andrew Sutherland, to whose efforts the society is not only indebted for a large increase in new members, but also his persuasive influence in getting old members to become life ones. On this particular occasion he introduced an innovation in the custom of Scots Charitable meetings by inviting the members to come accompanied by their lady friends; and after the business of the society was disposed of, sprung a surprise concert on them with a musically gifted quartet he had brought with him from Lawrence, his home city. The leading spirit was Dr. Farquhar, one of our new members, and a live wire in Scottish minstrelsy. As a quartet or individual singing, each one acquitted themselves nobly. Grand John McGaw was called on for a few remarks and spoke reminiscently of his fifty years' connection with the old society and the noble work it had done in ameliorating the condition of unfortunate kinsfolk throughout its long career. H. W. Barnes was called on for a reading and responded with "Homesick, or the Wanderer's Last Wish," which took so well with the audience that he had to reply to their encore with "Wattie and Meg." Altogether it was voted a most delightful change from the old huddrum meetings, and the modern St. Andrew presiding is entitled to all the credit for the change.

THE SCOTTISH SOCIETY

The Scottish Society met at Young's Hotel, Friday evening, May 9, to arrange for their annual summer outing. Committees were appointed to have charge of the various features of the picnic and games and provide

whatever talent necessary to make the affair a grand success, after which the meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the chairman.

Colonel Walter Scott, of New York paid a visit to the Massachusetts State Prison, Charlestown, Sunday, May 4, as the guest of Mr. Hugh W. Barnes. He arrived just in time to take part in the Sunday services in the chapel, and as it happened, Colonel Lindsay of the Salvation Army with his charming and efficient wife and daughters had the centre of the stage that day, and we were treated to one of the most touching heart-to-heart talks from Mrs. Lindsay it has been our good fortune to hear. Mr. Scott was not only much impressed with the speaker, but also with the orderly and worshipful attention of her prisoner audience, and claimed it was not only a revelation, but an inspiration to have taken part in such a service. By this time the prisoners were in the yard, enjoying the sunshine and open air, and the visitor was loud in his praise of such humane treatment with not a sign anywhere of official severity. He was introduced to Jesse Pomeroy, the only known case of a man in the United States sentenced to solitary confinement for life (the solitary now happily abated). He has spent forty-five years in prison, with never a break in his health, though he has tried to *break out*. Mr. Scott remembered him at school in their boyhood days, and after a pleasant chat over old days in Charlestown, remembered him in parting in the usual Walter Scott way. After a trip through the shops showing the various industries and a visit to the electrocution building, showing the electric chair, he returned to the warden's office and in thanking Warden Shattuck for all he had been permitted to see, complimented him on the high plane on which he ran the institution and offered to provide a Victrola for the benefit of the prisoners when in the chapel.

EMPIRE DAY FESTIVAL

A great Empire Day Festival and Victory Celebration was held in Mechanics' Hall, May 24 (the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Queen Victoria). The entertainment was under the auspices of the Sons and Daughters of St. George, the American

The Midsummer Number of THE CALEDONIAN combines July and August, and is dated August. (Issued July 10).

British Federation, and affiliated societies, and consisted of a series of beautiful pageants, characteristic of America, England, Scotland, Canada, Wales and the allied countries of Europe. A special feature was a grand trooping of the colors by officers and soldiers representing the allied nations, assisted by the Uniformed Rank Sons of St. George, Highland Dress Association and Pipe and Drum Band, British Naval and Military Veterans' Association, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and others. H. W. B.

Clan MacDuff, New York

Clan MacDuff is to be congratulated upon the excellent program at its open meeting, Saturday evening, April 26th. Several members and friends, ladies and gentlemen, took part, and the members were all enthusiastically received by the large gathering. Miss C. Croal, the music teacher, and Miss Potter gave selections on the piano, and songs were rendered by Miss Bennett, Miss Harriman and Miss Potter, a duet by Miss Bennett and Mr. Thomas Bennett, a recitation by Thomas Graham, and selections for violin and piano by Fred A. Jack and Mrs. George Stewart. Dr. James Law gave a short address and Prof. MacCombie Murray, an Aberdonian, a lecture on voice culture. The program was arranged by Pianist Murdo Mackenzie, the noted piper.

Many of the clansmen attended the enjoyable social given by Lady MacDuff, May 15th. Two more members have returned from service overseas and were heartily welcomed by the clan. One of the members has offered a prize of five dollars to the clansman bringing in the most new members during the year.

John Mackenzie, an old member of the clan, died Wednesday, May 14th. The clan extends its hearty sympathy to the widow.

Several members of the clan attended the annual Scottish service of the Beck Memorial Church on May 4th. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Maitland Bartlett, who has been for over a year in France, spoke eloquently on Great Britain's part in the war and Sir Douglas Haig. Rev. D. MacDougall, of THE CALEDONIAN, assisted. The Beck Memorial Church is the leading Presbyterian Church of the Bronx. The beautiful building was a memorial gift of a Scottish family. Mr. MacDougall has preached to this congregation many times for the past twenty years.

THOMAS WATT, Secretary.

1026 Nelson Ave., Bronx.

San Francisco, Cal.

The Canadian Club of San Francisco is now fully installed in its beautiful new quarters. Following are the officers and Board of Directors for 1919: A. A. Wilson, president; Dr. G. H. Evans, vice-president; J. J. Turner, secretary-treasurer. Directors, F. A. Burden, E. H. Sinclair, W. S. McKnight, C. Shaw, Dr. Rajotte, H. H. MacDonald, F. H. Lynch, J. C. Galbraith.

New York Canadian Club

The Canadian Club of New York held its annual meeting for the election of officers, Tuesday evening, May 13th. Mr. Arthur Knowles was elected president; W. W. Colpitts, first vice-president; W. J. J. Vanstone, second vice-president; T. Chambers Reid, third vice-president; William Hogg, treasurer; Gordon P. Casper, secretary. John H. Fulton and E. G. Bogart were elected trustees, and George A. Powers, Dr. C. F. Jones, Frank L. Stratton, F. J. E. Fitzpatrick and Albert Oliver were chosen members of the executive committee.

Mr. Knowlson succeeds in presidency Mr. Thomas D. Neelands, who has been an untiring worker in behalf of the club for several years. Mr. Knowlson is Brooklyn manager of the New York Sun and has been identified with the "Rod and Gun" column of *The Sun* since its beginning. He introduced hockey as a popular sport in New York some twenty years ago and is an ardent camper and canoeist. He was active in the recent movement of the Canadian Club which led to the installation in its present quarters at the Hotel Belmont.

The Canadian Club is in prosperous condition. Its membership, which includes some of the leading statesmen and bankers and industrial leaders of Canada, exceeds 1,200 and is growing.

Rhode Island Letter

Mr. George MacKenzie, Past Chief of Clan Fraser, Pawtucket, was recently elected president of the Scottish Chiefs' Association of Rhode Island.

The annual church parade of the Fraser's of Pawtucket, from some unforeseen circumstances, did not turn out so well as last year. The preacher was Rev. Thomas Justice Stewart, who wore his plaid during the service.

On May 5, the citizens of Rhode Island welcomed home the troops of the State. A feature of the great parade was 460 British and Canadians who marched in the lines.

The Dramatic Society of Clan Fraser recently presented "The Slacker," scoring another success.

The newly formed British-Canadian Veterans' Association has secured rooms in the Cotterell Block, Pawtucket. Benjamin Critchley has been elected president and William Remington, secretary. Major Mathews of Providence, with nineteen years' service in Canada, is assisting to make the new association a success.

JOHN BALDWIN,

Representative.

16 Alice Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

The Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER LEE, Secretary of the Highlands and Islands of the United Free Church, Edinburgh, passed away after a lingering illness. The interment was at Naim, May 8th.

New York Caledonian Club

First Chieftain Alexander Caldwell presided at the quarterly meeting of the New York Caledonian Club held May 6. Great sorrow was expressed when it was announced that Chief Edwards who had gone to Philadelphia for a rest after his accident, had suffered a relapse and acting under his doctor's advice made a rush automobile trip to his home in Brooklyn, where he arrived seriously ill. An early recovery for their chief is the earnest wish of every club member. Four new members were elected, Walter McEwen, John McLuckie, William Vance and James D. Francis. Two propositions were received and referred to the Investigating Committee. The Sick and Visiting Committee reported that another old time and much respected member, Clansman Thomas Nicholson, had passed away. Clansman Nicholson joined the club at the July meeting in 1869, and for many years was active in club affairs. He was a successful skip of the St. Andrew's Curling Club, and served two terms as president of the Grand National Curling Club of America. At the competition for the Bell medal last September, which carries with it the Sod Quoting Championship, he was the winner. It was announced that Ex-Club Piper Angus M. Fraser had been laid up with influenza, but happily was sufficiently recovered to attend the meeting. The Excursion Committee reported that owing to uncertainties in the harbor situation, no boats could be hired, and on their recommendation the outing for 1919 was dropped.

PERSONAL

Chief William A. Riggs, of the Boston Caledonian Club, paid an unexpected visit to his brother Caledonians in New York on the evening of May 3. He received a warm welcome from his many friends at the club house that evening, and was taken in charge by Ex-Chiefs Foulis and Gray and Ex-Chieftain McNab, who did their best for a while to keep him from getting home sick.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Ladies of the New York Caledonians

Mrs. John Stark presided at the regular monthly meeting of the Ladies of the New York Caledonians held in the club parlor on Monday evening, May 12. The ladies were delighted to learn that the early indications of a handsome profit from the Victory dance at the Amsterdam Opera House on the evening of April 4 were being borne out by returns, but a final report could not be submitted until the next meeting. Saturday, July 19, was the date selected for the annual beach party. Krueger's Hotel, Rockaway, L. I., will be the scene of the outing. The ladies finished the evening with a tea party in the committee room and a review in detail of the very successful season just finished.

The annual children's party in Central Park, under the auspices of the Ladies of

the New York Caledonians, was held May 17. The turnout was large and the costumes varied, there being every indication of an enjoyable outing, but a thunder storm early in the afternoon put a stop to open air games. The march to the park was lead by Piper James Hoey. Miss Jessie McNab made a very pretty queen and was escorted by Master James Donaldson, Jr., the king for the day. Games were played and it was almost time to run off the races when the rain fell. As soon as possible all hands got back to the club, where ice cream was served, the prizes distributed by a method made necessary through the change in plans, and a general good time had by everybody. The president, Mrs. John Stark, and her committee of arrangements worked hard to make all happy. First Chieftain Alexander Caldwell was on the job all day assisting the ladies wherever he could.

Scottish Society of America

Colonel Walter Scott has just been informed that he has been elected by acclamation as president of the Scottish Society of America, Red Springs, N. C. He of necessity felt that in justice to the society and to the many societies to which he now belongs, and the many cares of his business, that he must decline (although reluctantly) this honor of the presidency of the society, which has had at its head such distinguished men as ex-Governor Locke of North Carolina, Honorable James A. MacDonald of Toronto, and Honorable A. W. MacLean, of the Treasury Department, Washington.

Mr. Walter Scott returned recently from his annual trip to the Moose River in Maine, where he has been fishing for salmon with a number of friends. He was greatly benefited by his rest, and states that while fishing conditions were not ideal this year owing to bad weather, etc., yet the sportsmen caught all that the law would allow.

Mr. Scott is very optimistic regarding business matters, and from reports of the people he met at various country stores he is more than satisfied that these small towns are beginning to get very busy.

Orange Lodges, New York

The Orange Lodges of Greater New York will celebrate the Allied victory with a great parade on July 12. The parade will start at 8th avenue, 110th street, and proceed to the Casino at 155th street, where a picnic will be held and representatives from other cities will take part in the celebration.

The local lodges are planning a reception in the fall for the many members who have served with distinction at the front.

SIR JOHN H. A. MACDONALD, Lord-Justice Clerk of Scotland, died May 9, in his 83rd year, at his late residence, Edinburgh. He was to have received the freedom of Edinburgh the day he died.

Chicago Notes

The annual election of the Canadian Club of Chicago was held at the new club quarters, at the northwest corner of Clark and Monroe streets, on Tuesday evening, May 6, at eight o'clock, when a large number of enthusiastic members were in attendance.

The following officers were elected by unanimous vote: President, William Robertson; first vice-president, William Patch; second vice-president, Alex. Hendry; secretary, D. H. Grant; treasurer, Wallace Reid; directors, John A. Boak, Thomas R. Johnstone, John McLachlan, Andrew McIlwrath.

The official opening of the new club quarters was held on Empire Day, May 24, and was a most enjoyable occasion.

A farewell dinner was tendered Mr. William Gourlay, General Agent of the American Railway Express Co., Chicago, May 6, upon his promotion to position as manager of the American Express Co., London, England. Mr. Gourlay was born in Chicago in 1872, the son of Scottish parents.

The annual meeting of the British-American Woman's Club was held on May 14. Mrs. William F. Dickson was made an honorary life member. The following officers were all re-elected: President, Mrs. Thomas M. Fournoy; vice-president, Mrs. W. K. Pattison; second vice-president, Mrs. George S. Dent; recording secretary, Mrs. John Martin; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Louis Hochschild; treasurer, Mrs. Sam Frier; board of directors, Mesdames John Taylor, George McMillan, William Jackson, S. J. Barclay, Mrs. T. T. Brewer, George S. Lothian.

A Chicago branch of the British and Canadian Patriotic Society, Washington, D. C., was recently formed, with the following executives: John P. Trant, British Vice-Consul, chairman; Lieutenant David H. Grant, Secretary Canadian Club, treasurer; Robert L. Elliott, Secretary Western Relief Fund, Secretary, 72 W. Adams street.

Celebration of Bicentenary

Christ Church, Bermuda, celebrated on Tuesday, April 23, the completion of two centuries of existence.

The Rev. Dr. A. B. Cameron, the entering pastor, made a very interesting address covering the history of Christ Church.

The church dated from 1719, and is the oldest Presbyterian Church in any British colony.

From a venerated pulpit, still reserved within its walls, Whitfield, the great evangelist, preached on eight successive Sabbaths during his visit to Bermuda in 1748.

Nineteen ministers have been on its roll of service during the two centuries, one serving for thirty, another for thirty-five, and a third for forty years.

The church building has been three times reconstructed, with this and a manse erected in 1861, and the Thorburn Hall in 1893, the congregation is well equipped for worship and for work.

The speaker said that three of the six original trustees had to do also with the building of Devonshire Parish Church. Of the nineteen ministers, three came from the United States, two from Nova Scotia, and the rest from Scotland. The period of service of three of them covered 105 years.

Besides a full attendance of the congregation, more than twenty clergymen of other denominations took part. Eloquent speeches were made in commemoration of the event. The Rev. Francis J. Patton, D. D., LL. D., made an extremely interesting address, "Retrospect and Prospect." He said that history showed no real reason for the splitting off of the various denominations from the original body. If the Church of England had been as liberal in 1662 as it is at present, the independents would not have gone out, and the Wesleyans need not have gone out.

The church of to-day has, to a large extent, learned the lesson of comprehension. He referred to the history of Christ Church and said that as he had gone from here in early youth, he was not so familiar with the conditions as are some who have been in the islands continuously.

Christ Church is still connected with the Presbytery of Edinburgh. Dr. Cameron, after a fruitful ministry of fifteen years, has returned to Scotland with his wife and daughter. The Rev. William Gilfillan, his successor, has arrived from Scotland. The St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, is connected with the Canadian denomination. Rev. Dr. Burrows, who is pastor emeritis, served it as minister for twenty-five years.

Baden-Powell Suggests a Great Meeting to be Held Next Year

Before leaving May 22 for Canada, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts organizations in Great Britain and originator of the idea, sent out a message to all the Boy Scout organizations in this country suggesting that the organizations in all countries of the world hold an international camp as soon as possible. His message said:

"Boys, I want you to be of the same mind with your brother Scouts in Great Britain. They want to be in touch with you by letter or otherwise, and I want you to do the same for them if you will.

"Next year we ought to hold a jamboree, a big meeting of Scouts from all parts of the world. Come to it if you can. We want to see you there. Good-bye. Good luck to you."

During his visit here General Baden-Powell emphasized several times his belief that international amity and the success of the League of Nations in the future could be aided greatly by dissemination of intimate knowledge of all nations through the Boy Scout organizations.

Unveiling of the Stone in Memory of William Cameron

The New York Scottish Highlanders, accompanied by Pipers Hoey and MacGreigh, and headed by Colonel Walter Scott, Major Rowe, and Captain MacLeod, also a few members of the New York Scottish who had returned from the other side wearing their service stripes, made their annual trip to Woodlawn on Memorial Sunday to decorate the graves of comrades.

The exercises consisted of reading of the Scriptures, prayer, "taps" by the trumpeters, and "Scots wa' hae" by the pipers. Flowers and the American Flag were placed on each grave.

After being entertained at luncheon by the Colonel at the Woodlawn Inn, they took the train for Kensington, where the same service took place over many graves. The last grave visited was that of the late Pipe Major William Cameron. Many of his relatives and friends were there awaiting the Highlanders. A service was also held here and at the dedication of the handsome monument erected in memory of William Cameron by his comrades, remarks were made by Colonel Scott, who dwelt on the fact that although William Cameron needed no monument of granite or bronze as his friends knew him to be a man in the fullest sense of the word and treasure his memory in their hearts, yet it is fitting that future generations should know by the monument erected that his comrades thought so much of him that they desired to mark his last resting as they have.

The day was beautiful, the trees were in full bud, and it was a picturesque scene as the New York Scottish, headed by their pipers, came down the hillside through the shrubbery, aeroplanes circling over head and the American Flag waving over so many graves, and one that will never be forgotten by those who participated in it.

Future of Mesopotamia

The most astonishing and revolutionary improvement made in any area of operations during the war has been effected by Great Britain in the Arab lands in Mesopotamia since the capture of Bagdad. To see at first hand the desolation and decadence that have come on Arab life, through the dead hand of the corrupt government of Turkey, is to begin to understand how the glow of the dawn now almost blinds the eyes of the Arab, as he sees that Turkish power shattered and swept away and a vista of liberty opening up before him.

The Arab, before the war, lived a life in which every element of progress was stifled and stunted by Turkish mismanagement. The Turk had developed an ingenious system of taxation by which a man became far poorer if he were industrious and enterprising than if he simply remained slothful. The method put a premium on laziness. The Arab was oppressed by corrupt officialdom. He

could never be sure of securing justice from the Turkish courts; his markets were insecure, and, on the whole, the system encouraged him to be a destructive bandit rather than a productive agriculturist and merchant.

To-day a new horizon of opportunity has opened for the Arab, and has opened for him through the simple, ordered methods of organization and of clearly administered justice which have almost automatically followed the British occupation of Mesopotamia.

The British administration, immediately after entering Bagdad, began a work of irrigation connected with the Hindieh barrage which Sir John Jackson's firm had built to the designs of Sir William Willcocks. Nearly a hundred canals on the Hileh branch of the Euphrates were dug out; over three hundred thousand acres of land were brought under cultivation, and the greatest harvest was reaped that has ever been seen in that area since the days of Nebuchadnezzar.

Some fourteen thousand Arabs were engaged in making the new canals and clearing old ones. The Arab cultivators found their property (which had been relatively unproductive for years) rich and very profitable. Instead of having to collect revenue by armed force, as the Turks had, the taxes were willingly paid, and in fact they came to be regarded as an investment.

Before the war in the East was over, sufficient corn had been grown not only to supply the whole population of Mesopotamia and the armies thereof, but also actually to send corn to Europe.—Basil Mathews in the *Landmark*.

Youth and Age in War Time

War and revolution are supposed to give their opportunity to youth. They did it in the last great series of world conflicts and upheavals, with the youth Napoleon (seven-and-twenty when he led his conquering legions across Lombardy and brought Austria to her knees), the young Murat, Ney, Lannes, Hoche (died at twenty-nine), Soult (Marshal at thirty-five), Wellesley (thirty-four at Assaye); Nelson, closing a life of victory at forty-seven; Pitt, dying after his twenty-two years' premiership at the same age. But in the last five years all the greater work seems to have been done by the older men. Youth has died in its millions with quenchless heroism and devotion, and some young officers have held important subordinate commands. We have heard of colonels of twenty-five and brigadier-generals under thirty nevertheless, it remains true that nearly all the names of which the historian will take note are those of men who have left their youth far behind them.

It is so in all the armies. There was scarcely a leader of eminence in the British, French, German, Italian, or Russian hosts who was under fifty. Foch, Petain, Mangin, Joffre, French, Haig, Jellicoe, Plumer,

Byng, Allenby, Hindenburg, Ludendorf, Mackensen, Alexeieff, Brusiloff, Russky, Cadorna, were beyond that age, in some cases a long way beyond it. So also in politics and administration. The direction has been with the veterans throughout, men of middle age or in their sixth or seventh decade, like Mr. Asquith, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Crewe, Lord Milner, Monsieur Pichon, Monsieur Clemenceau, Monsieur Viviani, Lord Rhonada, Bethmann-Hollweg, Czernin, Hertling.

In our British lists I can only recall three men under fifty who have played parts of first-rate importance, that is to say, Admiral Beatty, Sir Eric Geddes, and Mr. Winston Churchill (and Mr. Churchill is older than his father was when he died, or than Pitt at the Peace of Amiens). So it does not, therefore, seem to me that "les jeunes" have had a substantial share in moulding the new world.

Revolutionists, at any rate, are traditionally young. They ought to be, for, as a rule, it is only youth that has the spirits and the nerves for the heady and exciting game. But in our time even the extremists, whether of the active or merely argumentative variety, have passed their adolescent prime. Lenin, Trotsky, and most of the other Russian and Jewish Bolshevik leaders are middle aged.

Their forerunners of the French Revolution had died or fallen to the guillotine at an earlier period of life. Danton closed his stormy career at thirty-five, Mirabeau his at forty-two. Our own advanced Socialists and Labor politicians will, one hopes, all end peacefully in their beds at a good old age. They are not even now very young. Mr. Henderson, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Havelock Wilson, Mr. Ben Tillett, and Mr. Clynes are gentlemen of a respectable maturity.

Nor can I see that youth has planted its flaming banner high above the dropping flags of their elders even on the field of literature. The soldier-poets, of course, were young. But, after all, it is still the older men who have left their mark. Whose are the great war-books? Perhaps there have been no really great war-books. But, such as they are, the more notable among them come from well-tried hands, hands that have plied their trade this twenty or thirty years or more, like those of Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, Peguy, Cammaerts, Maurice Barres, Wells, Kipling, Locke, Arnold Bennett, with a small sprinkling from those of newer craftsmen such as Mr. Masefield, Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. Stephen McKenna, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie.

It does not seem that youth, for one reason or another, has felt, or at least has responded

to, the stir and thrill of these years of strife as it did during the lesser cataclysmic era of the last century, when we had the young Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats. But perhaps the full literary efflorescence is to be not so much the harvest as the aftermath of war.

SIR SIDNEY LOW, in the new *Fortnightly*.

The Laborer's Task is O'er

This hymn was a favorite with Queen Victoria. She frequently had it read at the grave of her loved ones. It was first published in 1871:

Now, the laborer's task is o'er,

Now the battle day is past.

Now, upon the farther shore,

Lands the voyager at last.

Father, in thy gracious keeping,

Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried,

There the hidden things are clear;

There the work of life is tried

By a juster Judge than here.

There the sinful souls that turn

To the cross their dying eyes,

All the love of Christ shall learn

At his feet in paradise.

There no more the powers of hell

Can prevail to mar their peace;

Christ the Lord shall guard them well,

He who died for their release.

Earth to earth and dust to dust,

Calmly now the words we say,

Left behind we wait in trust

For the resurrection day.

Father, in thy gracious keeping,

Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

Miss Elizabeth S. Irvine, Public School 27, Manhattan, one of the most popular teachers of the New York schools, now stands ninth in the New York *Evening Telegram's* voting contest for the fifteen teachers from the Metropolitan District who will be sent free by that paper to visit the battle fields of Europe. Miss Irvine is an enthusiastic worker in Scottish circles and the New York societies are working hard to put her among the first in the contest.

A Princess of Thule

(Continued from page 119)

But these flattering little speculations were doomed to receive a sudden check. The juvenile M. P. began to remark that a shade occasionally crossed the face of his fair companion; and that she sometimes looked a little anxiously across the table, where Mr. Lavender and Mrs. Lorraine were seated, half hidden from view by a heap of silver and flowers in the middle of the board. She began to like that fair, clear-eyed young woman less. Perhaps her husband meant nothing by the fashion in which he talked

Notice

A Gaelic service will be held in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, 96th street and Central Park West, New York, on Sunday, June 8, at four p. m.

of marriage, and the condition of a married man; but she would rather have not heard him talk so. Moreover, she was aware that, in the gentlest possible fashion, Mrs. Lorraine was making fun of her companion, and exposing him to small and graceful shafts of ridicule; while he seemed, on the whole, to enjoy these attacks.

The ingenuous self-love of Lord Arthur Wemyss, M. P., was severely wounded by the notion that, after all, he had been made a cat's paw of by a jealous wife. Was she paying court to him merely to annoy her husband? Had her enthusiasm about the shooting of red deer been prompted by a wish to attract a certain pair of eyes at the other side of the table? Lord Arthur began to sneer at himself for having been duped. He ought to have known. Women were as much women in a Hebridean island as in Bayswater. He began to treat Sheila with a little more coolness; while she became more and more preoccupied with the couple across the table, and sometimes was innocently rude in answering his questions at random.

When the ladies were going into the drawing-room, Mrs. Lorraine put her hand within Sheila's arm, and led her to the entrance of the conservatory.

"I hope we shall be friends," she said.

"I hope so," said Sheila, not very warmly.

"Until you get better acquainted with your husband's friends, you will feel rather lonely at being left as at present, I suppose."

"A little," said Sheila.

"It is a silly thing, altogether. If men smoked after dinner, I could understand it. But they merely sit, looking at wine they don't drink, talking a few commonplace, and yawning."

"Why do they do it, then?" said Sheila.

"They don't do it everywhere. But here we keep to the manners and customs of the ancients."

"What do you know about the manners of the ancients?" said Mrs. Kavanagh, tapping her daughter's shoulder, as she passed with a sheet of music.

"I have studied them frequently, mamma," said the daughter with composure—"in the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens."

The mamma smiled and passed on to place the music on the piano. A tall girl, with her back-hair tied in a knot, and her costume copied from a well-known pre-Raphaelite drawing, sat down to the piano, and sang a mystic song of the present day.

"Do you ever go down to your husband's studio?" said Mrs. Lorraine.

Sheila glanced towards the lady at the piano.

"Oh, you may talk," said Mrs. Lorraine, with the least expression of contempt in the gray eyes. "She is singing to gratify herself, not us."

"Yes, I sometimes go down," said Sheila, in as low a voice as she could manage without falling into a whisper; "and it is such a dismal place. It is very hard on him to have to work in a big bare room like that,

with the windows half-blinded. But sometimes I think Frank would rather have me out of the way."

"And what would he do if both of us were to pay him a visit?" said Mrs. Lorraine. "I should like to see the studio. Won't you call for me some day and take me with you?"

Take her with her, indeed! Sheila began to wonder that she did not propose to go alone. Fortunately, there was no need to answer the question; for at this moment the song came to an end, and there was a general movement and murmur of gratitude.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Lorraine, to the lady who had sung. "Thank you very much. I knew some one would instantly ask you to sing that song—it is the most charming of all your songs, I think, and how well it suits your voice, too!"

Then she turned to Sheila again.

"How did you like Lord Arthur Wemyss?"

"I think he is a very good young man."

"Young men are never good; but they may be amiable," said Mrs. Lorraine, not perceiving that Sheila had blundered on a wrong adjective, and that she had really meant that she thought him honest and pleasant.

"You did not speak at all, I think, to your neighbor on the right; that was wise of you. He is a most insufferable person, but mamma bears with him for the sake of his daughter, who sang just now. Don't you take coffee? Tea, then. I have met your aunt—I mean Mr. Lavender's aunt—such a dear old lady she is!"

"I don't like her," said Sheila.

"Oh, don't you, really?"

"Not at present; but I shall try to like her."

"Well," said Mrs. Lorraine, calmly, "you know she has her peculiarities. I wish she wouldn't talk so much about Marcus Antoninus and doses of medicine."

They sat down together, and Mrs. Lorraine evidently expected to be petted and made much of by her new companion. She gave herself pretty little airs and graces, and said no more cutting things about anybody. And Sheila somehow found herself being drawn to the girl, so that she could scarcely help taking her hand, and saying how sorry she was to see her so pale, and fine, and delicate.

"We were at the Academy all the morning, and mamma is not a bit tired. Why has not Mr. Lavender anything in the Academy? Oh, I forgot," she added, with a smile; "of course he has been very much engaged. But now; I suppose, he will settle down to work."

Then the men came in from the dining-room. Lavender looked round to see where Sheila was—perhaps with a trifle of disappointment that she was not the most prominent figure there. Sheila was seated near a small table, and Mrs. Lorraine was showing her something. She was just like anybody else. The only thing that distinguished her from the women around her was her freshness of color and the unusual combination of black eyelashes and dark-blue eyes. Lavender had arranged that Sheila's first appear-

ance in public should be at a very quiet little dinner party; but even here she failed to create any profound impression.

He went over to where Mrs. Lorraine was, and sat down beside her. Sheila, remembering his injunctions, felt bound to leave him there; and as she rose to speak to Mrs. Kavanagh, who was standing by, that lady came and begged her to sing a Highland song. By this time, Lavender had succeeded in interesting his companion about something or other; and neither of them noticed that Sheila had gone to the piano, attended by the young politician who had taken her in to dinner. Nor did they interrupt their talk merely because some one played a few bars of prelude. But what was this that suddenly startled Lavender to the heart, causing him to look up with surprise? He had not heard the air since he was in Borva; and when Sheila sang

"Hark! hark, the horn
On mountain breezes borne!
Awake, it is morn;
Awake, Monaltrie!"

all sorts of reminiscences came rushing in upon him.

When Sheila had finished singing, he looked at her, and it seemed to him that she was still that wonderful Princess whom he had wooed on the shores of the Atlantic. And if those people did not see her as he saw her, ought he to be disappointed because of their blindness?

But if they saw nothing mystic or wonderful about Sheila, they at all events were considerably surprised by the strange sort of music she sang. It was not of a sort commonly heard in a London drawing-room. The pathos of its minor chords, its abrupt intervals, startling and wild in their effect, and the slowly-subsiding wail in which it closed, did not much resemble the ordinary drawing-room "piece." Here, at least, Sheila had produced an impression; and presently there was a heap of people round the piano, expressing their admiration, asking questions, and begging her to continue. But she rose. She would rather not sing just then. Whereupon Lavender came over to her, and said.—

"Sheila, won't you sing that wild one about the farewell—that has the sound of the pipes in it, you know?"

"Oh, yes," she said, directly.

Lavender went back to his companion.

"She is very obedient to you," said Mrs. Lorraine, with a smile.

"She is a very good girl," he said.

"Oh! soft be thy slumbers, by Tigh-na-linne's waters:

Thy late-wake was sung by Macdiarmid's fair daughters;

But far in Lochaber the true heart was weeping

Whose hopes are entombed in the grave where thou'rt sleeping";

—so Sheila sang; and it seemed to the people that this ballad was even more strange than its predecessor. When the song was over,

Sheila seemed rather anxious to get out of the crowd, and indeed walked away into the conservatory to have a look at the flowers.

Yes, Lavender had to confess to himself, Sheila was just like anybody else in this drawing-room. His Sea Princess had produced no startling impression. He forgot that he had just been teaching her the necessity of observing the ways and customs of the people around her, so that she might avoid singularity.

On one point, at least, she was resolved she would attend to his counsels—she would not make him ridiculous by any show of affection before the eyes of strangers. She did not go near him the whole evening. She remained for the most part in that half conservatory, half anteroom at the end of the drawing-room; and when any one talked to her she answered, and when she was left alone she turned to the flowers. All this time, however, she could observe that Lavender and Mrs. Lorraine were very much engrossed in their conversation; that she seemed very much amused, and he at times a trifle embarrassed; and that both of them had apparently forgotten her existence. Mrs. Kavanagh was continually coming to Sheila, and trying to coax her back into the larger room; but in vain. She would rather not sing any more that night. She liked to look at flowers.

"Well, Sheila, how did you enjoy yourself?" said her husband, as they were driving home.

"I wish Mr. Ingram had been there," said Sheila.

"Ingram! he would not have stopped in the place five minutes, unless he could play the part of Diogenes, and say rude things to everybody all round. Were you at all dull?"

"A little."

"Didn't somebody look after you?"

"Oh yes, many persons were very kind. But—but—"

"Well?"

"Nobody seemed to be better off than myself. They all seemed to be wanting something to do; and I am sure they were all very glad to come away."

"No, no, no, Sheila. That is only your fancy. You were not much interested, that is evident; but you will get on better when you know more of the people. You were a stranger—that is what disappointed you; but you will not always be a stranger."

Sheila did not answer. Perhaps she contemplated with no great hope or longing the possibility of her coming to like such a method of getting through an evening. At all events, she looked forward with no great pleasure to the chance of her having to become friends with Mrs. Lorraine. All the way home, Sheila was examining her own heart to try to discover why such bitter feelings should be there. Surely that American girl was honest: there was honesty in her gray eyes. She had been most kind to Sheila herself. Sheila fought with herself, and resolved that she would cast forth from her heart those harsh fancies and indignant feelings that seemed to have established them-

selves there. She would *not* hate Mrs. Lorraine.

As for Lavender, what was he thinking of, now that he and his young wife were driving home from their first experiment in society? Every one who had spoken to him had conveyed to him, as freely as good manners would permit, their congratulations, and their praises of his wife. But the impressive scenes he had been forecasting were out of the question. There was a little curiosity about her, on the part of those who knew her story; and that was all. Sheila bore herself very well. She made no blunders. She had a good presence; she sang well; and every one could see that she was handsome, gentle, and honest. Surely, he argued with himself, that ought to content the most exacting. But, in spite of all argument, he was not quite satisfied. He did not regret that he had sacrificed his liberty in a freak of romance, but he had hoped that the dramatic circumstances of the case would be duly recognized by his friends, and that Sheila would be an object of interest, and wonder, and talk in a whole series of social circles. The result of his adventure, he now saw, was different. There was only one married man the more in London: and London was not disposed to pay any particular heed to the circumstance.

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The NEW YORK AUGUST, 1919 Caledonian

(AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE, FOUNDED 1901)

THE ALLIES MAGAZINE

MIDSUMMER NUMBER

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THE book is of the greatest value to the friends, relatives and descendants of those appearing in it, and to patriotic Scots everywhere, as a means of tracing their lineage to the individuals of this great American-Scottish family of merit and worth. Special attention has been given in the biographies to FAMILY HISTORY and GENEALOGY. The book is not for the present alone, but will increase in value as years go by, as the only reliable source of this historical and genealogical information.

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"In the articles telling of the achievements of men of Scotch descent in various phases of the nation's history the roster is imposing. The book forms an invaluable contribution to the history of the United States and Canada and of religion within these nations. Among the contributors to the volume are John F. Wallace, John H. Finley, William Douglas Mackenzie, A. Barton Hepburn and Sir Alexander Grant."—*The Continent*, Chicago.

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THE CALEDONIAN

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FOUNDED 1901. OBJECT.—To Disseminate the Truth, Raise the Literary Standard in the Home, and Inspire "Young America" with True Scottish Patriotism.

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NO. IV

NOTICE

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE CALEDONIAN IS \$1.50 A YEAR, if paid in advance, with postage prepaid in the United States and Canada. For all other countries in the Postal Union, add 25 cents for postage. Single copies, 15 cents. Receipt of subscription is indicated on the wrapper. No other receipt sent except by request.

REMITTANCES should be sent by draft on New York Express Order, or Money Order. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter. (Checks not payable at New York Banks require 10 cents exchange.) Sold by Newsdealers in United States and Canada.

In accordance with the wishes of our patrons, the paper is discontinued only upon the written request of the subscriber. Arrearages must be settled in full at same time.

Entered as second-class matter June 7, 1907, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

What Readers Say About The Caledonian

I again assure you that I enjoy THE CALEDONIAN very much; and after there is a little let up on donations to the Red Cross, etc., I am to send for a book you publish (*Scots in America*).

Sincerely yours,

F. R.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Herewith find check. I enjoy THE CALEDONIAN very much, as I still have a warm feeling for "auld Scotland," my "Mitherland." She has made a great sacrifice in this diabolical war with the same spirit as of yore. God bless her.

Respectfully,

G. S. M.

Leslie, Mich.

Please find P. O. order for THE CALEDONIAN you send to my brother in Peterhead, Scotland. He enjoys reading it very much; and if it failed to come, he would be very much disappointed.

Yours very truly,

J. R.

Bridgeport, Conn.

Allow me to thank you for sending the six extra copies of THE CALEDONIAN. Now, if you can send me another package of one dozen copies, as I have so many nephews in the trenches in France, also relatives in Dundee, Scotland, who were with me the time my nephew, William Fairweather, left

Dundee with the flag, that they will be more than pleased to get a copy of THE CALEDONIAN.

(Mrs.) W. F.

West Hoboken, N. J.

THE CALEDONIAN seems better and better as each number comes. Every article is interesting. It is full of "meat." There is fine variety in it. The style and setting is good. I regard it the best of its kind on the market.

I am sincerely yours,

J. McM.

Philadelphia, Pa.

It gives me much pleasure in sending you my subscription for THE CALEDONIAN for another year. The magazine certainly improves with age. Among the many interesting articles contained in several of your last issues those on "Men Worth Remembering" touched me deeply. Chambers and Irving were before my day. Norman McLeod and Thomas Guthrie I can never forget. Something like the old thrill came over me as I read your sketches of the two men. "A wee sigh stirred by bosom and a sma tear blind my ee." I have heard no such preachers since, and now I do not expect to hear their like again. Your covenanting worthies brought back to me the lang fore nichts wi' grannie at her shank telling us stories of Claverhouse, Sandy Peden and John Brown the Carrier, etc.

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now in preparation, promises to be as interesting as Volume I. This volume will be the same in size, quality of paper, binding, etc., as the first, and will contain biographies, with portraits, of more than 200 representative living men of Scottish birth and descent, and also additional Historical Parts (similar to those in Volume I), containing about 300 short biographical sketches, and many portraits of men who have taken part in building the American Nation. The first volume has already taken its place in libraries and with editors, etc., here and abroad, as the standard work of reference on Scots and their descendants in America. A large number of individuals have also bought the book direct and from booksellers.

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THE CALEDONIAN

(An American Magazine, Founded 1901)

THE ALLIES' MAGAZINE

THE CALEDONIAN, now in its nineteenth year, has its subscribers not only in America, Canada, Newfoundland and Great Britain, but in South Africa, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and India; in fact, among all English-speaking people.

To enlarge the scope of the magazine, we are arranging with representative men in these countries to contribute regularly to THE CALEDONIAN—this department to be called *The Allies' Magazine*. These contributions will in no way change or take the place of the regular features of THE CALEDONIAN, but will furnish additional matter of deep interest to our subscribers, and authentic information of what these countries are doing.

Subscription price \$1.50 a year, in advance. Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express Order, or Post Office Order. (Checks from outside New York require 10 cents additional for collection charges).

Current Events

Domestic

Inquiry has been made through the British military attache in Washington regarding the disposition of the drums of the North British Fusiliers, now the Royal Scots Fusiliers, which were captured by the Americans in 1777 at the surrender of General Burgoyne's forces after the battle of Saratoga.

Mr. J. P. Morgan has presented to the British nation the collection of stained glass made by his father and at present in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The society of Black Hills Pioneers honored the memory of the late Theodore Roosevelt, July 4, by naming for him one of the highest peaks of the Black Hills. A notable delegation was present, including Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and William Boyce Thompson of the Roosevelt Memorial Association; Captain Seth Bullock and General Leonard Wood. The Governor of South Dakota presided at the ceremonies, and many officials and citizens of neighboring States were in the gathering.

The Woman Suffrage amendment to the Constitution passed the Senate, June 4, by a vote of 56 to 25, having previously passed the House of Representatives (304 to 89), and now goes to the States for ratification.

The Midsummer Number of THE CALEDONIAN combines July and August and is dated August.

* Silas Partridge Knight, inventor of the electrotype process, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 13, in his ninety-ninth year. He was born in St. John's Newfoundland, and removed to New York in 1852.

The increased use of English in the schools of the Philippines has been very marked. In many provinces English has already replaced Spanish as the social language.

General Pershing visited London, June 24, and on June 25 received the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws from Oxford University. Herbert C. Hoover was honored at the same time by a degree from Oxford.

British and Canadian Societies of New York city celebrated Canadian Week, beginning with Dominion Day, July 1. One of the features was the showing of picture films of the Battle of Vimy Ridge, in which Canadian troops played the vital role.

The United States postal censorship was officially discontinued at the close of business June 21.

Herbert C. Hoover, head of the allied relief organizations, estimates that Europe, outside of Russia, will need to import 700,000,000 bushels of wheat and rye as a minimum requirement with a possible maximum of 850,000,000 bushels.

American troops crossed the Mexican border at El Paso, June 15-16, to drive off followers of the notorious bandit Villa, who were attacking Juarez, across the river, and firing indiscriminately into the city of El Paso.

Dr. Epitacio Pessoa, President-Elect of Brazil, who was in Paris at the time of his election, arrived in New York, June 20, and visited Washington, Ottawa, New York, and other cities as the guest of the American and Canadian Governments before sailing for home on the Brazilian battleship *Sao Paulo*, July 3.

Mrs. Caroline A. Keith Greer, widow of Bishop Greer, died in New York, June 17, surviving her distinguished husband by less than a month. She was in her seventy-fourth year. Bishop Greer died May 19; and if both had lived until June 29, they would have celebrated their golden wedding.

A total of 8,041 Harvard men served in the army or navy of the United States in the war and an additional 2,646 were enrolled in auxiliary service. The roll of honor shows 338 dead, 366 wounded, and 16 prisoners: 5,307, or 66% received commissions and 418 were honored with decorations.

Simultaneous bomb attacks by radical agitators in New York, Washington, Boston and other cities upon the homes of prominent men, on the night of June 2, caused considerable property damage. One of the bombers was killed in placing the bomb which wrecked Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer's residence, in Washington, and a private watchman at the residence of Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr., in New York. The result has been a renewed effort toward rounding up the radical elements throughout the country.

De Valera, the leader of the Sinn Fein, arrived recently in New York. A current publication cites that the chief trouble with Ireland is that with an area of only 32,586 square miles and a Catholic population of 3,000,000, it has a Catholic Hierarchy of four Archbishops, 1,087 parishes and 3,688 priests. It has 543 convents and many monasteries. It has more mitred prelates than Germany (before the war) with 21,000,000 Catholics. Belgium, with a larger population, has but one Archbishop and five Bishops. In Ireland (outside of Ulster), says a Catholic writer, the priests and prelates are "the despotic managers of all the primary schools, and can exact what homage they please from the poor teachers, whom they dominate and keep eternally under their thumb."

The Rev. Dr. John Kelman, pastor of St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh, Scotland, has finally agreed to accept the call to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, as successor to Rev. John Henry Jowett. Dr. Kelman was approached on his recent visit to America, when he preached in the Fifth Avenue Church on Easter Sunday, but felt at the time that he could not accept. The formal call was extended at a congregational meeting, July 16, and Dr. Kelman is expected to take up his work in the autumn.

Canadian

Plans have been made for exploitation on a large scale of the oil fields of northern Alberta and the Northwest Territory. Helium gas, the lightest known gas after hydrogen, and more suitable than the latter for filling airship envelopes, as it is non-inflammable and non-explosive, has also been discovered in large quantities in the natural gases of Canada.

Senator Peter McLaren, a member of the old Parliament of Canada, appointed to the Senate by Sir John A. Macdonald in 1890, died recently at Perth, Ontario, at the age of 88.

The Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries has announced plans for an extensive advertising and publicity campaign to popularize the use of fish as food.

Designs have been completed for a beautiful Victory Bridge at Niagara Falls that will be an international memorial of the World War. They are the work of T. Kennard Thomson, New York, architect and engineer, and ex-president of the New York Canadian Club.

The Canadian War Memorials, a collection of paintings by noted artists embracing every sphere of Canadian war preparation and activity, has been brought from Great Britain to New York, where it is attracting wide attention.

The Canadian Government has allowed credits of \$100,000,000 to various European countries for commodities needed in reconstruction, one-fifth to apply to raw materials, one-fifth to foodstuffs and three-fifths to manufactured goods.

The maple sirup and maple sugar output of Canada for this year dropped 3,000,000 lbs. below the average. The shortage will fall heaviest upon the United States, which imports a considerable proportion of the Canadian crop.

Hon. A. T. Crerar, Minister of Agriculture, has resigned on account of opposition to the budget recently presented in the Dominion Parliament.

An allowance of \$4,000 a year has been voted to Sir William Peterson, retiring principal of McGill University, by the Carnegie Foundation.

Lieutenant Stuart Graham and his wife, in a Curtis seaplane, recently flew from Halifax to St. John, N. B., and thence to Three Rivers, Que., the first long distance aeroplane flight in Canada.

To Lord Bryce's compliments to Lord Reading at a recent dinner in London, upon the success of the latter's special diplomatic mission to Washington, Lord Reading replied, that he had no previous experience as a diplomat, but that he had prepared himself by a careful study of Lord Bryce's works on the Government of the United States.

British

Citizens of Edinburgh and Leith have contributed \$75,000 to endow a chair of accounting and business methods in Edinburgh University.

The recent prominence of Winnipeg recalled that Mr. Balfour, the British Foreign Secretary, is a large property holder in that city. He also owns an estate in New Zealand. Another former Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, has large investments in Sydney, Australia.

The coal output of Scotland last year was 36,121,424 tons, a decrease of 2,355,526 tons, compared with 1917. The number of persons employed in coal mining was 124,477; in 1917, 130,027.

Few realize that the annual raspberry crop of Scotland exceeds 3,300 tons: Blairgowrie and Alyth districts about 2,000 tons, the Auchterarder district, 600 to 700 tons, and the balance from other parts of the country. The fruit is used largely for preserving. Before the war, prices to growers ranged from \$73 to \$107 a ton; but the average price this year is \$292 a ton, and in some transactions at the rate of \$330 a ton.

The Anglo-Persian Oil Company is building an extensive oil refinery at Skewen, near Swansea, Wales. The crude petroleum will be brought from Persia in tank steamers. Some 1,500 men are now at work upon the plant and will eventually cover 1,000 acres and employ 3,000 to 4,000 people, and cost \$25,000,000; and will be the largest in Great Britain. A model housing plan, and other social and educational features, are to be embodied in the works.

Chairs of aeronautics have been established at the Universities of Cambridge and London, and aeronautics will be one of the optional subjects for the engineering degree.

Dunottar Castle and estate, on the Kincardineshire coast, famous in Scottish history has been bought recently by Viscount Cowdray.

Mr. George Carson, who with two others was in the foundation of the Glasgow Trades Council fifty-six years ago, was presented recently with a purse of £500 at the Scottish Trade Unions Congress in recognition of his long services to the cause of Labor.

Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty and Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig were decorated by King George with the Order of Merit at Buckingham Palace, June 12. Afterward they drove through crowded streets to the Guildhall, where they received the Freedom of the City and were presented with jewelled swords.

On the same day, the lonely graves of the American soldiers lost on the *Tuscania*, at Kilnoughton and the Mull of Oa, on the Island of Islay, were visited by school children bearing flowers, who headed a procession of prominent citizens; and religious services were held in commemoration of the day.

It is hoped that the mines laid in the North Sea during the war will be cleared up by November. More than 400 British mine-sweepers, with 600 officers and 14,000 men are engaged in the work.

President Wilson, who has ancestral connection with Paisley, has accepted the invitation to become an honorary vice-president of the London Renfrewshire Association.

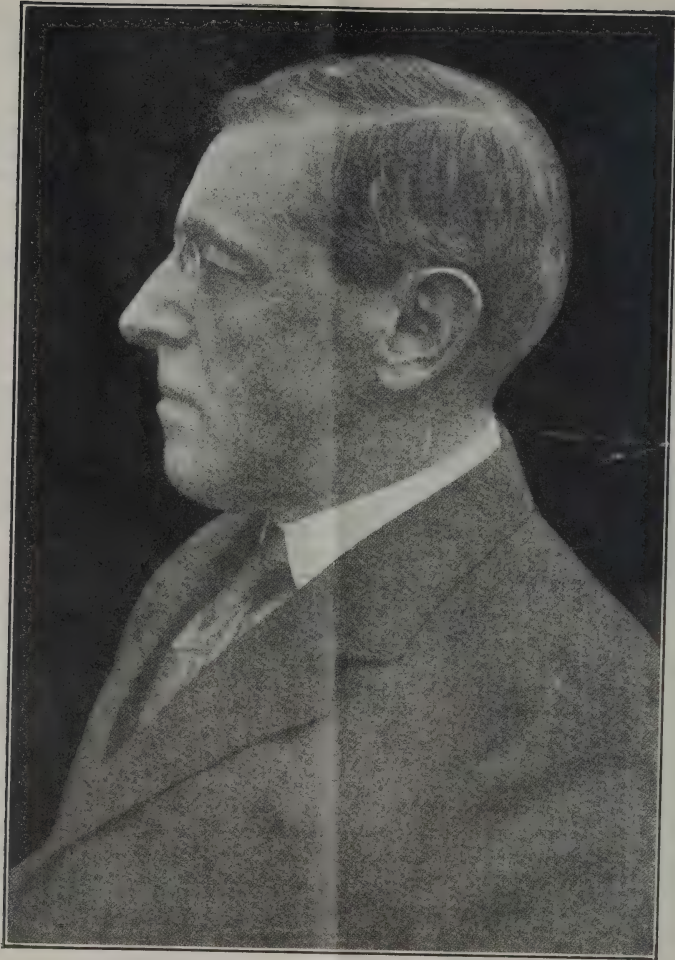
Oil has been reached by drilling for the first time in Great Britain, at Chesterfield, in Derbyshire. The oil is of high quality and in substantial quantity. The oil-bearing sands were reached at a depth of about 3,000 feet.

The island of Cape Breton is a striking instance of the vitality of the Gaelic tongue. In the city of Sydney there are thirteen city Councilors, and of these only three cannot speak the Gaelic language fluently.

The *Morning Post* recently recalled an interesting old usage in connection with the destruction by fire of an ancient building in Edinburgh, in the precincts of Holyrood, once known as the "Old Yew Tree Tavern." Once upon a time (until 1880, indeed) the area bounded by the Holyrood Park and the foot of the Canongate was used as a sanctuary for debtors. These individuals were allowed twenty-four hours in which to find lodgings and obtain the regular protection of the Bailie in the prescribed area. There is a story told of one fugitive who, flying from the "Officers of the Law," fell across the boundary line—"head and shoulders in the sanctuary and the remainder of his body in the Canongate." He was seized by his ruthless pursuer and brought before the Court, and it is said that the judge, "considering that the nobler parts of the debtor's person were in sanctuary," decided that "his lower extremities ought in equity, to participate in the privilege."

Mr. James Henderson, representative of THE CALEDONIAN in Boston, has recently returned from a pleasant winter spent in Florida. When passing through New York we were glad to find him looking so well, hale and hearty. The readers of THE CALEDONIAN will be pleased to know that he has resumed his work with the publication.

He writes that while in New York he was introduced to Mr. James Kennedy by Mr. Robert C. Auld of the *Brooklyn Citizen* and spent an enjoyable hour with the poet. He says: "Having read and enjoyed many of Mr. Kennedy's poems published in THE CALEDONIAN, and in publications, it was not only an honor, but an inspiration to meet with him and bask in the sunshine of his delightful personality, the memory of which will remain with me as a most cherished personal treasure. Mr. Kennedy presented me with an autograph copy of his published book of poems, which is much valued and which occupies an eminent position amongst my other poetical treasures."



PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

The Peace Treaty Signed

Germany and the allied and associated powers signed the peace terms at Versailles, June 28, 1919, in the same imperial hall where the Germans humbled the French so ignominiously forty-eight years ago (1870). This formally ended the world war, which lasted just thirty-seven days less than five years.

Premier Clemenceau, as President of the Conference, called the session to order in the Hall of Mirrors at 3:10 p. m. He said:

"The session is open. The allied and associated powers on one side and the German reich on the other side have come to an agreement on the condition of peace. The text has been completed, drafted, and the President of the Conference has stated in

writing that the text that is about to be signed now is identical with the 200 copies that have been delivered to the German delegation.

"The signatures will be given now and they amount to a solemn undertaking faithfully and loyally to execute the conditions embodied by this treaty of peace. I now invite the delegates of the German reich to sign the treaty."

The signing began when Dr. Herman Muller and Johannes Bell, the German signatories, wrote their names at 3:13 o'clock. President Wilson, the first of the allied delegates, signed a minute later, followed by the American Envoys; next Lloyd George and the representatives of the British Dominions;

then Clemenceau and the French delegates; then came Baron Saionji and the other Japanese delegates. The Italians came after the Japanese, and they, in turn, were followed by the representatives of the smaller powers. The session closed at 3:49 o'clock.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, when Premier Clemenceau, President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George descended to the terrace at the rear of the palace, they received a remarkable ovation from the great crowds assembled there.

President Wilson, before sailing from France, dispatched a message to the American people, announcing the signing of the treaty, and saying that it will "furnish the charter for a new order of affairs in the world."

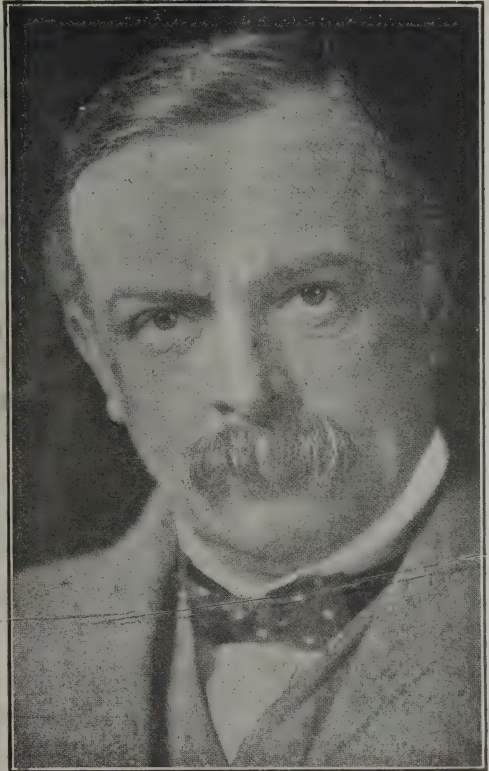
King George later sent the following message to President Wilson:

"In this glorious hour when the long struggle of nations for right, justice and freedom is at last crowned by a triumphant peace, I greet you, Mr. President, and the great American people in the name of the British nation.

"At a time when fortune seemed to frown, and the issues of the war trembled in the balance, the American people stretched out the hand of fellowship to those, who on this side of the ocean were battling for a righteous cause. Light and hope at once shone brighter in our hearts, and a new day dawned.

"Together we have fought to a happy end; together we lay down our arms in proud consciousness of valiant deeds nobly done.

"Mr. President, it is on this day one of our happiest thoughts that the American and British people, brothers in arms, will continue forever to be brothers in peace. United before by language, traditions, kinship, and



RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

ideals, there has been set upon our fellowship the sacred seal of common sacrifice.

"GEORGE R. I."

Lloyd George received a tremendous ovation upon his return to London, June 29.

United Free Church Professor

The U. F. Moderator has been unanimously elected to the Chair of Theology in Glasgow College. He bears a name—Macgregor—long famous in Edinburgh pulpits, and although born in Glasgow in 1861, his father, the late Rev. Duncan Macgregor, was a well known Free Church Highland minister at one time in Stornoway. Dr. W. M. Macgregor himself is greatly interested in Highland affairs, and was for a number of years Convener of the Highland Committee. For other professorships in Glasgow College, Rev. Dr. A. B. Macaulay, Stirling, and Rev. H. Watt, Bearsden, have been chosen.

The Union of the Churches

The debates in the General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church on Tuesday resulted in overwhelming majorities for the deliverances proposed by the two committees in favor of Union.

In the event of the majority of the presby-

teries signifying their approval of the articles, the Commission will be empowered to authorize the committee to approach the government in regard to legislation necessary with a view to union.

In the Free Church the Rev. Donald Munro, Ferintosh, the retiring Moderator, introduced his successor, the Rev. Donald Maclean, late of St. Columba's, Edinburgh, and now Secretary of the Highland Committee.

The Celtic element is well represented in our assemblies, and the deeds of the Highland soldiers have placed the Gaelic-speaking portion of our country in a higher position than ever it held before. The Moderator referred with pride to the glorious 51st Division. No less than 4,000 men from Lewis served in the naval forces of the King, and Lewis is the stronghold of the Free Church.

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The General Assemblies

CHURCH UNION

May 27th was a memorable day in the history of the Scottish Churches. By huge majorities the Assemblies of both the Established and United Free Churches adopted the reports and draft articles of the respective Committees on Union. In the Established Church Assembly the dissentients numbered apparently about a dozen and when the Moderator declared the deliverance carried members sprang to their feet and waved their hats and cheered. It was not a final decision that was taken, it was approval of Union in broad outline. Upon disputed points the scheme and its wording will go down to presbyteries for suggestions for improvement. These will be considered by the Assembly Commission in November, and if the presbyteries replies are generally agreeable the Union Committee will draft the necessary measure for Parliamentary sanction. But before Parliament is approached next year's Assembly must approve the proposed measure.

Henderson presented the report of the Principal Church. Dr. Wallace Williamson of the Church of Scotland, submitted the report of his Committee for Union with the United Free Church. His Grace the Lord High Commissioner the Duke of Athol, was in the chair. On his left sat the Archbishop of Canterbury.

On his appearing on the floor of the house from the Throne Gallery, at the invitation of the Moderator, the Archbishop received the most cordial of welcomes, not only as representing the Church of England, but, as Dr. Wallace Williamson said, as an eminent Scotsman. The distinguished head of the Anglican Church mentioned that he had hereditary associations of more than a generation with the General Assembly, and in this connection Professor Paterson, the Moderator, stated that that Assembly Hall was also the Tolbooth Church, and that the Rev. Thomas Randall, the Archbishop's maternal grandfather, was for a period of 42 years minister of Tolbooth parish and congregation. Dr. Paterson quoted a saying of this grandfather—"I'm ill to yoke, but waur to lowse." The Archbishop described the episode of his standing there as unique in their history. Archbishop Temple visited the Assembly Hall in 1898, but his visit on that occasion, said Dr. Davidson, was "of a special and limited character, and, save on that occasion, no Archbishop of Canterbury has ever before stood in this place."

The Archbishop spoke to both Assemblies on the League of Nations.

One of the most effective speeches of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was made by Field Marshal Haig, who received a great ovation. He spoke of the work of the chaplains at the front. He said: "Hundreds of ministers who could not get to France as chaplains came out to do the hum-

blest duties in the great base camps in the battle area, and others joined the combatant ranks. One of their missionaries, he believed, came 10,000 miles to enlist as a private soldier, and went back to his work in China decorated with the Military Cross."

It was with profound satisfaction that he read the deliberations regarding Presbyterian re-union in Scotland. It rejoiced him to hear that Scotland might be expected soon to give expression in a way which would be a glory to herself and a model to all the world, and set up her great ideal of a church at once national and free. But a great United Church of Scotland would not be enough. What Scotland shall have achieved for herself, she must help the whole Empire to achieve. To attain this end it would be necessary for all the churches of the homeland to enter together upon a great crusade. The time for action was now. They had taken the first step upon which he heartily congratulated them. Never in all their national history was there greater need than there was to-day that all the forces that make for brotherhood should be gathered together and directed actively upon a definite policy for the social improvement and general uplifting of our race. Never for many centuries had the minds and hearts of men been so well prepared for a movement to carry them to higher things. For this reason he appealed to leaders of all denominations to lose no time in giving them throughout the Empire a vigorous united or federated church. If they did not carry into all their national life a new spirit of unity and brotherhood, all that they thought had been gained in the war would be lost. Only the creation of a great Imperial Church, embodying all that was best and soundest in the Empire, would enable them to come safely through the great testing ordeals of peace.

Since Field Marshal Haig's return to Great Britain from the front, he has had honors from the universities, the freedom of cities, and other attentions showered upon him. He is in a great demand as a public speaker, and his addresses have been far above the ordinary. Perhaps no other man for a century has occupied so much space in the newspapers.

In the United Free Assembly the retiring Moderator, the Rev. Dr. R. J. Drummond, introduced his successor, the Rev. Dr. W. M. McGregor, who is a "persona grata" in the Church of Scotland. Some years ago he gave the Baird Lectures, the first time the lectures have been given by one outside the church. He and Professor Paterson are old fellow students, and they have often worked together.

Professor W. P. Paterson is the fourth Moderator from Crieff—Dr. Stevenson in 1871, Dr. Cunningham in 1886, and Principal Henderson had been Moderator of the United Free Church.

Our Glasgow Letter

A very interesting and impressive ceremony took place at Craigton Cemetery, Glasgow, on May 30, when Americans in Glasgow gathered to pay tribute to the memory of their soldiers buried there. The hundred odd graves were decorated with their country's flag and wreaths of every kind and description. Mr. J. N. McCunn, the American Consul, delivered a touching oration, and the "Last Post" was sounded by a kilted bugler. The American's love of country, or patriotism, is something one can never cease to admire, and is the characteristic in any nation that makes for greatness.

The return of Dr. Livingston Loudon, Medical Officer for Hamilton from war service, reminds us that he is the son of an intimate friend of Dr. Livingstone, and that his father was one of the little party summoned to London in 1874 to identify the remains of the famous missionary explorer.

The name of the "Laird of Lewis," otherwise Lord Leverhulme, is in everyone's mouth at present, owing to the contemplated drastic changes likely to take place on the peaceful island. It is said that some of the natives strenuously object to the proposed "commercial" element, but we feel certain that under the Laird's magic power things will turn out for the benefit of the greater number.

However, there are still further developments, as, we understand, His Lordship has also purchased the Island of Harris, and some say St. Kilda is included in the transaction. The purchase price is stated to be £36,000.

Lonely St. Kilda is only about two square miles in extent, and is situated on the Atlantic, on the outer fringe of the Hebrides. The little community on the island numbers seventy-five, and their usual avocations are weaving, fowl-rearing, husbandry and the collection of sea birds' eggs.

The Glasgow steamer *Hebrides* called in at St. Kilda a few days ago, and was the first vessel, excepting Government craft, to visit the spot since August, 1914. The

inhabitants were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the steamer, which conveyed food-stuffs, etc., and are looking forward to a more regular service in future.

A well known Scot has just passed away at Dunoon in the person of Mr. John Wood, who was well known in educational circles. He was 78 years of age, and was in 1870 appointed Headmaster of Levern School, Nitshill, a position he retained until ten years ago, when he retired. He was a keen botanist, and an author of considerable note.

Mr. J. Maclauchlin Milne has just been made President of the Dundee Art Society. He is a son of the late Joseph Milne, the Scottish landscape painter, and a nephew of William Milne, also a well known artist on this side of the Tweed. He has had a somewhat varied career, starting life in Canada as a rancher, and then coming over to do his bit when war broke out. He is, however, an artist of considerable ability, and great things are expected of him in the future. He has exhibited both at Glasgow and Edinburgh, and his work has been greatly admired.

The Glasgow Royal Technical College intends to spend between £700 and £1,000 on a memorial to the 542 members, students and past students, who fell in the war. There were 2,900 on service, and they gained 460 awards, three V. C.'s being included in these. It is probable the memorial will be based on the beautiful design for the college seal prepared by Mr. T. P. Watson, a former governor, and will be carried out in marble or bronze, and placed in a central position above the stairs opposite the main entrance door.

The Rev. John R. Mackay, M. A., Edinburgh, has just been appointed by the Free Church Assembly to the Chair of Greek and New Testament Exegesis. The post commands a salary of £500 per annum, and will be ably filled by the Rev. J. R. Mackay. He has just lately come from Inverness, where he was minister of the Free Presbyterian Church, and was for twenty years engaged there in connec-

tion with the training of divinity students of the F. P. Church. He belongs to Sutherlandshire, and graduated with honors in Mental Philosophy at St. Andrews University. He was also Medallist on Celtic Literature at Edinburgh University.

There is a movement afoot for the celebration of the James Watt Centenary. Representatives of scientific and engineering societies from all parts of the Kingdom met in Birmingham on May 8, and discussed a scheme which provides for the endowment of a Professorship of Engineering, to be known as the James Watt Chair, at the University of Birmingham, the erection of a James Watt Memorial Building, to serve as a museum for the collection of examples of the works of James Watt and his contemporaries, Boulton and Murdoch, and the publication of a memorial volume.

Dr. Blackwood Murray, who supported the adoption of the scheme, on behalf of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders, Glasgow, said the feeling in Glasgow was that a large portion of the funds should be devoted to the assistance of young engineers. They would like to endow a Chair of Engineering at Glasgow University as well as at Birmingham.

Mr. William Mills, Chairman of the Provincial Committee, gave a pledge, in return for the support of Scotland in the present movement, that when the Bi-Centenary of Watt's birth at Greenock came round, which it would in a few years, Midland engineers would reciprocate.

Another Scottish estate sold is that of Strathloch, near Pitochry, which was owned formerly by Mr. George Clark, who purchased the property on the dispersal of the historic Faskally Estates by Mr. Archibald Butter, nine years ago. The estate extends to over 3,000 acres, and has been bought by Mr. J. D. Brunton, of Musselburgh.

We are glad to notice that a conference of the Scottish Home Rule Association in Edinburgh, the action of a majority of the Scottish Members of Parliament in absenting themselves from the House of Commons when the debate came on affecting Home Rule for Scotland, was severely criticized and commented upon, and that resolution was adopted by the conference

reaffirming its conviction that instead of depending on the present parliamentary machinery to obtain self-government, the Scottish people should call together a National Convention in order to consider what steps should be taken with a view to an early establishment of a Parliament in Scotland. The mover of the resolution remarked that only twenty-five members out of seventy-four were present in the House of Commons when the Home Rule Resolution went before the House.

One becomes daily more disgusted with the self-seeking politician who so often has a personal axe to grind, one way or another.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

The widow of Mr. Thomas Nelson, St. Leonard's Edinburgh, died recently at the age of 73. The deceased lady took a great interest in the welfare of the girls employed by the firm of Thomas Nelson & Sons. Her eldest son, Captain T. A. Nelson, who was proprietor of the estate of Achnacloich, was killed in the war. He was an officer in the Lothian and Border Horse. Her second son, Mr. I. T. Nelson of Glenetive, is a director of the company. Her eldest daughter is married to Sir William Haldane; while a second daughter is married to Mr. G. M. Brown, also a director of the company, and at one time M.P. for central Edinburgh.

Mr. William Thomson, an elder in the Second Presbyterian Church (Scotch), New York, is the general manager of the branch of the firm of Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York.

The Mackie Anthropological Expedition to Central Africa, under the direction of the Royal Society, headed by Mr. John Roscoe, sailed recently for Uganda. It will carry out among others, an important investigation of African drugs and medicinal plants, and is not expected to return for two years.

A recent Sunday was outstanding in the history of the Scots Church, Paris. President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George both attended the morning service. The preacher was the Rev. Dr. Hugh Black, of New York. The church which stands in a quiet street, Rue Bayard, off the Champs Elysees, has surely never seen such a congregation. The church was closely packed with a British-American congregation, while the galleries overflowed with British and American soldiers. The occasion was to mark and strengthen the friendship between the British and American nations. Dr. Black has lost none of his power, and his address was closely followed by an appreciative audience.

The Beautiful Isle of Mull

BY "THE PADRE"

PART I

Of all the places, at home and abroad, there is none to which my mind turns so lovingly or frequently as the beautiful Isle of Mull. Comparatively few people really know it; it is not a tourist place.

My first acquaintance with it was made during a summer in which I made a cruise in a very small yacht from Arran to

appeared dark, hilly, dismal and uninviting. Clouds sat upon the summits of the hills, and I daresay it was raining in the interior. We put in at Tobermory and I had a tramp ashore, in which I awoke to the beauties of the island. So for several years afterwards I went there annually for a real holiday, and ranged the island



Inverness. There are some people who think that the weather of Scotland is changing for the worse. I do not agree with them. I am an optimist; the weather of Scotland has always been bad in my lifetime, but it has never got worse. People say that the climate is variable, which is not quite true; it only varies from day to day. But from year to year it is always the same, and unvarying in its daily variableness. We drifted, and sailed, and followed at the tail of a horse, according to the place and the wind.

One day we drifted out of Oban Bay with the tide, but with no wind to speak of, and pointed towards the Sound of Mull, the entrance of which was marked on the starboard side—I must be nautical in this connection and not say the "right-hand side"—by the whiteness of Lismore light-house. It was a dull day, and Mull

almost completely. My "base of operations" was on the south side of the island, which I consider the most beautiful part, though not, perhaps, the wildest part. In my mind's eye I am now back in The Parsonage, on the shore, with a few feet of a beach covered with large boulders. I look out to the south upon the broad, open bay of Lochbuie. The only land that breaks the view to the south is the distant shore of Colonsay; and all around is the majestic rolling of the Atlantic Ocean. Sometimes it rolls into the bay with a south-wind amounting to half a gale, and the music is an anthem of Nature's choir.

To the right, as I look out, rises the commanding Ben Buie, scarcely three times the height of Arthur Seat, but looking vastly grander. Near it is its rival, Creach Bheinn; and from the shores of the loch rise many subordinate peaks, overhanging

the sea with precipitous cliffs, in which are caves and grottoes and hollows worn by the lashing of the ocean, which still bursts in upon them over the volcanic beach. To the left there are not many peaks, but the character of the land is mountainous, and the red deer and the wild goat have their habitations in the recesses. On this side of the bay is a magnificent stretch of gently sloping sandy beach which would be considered a fortune by the many southern watering places which bid for the favor of those who like to take their supplies of ozone in jostling crowds.

Behind there is a magnificent valley, from which branch many glens, and in part of which lies the beautiful Loch Uisg. We are in the presence of Nature, untouched by the hand of man, save for tillage, roads, and an occasional house. There is not a pier, and there is not a shop. For the former we have to go seven miles, and for the latter fourteen miles. Mull seems in a very unfinished state, and its very boulders lie comparatively untrimmed by the forces of erosion. Heaps of rounded and polished stones, left on the shore by the expiring recent glaciers, look as if they had been emptied there from the capacious wagons of the giants with whom the Celtic imagination has peopled the Western Isles.

From this part of the island there is only one road, up through the valley to the shores of a beautiful land-locked sea loch, Loch Spelve, where it branches into two, one road leading along the south side to the narrow entrance, and then losing itself modestly in the cart track of a croft. The other branch curves to the north along the other side of Loch Spelve, across a beautifully wooded hill named Ardura, which has a very steep ascent and descent. On the other side it receives the great road through Glen More, and then passes north and northwest along the shores of the Sound of Mull, through the villages of Lochdonhead, Craignure and Salen, and on to Tobermory. It does not end here, but continues its course until it circles the island.

In the opposite direction a farm road goes a little distance. A road would only be possible along this magnificent south side of the island by filling up or bridging great gaps in the rocky beach. At high

water these great bites in the rock are occupied by the sea, which dashes in and breaks upon the wall of rock that rises above. Sometimes the pressure of the water is so great, even without a very strong wind, that when it dashes against the cliffs it rises in a column twenty feet high along the rocky face. But at low water these gaps are empty, the bottom being mostly of pebbles; and then it is a rough, but exhilarating, journey along to Carsaig Bay, and beyond it to the famous Carsaig Arches, cut out of the rock by the action which has just been described.

The centre of the island contains the highest peaks, and is beautifully wild. It contains a magnificent glen, Glen Forsa, walled in on the side of the Sound of Mull by a series of peaks varying in height from 1,201 feet in the west to 2,512 feet in the east, and then sinking a little as the land curves round to enclose the glen on the south towards the west. The highest of these is Dun da Gaoithe, which looks very forbidding from the Sound on a day of rain; but Bheinn Talaidh, on the western turn of the wall, is only sixteen feet less in height, with a bare, rocky side which faces the Iona road, and seems from the road to be perpendicular. The road appears to be going straight for it, but as it gets near the base it swings round to the left in the bend of Glen More, and so on to the great arm of the Atlantic, Loch Scridain.

Further north there is the beautiful Glen Aros, stretching from the direction of the village of Salen; and from this village also extends west a broad and short glen which strikes the ocean at Loch na Keal. It is no use to speak of "the sea" in connection with Mull, except in the case of the Sound; the sea lochs are simply arms direct from the Atlantic. On the west the arms of the Atlantic strike in so far and so broad that it looks as if the ocean had made an effort to cut the island up into smaller islands. This feature gives it its wonderful beauty and variety.

On the east side of the island the nearness of the peaks often obstructs the view of the highest peak. But from the northern part, looking across Loch na Keal, and from the long western extension into the Atlantic of the Ross of Mull, Ben More dominates the scene. It is 3,169 feet high, but does not look its height. It seems to

stand aloof from its neighbors. The rise towards it is gradual, so that there is a wide expanse of high but open ground; and this destroys the effect of height, until we look around at the other peaks and see that none of them seems to approach the lord of the island. The expanse of the Atlantic to the west, and the great low-lying western extension of the island towards Iona by the Ross of Mull, enable the eye to make comparisons very effectively from north, south and west.

The northern part of the island, above Loch na Keal, is often bleak, especially on the northern shore; but the east side of that part, in which Tobermory is located, is beautifully wooded. Away in the north-west corner is Sunipol, the scene of Campbell's poem about the parrot; and not far from it, to the south, are Calgary Bay and the village of Calgary, from which, doubtless, went out those who gave the name to the gold place overseas.

Mountains and glens make rivers and lochs, or mountains and rains make rivers, and rivers make glens and lochs, which is the correct geological way of putting it. Mull is rich in streams and lochs, and these make the island a paradise for the fishing sportsman. The northern part contains Loch Frisa, which is, I believe, an excellent loch for both sea trout and brown trout; but I have not fished it. In the middle part, in a glen parallel with Glen Forsa, and connected with it, lies Loch Ba, into which the sea trout run from Loch na Keal by the river Ba. That is an excellent fishing ground.

But there is a little glen which runs from Glen Forsa to Loch Buie, the valley at Loch Buie being really its sea exit. That glen contains a chain of lochs, of which three are delightful for autumn fishing. Gleann Chaiginn Mhoir is not easily reached from anywhere except by a conveyance. My shortest route to the lochs, Loch Airdeglais, Crun Lochan, Loch an Eilan, and Loch Sgunbain, was by foot, but it was a long walk, and a wet one in good fishing weather. By a motor car, it could be reached from the Iona road, but I think there is more enjoyment in the sport when one has had to go over by hill and glen to get at the trout. In these glens they are often very coy, and seem susceptible to the slightest change of wind.

Although Gleann Chaiginn Mhoir has its natural extension into the valley of Loch-buie, the four lochs drain into Glen More, and their waters flow into Loch Spelve by the Lussa river, which is a good salmon river if the angler can get at the pools just at the right time. But as its waters fall and clear rapidly, it has to be watched. The salmon and sea trout poachers take a great interest in this stream, and also in the River Uisg, which empties Loch Uisg. That loch is about two and a half miles long. The sea trout take best in it in weather in which there is a risk of the fisherman being drowned—in other words, when it is blowing so hard that it is difficult to keep the boat dry.—*The Scots Pictorial*.

(Be be Continued)

American Ideals

The American citizen has a passionate devotion for liberty, personal, religious and political. He rejects government by a class, whether small or large, and governs by Divine grace, and believes in government by the people. He desires justice in all the relations of human society, and neither asks nor grants privileges. He is tolerant of opinion unlike his own, and submits in practice to the opinion or wish of the majority. He believes that the liberty of the individual should be exercised under the restraints of established law, the embodiment of common morality and common sense. He believes that the roots of the free State are in the family and in universal education. These are the American ideals.

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT.

It is related that M. Clemenceau, on being chided by a Deputy for the delay in the peace negotiations, replied: "What can you expect? I have to work with two men. One of them thinks he is a Napoleon, and the other thinks he is a new Messiah." But in the end the spirit of M. Clemenceau seems to have had its effect on both President Wilson and Premier Lloyd-George.

A "middle class union" has been organized in England and Scotland, the purpose being to protect their interests from legislative or industrial depression, to promote mutual understanding between all sections of the middle class, and to secure an equitable distribution of taxation.

One Hundred Years of Peace

BY REAR-ADMIRAL G. W. BAIRD

(For *The Caledonian*)

Early in 1914, when the centenary of the signing of the treaty of peace at Ghent was approaching, there was a simultaneous movement in Great Britain and her Colonies, and in the United States, to celebrate that one-hundred-years-of-peace by a general rejoicing among all English-speaking people.

The writer attended the convention, at Richmond, as delegate from the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and heard the addresses made by the delegates from the British, Colonial and American patriotic societies. All were enthusiastic and all were happy in contemplation of the celebration, for we are a peace-loving people.

But words are not always facts nor are they always altruistic. The writer looked up history, to verify.

Acts speak so much louder than words that we feel safe in tying to the acts. There are 3,800 miles of unfortified frontier between the United States and British America, which the inhabitants cross and recross with impunity, as though they were of one municipality. We can find but one instance of violation of that frontier, which was by Irish-Americans, at St. Albans, Vt., which invasion was known as the Fenian Raid. When captured, these Fenians claimed American protection and American citizenship, with success. Among these was Captain O'Meager Condon, who was taken to England, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death; but through the influence of the U. S. Minister his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and by the continued influence of the same legation, Captain Condon was pardoned. He returned to the United States, where he was given an appointment as inspector under the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department, which he held until his death.

During the Civil War, there were many accusations of unfriendliness of the British, some of which were veritable, but some were not. For instance, the British Consul at New Orleans gave much trouble to

the Federal officials after the capture of the city, and it was plain that his sympathies were with the insurrection, and not with the Government he was accredited to; but General Butler, a lawyer himself, suppressed that consul emphatically, and the British Government withdrew him, on the ground that he was interfering in what was not his affairs.

Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, the Secretary of State of the Confederacy, sent envoys to France and England, seeking recognition for the Confederacy, and, when the credentials and prayer for recognition were presented to Lord Palmerston (the Premier), he informed the envoy that Her Majesty would, under no conditions, recognize the States in rebellion.

It must not be forgotten that a man's opinions are often changed by what affects his pocket. England and France were, at that time, manufacturing cotton goods in great quantities, and depending on American cotton almost entirely; so when the Southern ports were blockaded, and the cotton exportation prevented, there were many thousand mill-hands thrown out of employment. Bitter complaints followed, and invectives were uttered against our blockade, and when our Minister, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, and a Congregationalist preacher, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, appeared in public, in London, for the purpose of informing the people of the causes and purposes of the American war, there was talk of "rotton-egging" Mr. Beecher. But when their tours were ended, the English people were satisfied, and no further threats were made.

The Naval History of the Rebellion, in which only dispatches, documents and facts are recorded, without comment, will show many instances of friendliness on the part of British naval officers, and when there occurred any obstruction, it could be traced to individuals, and not to the Government.

For the celebration of the peace jubilee, every one of the British Colonies, save Ireland, made appropriations to defray the



THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF GHENT, DECEMBER 24, 1814

The Signers Gambier, Henry Goulburn, William Adams, John Quincy Adams, J. A. Bayard, H. Clay, John Russell, Albert Gallatin

expenses, and, at the request of the (bona fide) patriotic societies in the United States a bill was introduced in Congress (H. R. 13922) by Mr. Flood, of Virginia, whose family had been identified in the State for more than two centuries, and whose patriotism could not or should not be questioned. His statement, when asking for unanimous consent to suspend the rules and pass the Bill, was plain, truthful, without embellishment or emphasis, and the sum asked for was only \$25,000. It provided for the expenses of a commission, which was to be appointed by the Vice-President of the United States and the Speaker of the House, but there was to be no fee nor salary for the delegates.

There was some sparring to obstruct the suspension of the rules, but debate was accorded, when Mr. Thomas Gallagher, of Illinois, had this to say:

Mr. Speaker, in my opinion, this is a splendid scheme on the part of some individuals who want to promote themselves as advocates of peace.

It is nothing but a bunco game that is

going to be worked off on the American public because anybody who has read history knows that there has never been one hundred years of peace between this country and Great Britain. Every one knows the attitude of Great Britain towards this country in every crisis that our Government has been in. To expend \$25,000 for a matter of this kind is simply wasting the money of the people, because the whole movement is unwarranted by every fact. I cannot understand who conceived the idea of trying to bunco the American people by any such move, and I hope the Congress will defeat the resolution and refuse the expenditure of money for any such purpose * * * * *. PEACE! PEACE! There has not been one hundred years of peace between this country and Great Britain. Perfidious Albion has always been ready to make war on us, not by indulgence in open and overt acts of war, but by secret, treacherous conspiracies to weaken and destroy us. * * * * *.

A vote was taken on the suspension of the rules to take the Bill up, on its passage, but failed by a vote of 52 against 187.

The contrast between the rhetoric of Mr. Flood and the words of the honorable gentleman from Illinois is marked. There

was no slang nor accusations in the address of Mr. Flood, nor insinuation, or, rather, accusation, that historic information was lacking, we might say, education. The biographical section of the Congressional Directory gives Mr. Flood as a university graduate, a jurist of distinction, for years on the board of visitors to the University of Virginia, a Constitutional lawyer of distinction, and, we may add, he is of Revolutionary ancestry, and, by many of us, is regarded as one of the "American people." The same volume shows the Hon. Mr. Gallagher to be a native of New Hampshire, who emigrated to Illinois; has a public school education, is a molder by trade, and was engaged in the hat business.

The coming of the European War cancelled further attempts to celebrate the jubilee. That alone prevented it, for the money could easily have been subscribed. There was a protest against the passage of the Bill from "The Benjamin Franklin Branch of the American Continental League" of Philadelphia, the names of the officers being distinctively Irish, though the name of the society is American. Another protest came from the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which is foreign. The writer, being in doubt, made an effort to locate the "Benjamin Franklin Branch," but without success. A letter addressed to it was returned; a letter to the Catholic Historic Society at Philadelphia, inquiring of its existence, was never answered.

The "American people," claimed by so many distinctively segregated clans, often leaves us in doubt. When the Three Tailors of Tooley Street petitioned Parliament as "We, the people of England," it was considered a joke, but the many factions now claiming to be the "American people" is not a joke, but is a menace.

Washington, D. C.

Memorial Day exercises were held May 30 in Edinburgh, and flowers laid on the graves of Scottish soldiers in the old Calton Cemetery, where many are buried who fought in the American Civil War. An impressive service was held at the Lincoln statue, the base of which was draped with American flags on which were numerous wreaths and flowers. It was attended by a large crowd, among whom were more than 200 American soldiers at present attending Edinburgh University.

The Bagpipes

There has been considerable discussion recently in the press regarding the musical qualities of the Scottish bagpipes. All concede their superiority in martial music, but there seems to be a difference of opinion regarding their ability in other lines. Certainly, anyone who has heard the great laments, "Macrimmon's," "The Land o' the Leal," "Lochaber No more," etc., must find in them great depth of feeling and harmony.

In a recent letter to the *New York Times* by R. M. G., he called attention to the fact that the two finest poems on the bagpipes were written by Americans; one by the gentle Quaker poet, Whittier—"The sweetest of all music the pipes at Lucknow played." The other by I. Edgar Jones:

THE VOICE OF THE BAGPIPES

A thing all prongs and bell-mouthed open tips,

Supplied with air from bellows, cheeks, and lips,

Adapted well to rout all carking cares,

Converting Scottish air to Scottish airs—

With something in its breezy, witchlike wail
Suggestive of a haunting old ghost tale.

In it the mountain falcon's piercing note.

The eagle's scream, the bleat of hillside goat,

The plaintive call of partridge, quail or grouse,

The fresh breeze whistling by a straw-thatched house,

The trill of birds in fern clad rocky dells,

The low of mountain kine and sweet sheep bells.

Discerning ears may hearken close and hear
The huntsman's horn with echoes high and clear,

Soft winds across the heathèr whispering low,

Or raging amid crags in blinding snow;

The sighs of scented Summer sweet and warm,

The raging of fierce spirits of the storm.

And rising high above all softer sounds

The bark of fox, the deep-mouthed bay of hounds,

The cries of warriors who in claymored clan
Once fought until the streams in crimson ran;

The wail of women o'er a warrior's doom,

The elfin songs of night-elves in the gloom.

The lays of linnets and the joyous trills

Of laughing brooks that caper down the hills,

The hymns intoned by waves in mountain lakes,

The croon of mothers when a babe awakes:

All these the Scottish pipes have kindly kept,

Sounds that for ages past have in them slept.

What wonder that with them hearts laughed
or wept?

America and the Covenant

BY REV. WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, D.D.

A Sermon Preached June 15, 1919, in the Brick
Presbyterian Church, New York

(For The Caledonian)

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."—Romans, 15:1.

Those are good and necessary words. Every man or woman who would be a Christian must lay them to heart, and put them to practice.

But it is not with the application of this great law of Christian living to the conduct of individuals that we are concerned to-day. The question of immediate importance just at the present time is not the application of the principles of Jesus to the individuals, but their application to groups. That is the point where the world challenges the authority of Christ. And to many Christians,—increasingly to the whole body of believers in the church,—it is becoming clear that the supremacy of Christ is threatened unless His reign is extended. Either He must be Lord of all, or He will not be Lord at all. If business men, and statesmen, and educators, and journalists, can leave Him out of their counsels, then His Gospel becomes mere embroidery on human life, when it should be the warp of its fabric, into which all the rest is woven, and by which all the rest is given substance.

I ask you to take this text then, not as a word for each of us individually, but as a word for that collective and beloved entity which we call "America." "America, being strong, ought to bear the burdens of the weaker peoples, and not to look out simply for her own interests."

The bearing of this message is clear, in view of the grave situation that is developing with regard to the proposed Covenant of the League of Nations. The time is coming soon, if it be not here already, when America, through her representatives, must decide whether to stand by that Covenant or to reject it, to enter a partnership of nations or withdraw to a position and policy of isolation.

My purpose to-day is not to defend or to discuss the details of the Treaty or of the Covenant. I want to give a reason for the faith that is in me that the American course, the Christian course, the right course, is for our country to set her hand to the Covenant and take her place in the proposed partnership. It seems a proper subject for discussion on this day so close to the birthday of our American flag.

I concern myself now only with those reasons for supporting the Covenant which are so big, so vital, so Christian, that they have a right to a place in the thought and attention of the church. Arguments are being

used against the adoption of the Covenant which have no standing or validity for a Christian nation. I want to plead that we be sure to give no weight to such arguments;



REV. WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, D. D.

that, if we feel constrained to oppose the Covenant, we at least do so on other grounds than these.

First of all, least important,—though not always least in weight and influence, come what we may call the personal motives for opposition. Strong as these may be, they are wholly unworthy of attention on the part of honorable and Christian men and women. There are some who oppose the League of Nations because the personality and conduct of President Wilson are intimately associated with it; because of the way in which it has been worked out, presented (thrust at us, they would say), by a group of interested men; because they assert that the Senate of the United States, a co-ordinate branch of the government in all treaty-making, has not been consulted as our Constitution provides that it shall be.

Grant, for argument's sake, that these objections rest on solid and incontrovertible fact; that Woodrow Wilson is all that his critics claim, or even worse (if that could be); that the ignoring of those who had a

right to be consulted is wholly indefensible; grant it all; and still there is one absolute, convincing, unanswerable reply; that in a matter so vital, so fraught with immense consequences for the future of the race, so intimately related to the welfare of humanity, it is unjustifiable to let any considerations have weight which do not affect the general welfare of humanity. It is utterly unworthy to allow one's judgment or action to be affected a hair's weight or a hair's breadth by any personal or partisan views. The only question that has the floor is the question, Will it be for the good of the world, or will it not, to set up such a League of Nations? Let a man be sure that he is free from any personal or partisan bias before he begins to throw stones at the Covenant.

A second set of objections which are unworthy and indefensible are those which spring from a misunderstanding of American principles and ideals.

During the long, honorable, and prosperous course of our national history, we have been guided by certain great statements given to our nation at critical times by the leaders God sent her. Conspicuous among these are Washington's Farewell Address to the American People, on retiring from the Presidency, and Monroe's Message in which is set forth the celebrated doctrine which bears his name. It is not to be wondered at, it is rather to be expected and desired, that Americans should turn to these classic words for guidance, when new occasions call for decisive action.

There is no objection to the League of Nations voiced more commonly or vigorously than the allegation that it controverts the advice of Washington and the position taken by President Monroe. This would not of itself be absolutely decisive against the new plan, for the world does move, and new occasions do teach new duties. America must never be steered by dead hands, even if they be the hands of Washington, Monroe and Lincoln.

Yet it would rightly give us pause if the proposition that America enter a partnership of nations clearly ran counter to the express advice of the Father of our Country. It is not strange that many are disturbed when they recall the phrase "entangling alliances," and the warning against them, and then read the proposals for bringing America into intimate and practically inescapable relations—with the nations of Europe and Asia.

But all I ask, as an ardent supporter of the Covenant, is that every American shall read for himself that great Farewell Address of Washington, and decide for himself whether it can rightfully be invoked against our participation in the proposed covenant of Nations. Careful study of the document reveals the fact that Washington based his solemn advice that America play a lone hand on certain plain facts, *not one of which has kept its validity to the present day*, while one of them at least, and that the strongest,

makes for rather than against our participation in a commonwealth of nations.

There are five reasons Washington gives as making wise a policy of isolation, and freedom from alliances with European powers.

The first reason is the weakness of the United States as a new and small nation, which might easily be over-matched and controlled by the great power.

Is there any one in America who will assert that that reason holds to-day? Are we so weak and small that we are afraid to mingle with the rest of the world? Why the very men who invoke Washington's advice, some of them, are most given to boasting of America's greatness and power. This reason, cogent in the days of George Washington, has simply ceased to exist. We need say no more about it.

The second reason is the geographical location of our country, remote from Europe, separated by a vast ocean, and so naturally set to live a separate life.

Does that reason still hold, in these times when steamships cross the ocean in five days, and airships in a single day, while wires and wireless apparatus make the thinking of the world simultaneous, and New York is as instantly aware of what is done in London as Paris is? One goes from New York to Liverpool, under ordinary conditions to-day, in just about one-half the time it took George Washington, under ordinary conditions, to go from Mt. Vernon to New York. This reason has also ceased to exist.

The third reason brought forward by Washington was the aloofness of the United States of America from the political and general interests of Europe. We were living in a new and a different world. Our interests were not theirs, nor theirs our. It would be unnatural and forced for us to attempt to play any part in the common life of European nations.

True in Washington's day, will any one claim that that is fact to-day? Are our interests remote from those of Europe? If so, why was it so impossible, so wrong, for the United States to attempt to remain neutral during this great European war? I am sure that the reason and conscience of every man responded vigorously when the President said, at the time when we were just entering the war, that it was plain that never again could we attempt to be neutral in any world conflict. There were different worlds in Washington's day; the world is one to-day. Our interests, political, social, economic, are inextricably entangled with those of the other great nations.

At the famous meeting held at the Metropolitan Opera House in this city, on the even of President Wilson's return to Paris, Mr. Taft illustrated the situation by the story of the man whose lawyer visited him in jail and asked him why he was there. When the man told him the fact, the lawyer replied, "Why, they can't put you in jail for that." To which the man replied, rather forcibly,

that he was there, just the same. Entangling alliances? The time to avoid them was when we were facing the question of participation in the war. We are intimately mixed up with the affairs of Europe; and simply for the reason that that which was a fact in 1797 is not a fact in 1919,—our interests are necessarily and naturally one with those of the nations of Europe.

The fourth reason given by Washington was the fact that we stood alone among the nations a representative of the principles of human liberty; that America was a democracy, while the other powers were monarchical; and we could not afford to take the risks involved in intimate association with governments of so opposite a type.

Here also, the reason is sound. Were the facts the same to-day, the advice would be good. Our President wisely sounded a note of caution in certain of his communications with the imperial government of Germany, to the effect that democratic nations could not have frank and confident dealing with autocratic governments. But does the fact remain? Was it mere emotion, blinding us to facts, which led us to hang up with the Stars and Stripes the banners of Great Britain, France, and Italy? Was it mere sentimentality that made us talk about "a war to make the world safe for democracy"? Having fought side by side with the great democratic nations,—some of them in certain very important respects more democratic than the United States of America,—are we now to revert to the judgment that was true in 1797, but has ceased to be true? Once more, it is a reason which has ceased to exist.

But the strongest plea Washington makes, the one which he urges with most solemn insistency, is that it is unwise to make permanent alliances, because that cause tends to excessive attachment to one nation or group of nations, and to unnatural antipathy toward other nations or groups.

Washington knew well whereof he spoke. During the last years of his life, while he was President, he had carried on a conflict harder in some ways, and more bitter, than the waging of the Revolutionary war. There was a strong party in this new country determined to commit us to an alliance with France against England. Washington saw the dangers of such a lining up of forces. One of the clearest marks of his sanity is his quick readiness to bring about friendly relations between America and England. It is safe to say that by far the greater part of the force leading him to urge so solemnly that we steer clear of entangling alliances was his fear that we should adopt a policy of permanent hostility toward England, our natural friend among the nations.

The very tendency Washington feared is still at work. Some of the strongest opposition to the League of Nations comes from the anti-British elements in our population. But in a far deeper way Washington's advice, instead of operating against American par-

ticipation in the League, actually favors such participation. For here is a new sort of international agreement,—not an alignment with one nation and an antipathy toward another, but a coming together of all nations in a common working agreement. It is expressly planned to eliminate, so far as possible, group alliances, balances of power, and all the rest which Washington rightly feared. Here again, it is a strange phenomenon that some of the very men who oppose the League of Nations in the name of Washington, urge in place of it an alliance between America and Great Britain and France,—the very course against which Washington warned us!

Turn for a moment to President Monroe, and the doctrine that has made him famous. Again I assert that I do not see how any one can read that original message of James Monroe, and find in it reason for opposing the League of Nations.

We are given to light talk to the effect that the Monroe Doctrine means the paramountcy of suzerainty of the United States over the Western Hemisphere. It is partly because we have read into it such an insolent and impossible claim that the sensitive lands to the South of us regard our country with some suspicion and distrust.

The Monroe Doctrine was not at the start, and never has been, such a claim. It is a sufficient proof of that assertion to read the original message. It is a further proof, and a tremendous one, to realize that Canada is part of this hemisphere, and the United States would not dream of claiming any suzerainty over that vast dominion. We talk as if the Monroe Doctrine were the private property of the United States. If Canada is not concerned in it, the Monroe Doctrine is of no value. If Canada is concerned in it, then the Monroe Doctrine is a vital matter to the British Empire as well as to the United States, and Britain has been wise in putting back of it the force of her navy.

The fact is that Monroe sent out his defiant message after consultation with the British government, and with cordial though unofficial consent on its part. It was issued in the interests of democracy against the autocrats who aspired to control the world through the Holy Alliance. It was a simple assertion that the United States would stand for and guard the territorial integrity and the democratic form of government of all this hemisphere, so far as democratic government had been achieved here. This is what Monroe gives as his reason: "The political system of the allied powers is essentially different from that of America." "We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

The Covenant of the League of Nations proposes to extend our system, on which our American government is based,—free co-operation between self-governing commonwealths,—to the whole world; it proposes to make firm the territorial integrity and demo-

cratic government of every nation. How can any one quote Monroe as in opposition to such a plan?

There may be good reasons why America should not enter the League of Nations, but Washington's Farewell Address and the Monroe Doctrine are not among those reasons.

I should like to urge one weighty reason why the Covenant of the League should be adopted by the United States, but I can take time only to mention it. It is the fact that the League of Nations is so interwoven with the Peace Treaty that it is a hopeless task to remove it, and that its removal would leave the Peace Treaty in the condition of a bill enacted with the operating clause struck out.

Any one who has read through the voluminous draft of the Treaty or the excellent summary of it must have noticed how, again and again, practically at every important point where execution of the Treaty may prove difficult, or the understanding of its provisions be conflicting, the League of Nations is invoked as the solution of the difficulty. There are more than seventy such references in the Treaty. In fact the League is, in one point of view, the continuation of the Peace Conference with power to see its provisions carried into effect. I can see how those who think the Treaty unjust and unwise, and hope to see it changed or nullified, may want the League of Nations Covenant omitted. I can see that if any men in Germany are planning to sign the Peace Treaty as Trotzky signed the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, with the definite plan of failing to keep it, they would want above all to see the League of Nations defeated. But I do not see how any one who thinks the Treaty right on the whole, and hopes to see it adopted, can fail to support its plan for a League of Nations.

But I am speaking to-day, not of the possible arguments for the League, but of the unworthy reasons brought against it; and I must take time for but one more, and that by far the gravest, from the point of view of Christian thought and judgment.

Whatever arguments may be brought against the League, *no Christian has the slightest right to respect arguments based on the self-interest of America*, as opposed to the interests of the rest of the world.

Much of the opposition to the Covenant of the League of Nations is based on that argument, that it will not be to the advantage of America to enter such an international organization. Sometimes this is skilfully covered over, sometimes frankly avowed, sometimes it lies back in the subconsciousness of the opponent. I stand here to plead that it is an argument unworthy and un-Christian. It is the argument on which the Knox resolution is based.

Here our text comes into play. "We, who are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." It is not strange that men without the Christ-vision, men accustomed to think in terms of

self-advantage, should look at the enviable position of the United States with her wealth, her unexhausted resources, her demonstrated power, and say, "What a chance for greatness and domination!" That they should look at poverty-stricken, death-smitten Europe, chaotic Russia and Turkey, and needy Asia, and draw back in alarm from the risks and burdens and losses that close participation with the life of those lands must mean for the United States.

But it is inconceivable that the Christian should take that view, form that estimate, adopt that policy. I would not say that no one can be a Christian and yet oppose the League Covenant; such dogmatism would be absolutely indefensible. There may be good and valid arguments against the Covenant, which have a right to appeal to Christian men and women and to influence largely their judgment and actions. But I do say that I cannot see how any one can be a Christian and let this particular argument have any weight; more than that, he should be led the more to favorable consideration of the League of Nations plan for the fact that it may involve the putting of the strength of America at the service of smaller nations and weaker peoples, because it may make us really a people with a mission, a Servant of the Lord, a nation great according to the Christian standard, of service done to the lowest for the sake of the Highest.

It is precisely because so much is made of this self-regarding argument by the opponents of the Covenant that Christians feel the more sure that their influence should be on the side of its adoption. For if there is anything sure about the religion of Christ, it is that it urges sacrifice as the very law of a life that would be righteous and happy. There is absolutely no way of making a nation a Christian nation save by setting it in the way of Christ's ideals and principles; and the call to stay out of a plan aiming to secure the peace of the world and to further friendly co-operation of nations, on the ground that participation in it may involve danger and loss for us, is a call no Christian should heed for an instant. To be moved by such an appeal is to confess one's self in the grip of an un-Christian spirit.

Grave issues are involved in this question of the action our country shall take on the Peace Treaty, and on the Covenant of the League of Nations as a part of it. It is a time for free discussion, for patience, for care; it is a time to avoid denunciation and dogmatism, and the imputation of base motives. For myself, I must say that after reading, and re-reading, and carefully studying, the proposed covenant, I cannot come to any conclusion other than that the welfare of mankind will be set forward decidedly by the ratification of the Covenant and the setting up of the proposed League of Nations, and that the best interests of the race would be gravely if not fatally hurt by a failure to adopt it now. The alternatives are such as

one cannot face without dread. We have seen what one Balkan situation can do; what will happen if we emerge from this war, as now seems probable, with some twenty separate nations where four were, with all the rivalries and intrigues which their close contiguity will inevitably produce, and with no organized judgment and power of the world to oversee their development, and to hold the upper hand for justice and the good of humanity?

Even if the critics of the Covenant are right in their judgments, if it is open to serious objection, if flaws can be found all through it, if the necessity of amendment is palpably plain, still we need to ask if it is not better to start with this than to risk chaos again. Objections just as weighty, fears just as potent, were voiced when our forefathers here in New York State came near failing to ratify the Federal Constitution one hundred thirty years ago. The wise words of John Jay apply as forcibly to the present situation as to that:

"Some," said he, "would be content with recommendatory amendments; others wish for explanatory ones to settle constructions which they think doubtful; others would not be satisfied with less than absolute and previous amendments; and I am mistaken if there be not a few who prefer a separation from the union to any national government whatever. . . . Let it be admitted that this plan, like everything else devised by man, has its imperfections; that it does not please everybody is certain, and there is little reason to expect one that will. It is a question of grave moment to you whether the probability of your being able to obtain a better is such as to render it prudent and advisable to reject this and run the risk."

We may well face with soberness, and with a certain reluctance mounting almost to fear, the thought of what it may mean to America to take part in a League of Nations, to abandon her traditional policy of isolation, to take her part in settling the quarrels of other nations and races, to assume the burden of a needy and divided world. By all means let us count the cost, not going into the plan with eyes closed to the risks we must face and the burdens we must bear. But, men and women of the church of Christ, calling ourselves Christians, have we counted the cost of *staying out* of this new and daring scheme; the casting down of the fair hopes of men for a better order; the loss of the opportunity for a free course for justice, peace, and comfort for great masses of men; the one chance of escaping from the intolerable load of competitive armament; the one reasonable assurance against a dangerous league of nations under the secret domination of the very forces, or forces like those, that brought on the war out of which we are just staggering, carrying our dead and our burdens of debt? There may be good arguments why America should stay out of the League of Nations and thereby condemn it to futility. If so, we should heed them.

But the arguments I have heard so far are not good, not worthy of the respect of any Christian; they arise from a misreading of American ideals, and a rejection of Christian ideals.

Every patriot dreams dreams of the future greatness and glory of this country. He longs to see her high among the nations. But there is a vision that should claim the heart and fire the imagination of the Christian patriot, far nobler than that of any glory or greatness of outward prestige and prosperity. It is the vision of a country great in courage, great in daring, great in ideals, great in confidence in all men and races and nations, great in sacrifice, great in service, great in the ways of Christ and His cross. There is a magnificent phrase found in the Old Testament: "*Great unto God.*" That is what we would have America be, great unto God! That means clearly that America shall stand ready and eager to assume all the risks and burdens and changes involved in playing her full part in international co-operation, in world-organization. It means that she gladly set her hand to the plan for a League of Nations, so felicitously called, not a Constitution, but a "Covenant,"—a word with a deep religious flavor to all who love the Bible, most of all to Presbyterians who recall the "Solemn League and Covenant" that marked the downfall of the tyranny of the Stuarts in Scotland and England. It means that she stands ready to act as mandatory under the League for some of the new nations, if they desire it, repeating the fine work done in the Philippines. It means that she reveal herself clearly to the world as a nation caring more for the good of humanity than for her own power and prestige and prosperity, a nation which holds all its resources at the service of those who need them without thought of reward, or overmuch counting of the cost.

"So runs our loyal dream of thee.

God of our fathers! Make it true."

"Happy is the people that is in such a case. Yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord," and whose way is the way of Christ, choosing not to be ministered unto, but to minister not to rule over others, but to serve them in love for Christ's sake, valuing their strength most of all as a means of great service freely rendered to all mankind.

What Our Readers Say About The Caledonian

I sincerely hope you will prosper and continue to publish THE CALEDONIAN. I for one could not get along without it—the best and the only thing of its kind to be had monthly. I learn more from THE CALEDONIAN than I can learn from all other sources, in regard to the things or facts that a *Scottish Scotsman* should know or learn.

Yours in truth,

G. P. MacI.

Wakefield, Mass.



UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW



UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN



OLD COLLEGE, EDINBURGH



MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN

Men Worth Remembering—VII

EDWARD GIBBON

1737—1794

Edward Gibbon, the author of the greatest history of the century, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, visited Rome at the age of twenty-five, and after giving eighteen weeks to the study of the "Mistress of the World," a theme was suggested to him which inspired him with enthusiasm, and this was the occasion and date of the first conception of his gigantic work. According to his own account, "It was at Rome, on the 15th October, 1764, as I sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind. The scene, the contrast of the old religion and the new, the priests of Christ replacing the flamens of Jupiter, the evening songs of Catholic Rome swelling like a dirge over the prostrate Pagan Rome was a vision. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decline of the city, rather than to the empire."

Gibbon had found his work, but some years elapsed before he began to put the design conceived into execution.

The history of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, in six volumes, is the history of the birth of all the kingdoms which have risen out of its ruins and fragments into modern and more powerful civilization. It is the history of the old and new world, of the old civilization and of the new. It covers a vast field of fourteen centuries. It begins with the reign of Trajan, A. D. 98, and ends with the fall of the Eastern Roman Empire at Constantinople in 1453. It was only Gibbon who could have written on the Decline and Fall of Rome—the greatest event in history. It occupied a larger portion of the earth's surface, it affected the lives and fortunes of a larger number of human beings than any other revolution on record. It was the death of the old pagan world and the birth of the new Christian world.

Mr. Freeman says: "That Gibbon should ever be displaced seems impossible. That wonderful man monopolized, so to speak, the historical genius and

the historical learning of a whole generation, and left little indeed of either for his contemporaries. He remains the one historian of the eighteenth century whom modern research has neither set aside nor threatened to set aside. We may correct and improve from the stores which have been opened since Gibbon's time; we may write again large parts of his story from other and often truer and more wholesome points of view, but the work of Gibbon as a whole, as the encyclopædic history of 1,300 years, as the greatest of historical designs, carried out alike with wonderful power and with wonderful accuracy, must ever keep its place. Whatever else is read, Gibbon must be read."

His first volume was only an instalment, limited to the accession of Constantine. The two following volumes, published in 1781, completed his first plan. Then he paused a year before he resolved to carry on his work to its completion, the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, the latter comprising three volumes more which he published on his fifty-first birthday, in 1788. The volumes were all received with favor as each was given to the public, which had never before been accorded to so voluminous a work, which requires industry to read as well as to compose. He writes, "It was on the day, or rather the night of June 27, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden (at Lausanne where he was living at the time). After laying down my pen I took several turns in a berceau or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion and that whatsoever might be the future of my history, the life of the his-

torian must be short and precarious."

Edward Gibbon was born April 27, 1737, at Putney, in the vicinity of London, son of a gentleman in Hampshire, who was for some time a member of Parliament for Petersfield. He was the eldest of seven children; his five brothers and one sister died in infancy. His grandfather was a man of great energy and business ability. He held a high position in the Custom House, and had the reputation of knowing more about commerce and finances than any man in England. His son, the father of the historian, was a person of inferior character. His son, Edward, was a sickly child for many years, but under the tender care of his aunt, Catherine Porter, he gradually became active and robust. At the age of twelve he was sent to school to Westminster, but within two years he was moved from one school to another. In 1752, at the age of fifteen, he was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford. But this was an unwise step, as he was too young to profit by the advantages offered by Oxford to a more mature student.

He says: "I acknowledge no obligation to Oxford and she will as readily renounce me for a son as I am willing to disdain her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life."

At Oxford, Gibbon renounced the Protestant for the Roman Catholic religion. He wrote to his father, announcing his conversion. But his father, being a strong Protestant, "was shocked and astonished at his son's strange departure from the religion of his country," which was also at the time contrary to the position as a member of the University. His father refused to receive him at home, but sent him to Lausanne in Switzerland, under the care of a Protestant minister, a Mr. Pavillard, who had the duty laid upon him to superintend the young man's studies and to bring him back to the Protestant faith. He remained at Lausanne for five years, studying industriously and profitably. In fact, young Gibbon from childhood was a great reader. He wrote:

"My indiscriminate appetite subsided by degrees into historic line, and since philosophy has exploded all innate ideas and natural propensities, I must ascribe the

choice to the assiduous perusal of the *Universal History* as the octavo volumes successfully appeared. This unequal work referred and introduced me to the Greek and Roman historian, to as many at least as were accessible to an English reader." Referring to Echard's *Roman History*, he says: "To me the reigns of the successors of Constantine were absolutely new, and I was immersed in the passage of the Goths over the Danube when the summons of the dinner-bell reluctantly dragged me from my intellectual feast. I procured the second and third volumes of Howell's *History of the World*, which exhibit the Byzantine period on a large scale. Simon Ockley first opened my eyes, and I was led from one book to another till I had ranged round the circle of Oriental history. Before I was sixteen I had exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians, the Tartars and Turks, and the same ardour urged me to guess at the French of D'Herbelot and to construe the barbarous Latin of Pocock's *Abulfargius*."

These books cover a large portion of the *Decline and Fall*, already surveyed at the age of sixteen. In his extensive historical reading he was preparing himself unaware for his monumental work.

It was a great trial to Gibbon to be thrown among strangers at Lausanne. After the excitement and novelty of foreign travel were over, he could realize his position. From the luxury and freedom of Oxford, he was degraded to the dependence of a schoolboy.

"I had exchanged," he says, "elegant apartment in Magdalen College for a narrow gloomy street, the most infrequented in an unhandsome town, for an old inconvenient house, and for a small chamber, ill-contrived and ill-furnished, which, on the approach of winter, instead of a companionable fire, must be warmed by the dull and invisible heat of a stove." Under these circumstances he began the most profitable and later the most pleasant period of his life. Within a few months the various articles of the Romish creed disappeared like a dream, and after full conviction, on Christmas Day, 1754, he received the Sacrament in the Church of Lausanne, after being a Catholic for eighteen months.

During his stay at Lausanne he fell in love with a young lady, Mdlle. Curchod, who returned his love. She was the daughter of a Calvinist minister of Crassier, her mother a French Huguenot, who had preferred her religion to her country. She was a superior young lady of education and accomplished mind. She was beautiful! She was the talk of Lausanne, and could not appear in an assembly or at the play without being surrounded by admirers. She was called La Belle Curchod. He was twenty and she was seventeen years of age and he was a frequent guest in her father's house. "She listened," he says, "to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart."

On his return to England his father would not hear of this strange alliance. "After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate: I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." The engagement was broken off. Gibbon remained single throughout his life, but she soon afterwards married a man of different character, a Mr. M. Necker, a man of amiability, liberality and integrity and of wealth. Gibbon, however, maintained an intimacy with Madame Necker during her life.

Mr. Gibbon when in Switzerland adopted the habit of keeping a diary, which has been preserved. "It appeared to me," he says, "upon inquiry that my character was virtuous, incapable of a base action and formed for generous ones, yet proud, violent and disagreeable in society. Wit I have none. My imagination is rather strong than pleasing; my memory both capacious and retentive. The shining qualities of my understanding are comprehensiveness and penetration, but I want both quickness and exactness."

On his return to England he was graciously received by his father. He joined the militia in 1760 and for two years and a half spent the wandering life of military servitude. He had charge as a commander of an independent corps of 476 officers and men. For eight months at a stretch he never took a book in his hand. "From the day we marched from Beauford I hardly had a moment I could call my own, being almost continually in motion, or if I was fixed for a day it was in the guardroom, a barrack or in an inn."

He writes in his journal: "December 23, 1762, the militia was disbanded, mine at Alton, my father's at Burthorpe." They fired three volleys, lodged the Major's colors, delivered up their arms, received their money, partook of a dinner at the Major's expense, and then separated, with great cheerfulness and regularity. Thus ended the militia.

A few weeks after the disbanding of the militia found Gibbon in France; the three months he stayed in Paris were used to good advantage, between studying and social intercourse with some of the leading lights of the Capital. His thorough knowledge of French removed every obstacle in the way of social acquaintance. On May 8, 1763, he was on his way to Lausanne, where he remained for a year studying the antiquities of Italy. From Lausanne he went to Rome (already mentioned) and to Naples, and crossed the Alps on his homeward journey. On his arrival at Lyons, he found letters from his father asking him to return home to England. In June, 1765, Gibbon returned to his father's house, where he remained till the death of his father in 1770. His father's estate was saddled with debt. Gibbon had to meet the obligations. He sold some of the estate to pay pressing mortgages, but notwithstanding the financial troubles, Gibbon did not relax in pursuing his historical research.

In his account of his father's death, November 10, 1770, he manifested his love for him. He admits his father's weakness and inconstancy, but says that they were well compensated by the virtues of the head and heart. "His graceful person, polite address, gentle manners and unaffected cheerfulness recommended him to the favor of every company."

Gibbon lived at 7 Bentinck street, near Manchester Square, then a remote suburb, says his biographer, close to the country fields. "His housekeeping was that of a solitary bachelor, who could afford an occasional dinner party."

"His habit was to devote the morning, commencing at seven, to study, and the afternoon and evening to society and recreation. He wrote to his stepmother that he was every day more satisfied with his present mode of life." "My library," he wrote in 1773, "Kensington Gardens and

a few parties with new acquaintances, among whom I reckoned Goldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds, fill up my time, and the monster, *ennui*, preserves a very respectful distance." He wrote: "Holroyd, your friends, Bott, Sir John Russell and Lascelles, dined with me the other day, for I sometimes give the prettiest little dinner in the world."

Lord Sheffield says that his conversation was superior to his writings, and in a circle of intimate friends, he was very much at home. His conversation ran almost entirely on history. "The learned Gibbon," says Colman, "was a curious counter-balance to the learned (may I not say the less learned) Johnson. Their manners and tastes, both in writing and conversation, were as different as their habilaments. One day I first sat down with Johnson in his rusty brown suit and in his black worsted stockings. Gibbon was placed opposite me, in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword. Each had his measured phraseology, and Johnson's famous parallel between Dryden and Pope might be loosely parodied in reference to himself and Gibbon. Johnson's style was grand and Gibbon's elegant; the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantic, and the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson marched to kettledrums and trumpets; Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys. Johnson hewed passages through the Alps, while Gibbon leveled walks through parks and gardens. Mauled as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon poured balm upon my bruises by condescending once or twice in the course of the evening to talk with me. The great historian was light and playful, suiting his matter to the capacity of a boy; still his mannerisms prevailed, still he tapped his snuff-box, still he smirked and smiled, and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding as if he were conversing with men. His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole nearly in the centre of his visage."

In three years after his settlement in London, he produced the first volume of the *Decline and Fall*. "At the outset," he says, "all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true aera of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative,

and I was often tempted to cast away the labor of seven years." He finished his reading and preparation before he began to write, and when he had at last put pen to paper his course was open before him, with no fear of sudden and disquieting stoppages arising from imperfect knowledge and need of further inquiry. He appears to have worked with singular ease and mastery of his subject. It is said that even his friends were not aware that he was engaged on a work of such magnitude, and even his friend, Holroyd, warned him against a hasty and immature publication, when he knew that the book was on the press. He had heard little of it before. Gibbon worked with great ease and smoothness. He had good health. He never seems to have needed a change. He was able to keep himself in good condition, with a long spell of work in the morning. Whenever he went away to the country, it was on invitations which he could not well refuse. The result was a leisurely, unhasting fullness of achievement, calm stretches of thorough and contented work, which have left behind their marks on the *Decline and Fall*. One of his charms is a constant good humor and complacency; not a sign is visible that the writer is pressed for time, or wants to get his performance out of hand.

One would have liked to see him in his work shop. His biographer says that Gibbon "three times did he compose the first chapter and twice the second and third, before he was satisfied with their effect, but the two final chapters interposed a long delay, and needed three successive recitals to reduce them from a volume to their present size. He spent more time over his first volume than over any one of the five which followed. To these he devoted two years apiece, more or less, whereas the first cost him three years."

While he was engaged in the composition of the first volume, he became a member of Parliament. One morning at half-past seven, "as he was destroying an army of barbarians," he heard a double rap at his door. It was a friend, who came to inquire if he was desirous of entering the House of Commons. "Yes," was his answer. He took his seat as a member for the borough of Liskeard, after the general election in 1774. It is said that he voted when matters came up, but that he

never made a speech in the House during the years he was a member. He wrote, writing to a friend, "You have forgotten that I went to Parliament without patriotism and without ambition, and that my views tended to the convenient and respectable place of a board of trade. This situation I at last obtained. I possessed it for three years, from 1779 to 1782, and the net produce, which amounted to £750 sterling, augmented my income—to my wants and desires. But in the spring of last year the storm burst over our heads. Lord North was overthrown, your humble servant turned out, and even the board of trade, of which I was a member, abolished and broken up forever by Mr. Burke's reform. To complete my misfortune, I am still a member of the House."

Gibbon's first volume was published in February, 1776. He first thought of printing 500 copies, but the number was doubled. The book was received with a burst of applause. The first impression was exhausted in a few days, and a second and third edition were hardly adequate to the demand. The leading men in the country were surprised at such a performance coming from an Englishman in that age. It was a great success, but "Gibbon had a cool head, not easily turned." He visited Paris next year; his fame had preceded him, and he received a most cordial welcome. One wrote: "Mr. Gibbon has the greatest success here; it is quite a struggle to get him."

The remainder of his life in London has nothing important. He worked upon his history, and had two quartos ready in 1781; but they did not receive such reception as the first, though superior. The fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, which referred to the rise and progress of Christianity, attracted much attention and provoked unfavorable comments. Gibbon's defense was complete. "Had I," he said, "believed that the majority of English believers were so fondly attached even to the shadow of the name of Christianity; had I foreseen that the pious, the timid and the prudent would feel, or affect to feel, with such exquisite sensibility, I might perhaps have softened the two invidious chapters, which would create many enemies and conciliate few friends." His opponents were not satisfied with his reply. Fortunately, in the subsequent volumes no occa-

sion was afforded for a renewal of the controversy.

James C. Morison, Oxford, in *English Men of Letters*, says: "Gibbon's account of the early Christian is vitiated by his narrow and distorted conception of the emotional side of man's nature. Having no spiritual aspirations himself, he could not appreciate or understand them in others. Those emotions which have for their object the unseen world and its centre, God, had no meaning for him, and he attempted to explain them away when he came across them, or to ascribe their origin and effects to other instincts which were more intelligible to him. It can surprise no one that Gibbon has treated the early church in a way which is highly unsatisfactory, if judged by modern standards."

After the publication of his history, Gibbon returned to Lausanne and remained in Switzerland nearly five years, until the advances of the French revolutionists alarmed him for his safety. In June, 1793, he returned to England, and then in the autumn he was ill with dropsy. On November 14 he was tapped, which greatly relieved him. Within two weeks, another tapping was necessary. His case, through neglect, complicated with other disorders, had gone too far for medical skill. On January 15, 1794, he died, in his fifty-seventh year. He died "after one of the greatest victories ever achieved in his own field of human letters," and lived long enough to taste the fruits of his toil. In 1796, Lord Siffeld published his life, in two volumes.—EDITOR.

Scottish Memorial in Jerusalem

A Joint Committee of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church have resolved to recommend their respective General Assemblies in favor of the erection and endowment of a Scots Kirk and College in Jerusalem as an expression of the Scottish people's gratitude to God for the deliverance of the Holy City, and in grateful remembrance of the brave men and women of Scottish birth who have died in the course of the British Army's operations in Palestine. The college is intended to provide accommodation for ministers, students and others for the promotion of sacred learning under competent direction, while the church will minister to the religious needs of those to whom the other forms of worship available are unfamiliar and unsatisfying. The proposed Scots Kirk is strongly supported by Judge Scott, President of the Court of Appeal, Jerusalem.

French, Kitchener, Haig & Co.

BY R. W. CAMPBELL

The revelations of Lord French are rapidly passing from the sphere of military controversy into the arena of political wrangling. This, unfortunately, happens in many military controversies in this country. I am expected to back Lord French if I am a Tory; and if a Radical, Lord Kitchener. I decline the bait. This matter is much too serious to permit it to be the mere weapon of cock-eyed politicians. And I am surprised at intelligent newspapers and intelligent critics tumbling into this old dirty party game. Lord French is a great man, but not so great a personality as Lord Kitchener. Both of these men have made grave blunders, but viewed broadly these errors have been swamped in other glorious achievements. We should judge men by their successes, not by their failures. The successes of both of these men are worthy of the highest praise, just as their failures are entitled to the measure of publicity which is their due. The great thing is to be fair, or as fair as the possession of human prejudices will allow.

Horses, a nose for country, the instinct to see and do account for the rise of French. He got his chance in the South African War. I saw him depart on his historic march to Kimberley. Judged by South African standards it was a brilliant bit of work. Viewed from the standpoint of Jackson, Napoleon, or Foch it was a mere foray—a foray which could have been accomplished by Raisuli or De Wet. He defeated the Boers by his alacrity, numbers, education, and superior horse flesh. That's all! I happen to know, for I served through the Boer War from the first day to the last. This gave French his opportunity. From that time he has earnestly labored to maintain his great reputation. Judged by his successes in France he has "made good." He thoroughly earned his peerage. But for his own sake it would have been better not to have published his book. On the other hand I do believe that from the public standpoint he has done right. And while he may suffer in public esteem, posterity will thank him for endeavoring to tell the truth.

Lord French, however, has been most unjust to Smith-Dorrien about Le Cateau. He always disliked Smith-Dorrien. This, I believe, can really be traced to the green-eyed monster. Smith-Dorrien is a more thoroughly educated man than French. In a way, Smith-Dorrien is also a philosopher with all the high moral courage of the tribe. His decision to fight at Le Cateau was *the first big thing in the war*. Never mind what Wilson said about "risking a Sedan." Wilson was unduly alarmed. Smith Dorrien was the only man who could see that day. He really saved the British Army, delivered

a most crushing blow against German morale, a blow which, coupled with the rush of the 6th French Army on motor buses from



SIR JOHN FRENCH

Paris at the battle of the Marne, eventually upset Von Kluck's psychology, saved Paris, and won the war.

French and Smith Dorrien were also at loggerheads over the salient of Ypres. Smith-Dorrien pointed out that to hold the salient was strategic rot, entailing the murder of thousands. This has proved to be only too true. It was a blood bath for over four years. But for reasons of high policy, not for strategic purposes, it was decided to hold this corner of Belgium. French on this point *had to obey his orders*, and Plumer was the man eventually ordered to do it. Plumer, of course, is not a genius. He is a very charming and obliging old gentleman. Doubtless, that is the reason why French likes him. Strong men usually dislike strong men. They are afraid of their jobs, hence the fall of Smith Dorrien on the Western Front, also the reason why Allenby left France for Egypt. Allenby was the only man fit to command the British Army in France in the fourth year of war. This is very well known, but in this country of journalistic ba-baas, it has been left for me to say it. If you have followed my views on the war, you will know I seldom spoke of Haig towards



FIELD MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER

the closing stages of the war. Not that Haig is a poor soldier. He is a splendid soldier, but he cannot originate; *he must have orders*. A courtier is seldom a great genius. But I must get back to French.

French did two wonderful things in the war. His decision to retire from Mons, instead of standing to his guns, as almost every man in this country shrieked at him to do, was a wise thing, *a very wise thing*. This reversed the traditional policy of the British Army. He was quietly cursed by many of the General Staff. He was even insulted by his soldiers. But we know that he was right. His second, and perhaps his greatest stroke of genius, was the pulling of the British Army from Aisne to Ypres. He had to fight Joffre and the whole French nation to do it. But he dogged and determined. He had his way. He only arrived in the nick of time. His battle of Ypres was a noble battle, and one of the greatest things in the history of the world. And I do hope we shall always honor his name for that. After the battle of Ypres his power declined. French had the genius to control an army the size of the original B. E. F., but for an army counted in millions he was not the man. Like all Irishmen he is impetuous.

At that period of the war Haig was, undoubtedly, *the best man available*. He was cautious, careful of his broken units, and patiently labored to train his rapidly growing armies for the coming battles. We could



RT. HON. HERBERT H. ASQUITH

not have had a better C.I.C. for such a purpose. We should honor him well for this great work. But for a war of movement on a continental scale he had not the genius. His mind, if well balanced, is not elastic. He can think and think hard, and at detail he is a master hand. But he fails in practice. The Somme and the first battle of Cambrai amply demonstrate this view. He is also conservative; dislikes new faces; has a love of old friends and many old methods. Lloyd George had almost to force him to take Sir Eric Geddes for the reorganization of his railways. He originally opposed unity of command, but being a statesman, he eventually, yea, gladly concurred. At that critical hour his own job was toppling. Haig would have been relieved of his command after the retreat of Gough's army in 1918 had it not been for the very serious effect such a change would have had on our military morale. I cannot print that Lloyd George intended to do that, but I am legally permitted to think so, and have reasons for so doing. While I dislike, even detest the Premier, for his recent betrayal of democracy, I shall always admire him for his vision in war. Like Pitt, he could spot defects and devise remedies. And I know he frequently thought of a change in our higher command, but powerful forces, *very powerful*, tied his hands. When we are dead our children shall know, but not till then. The doping of public opinion is a scandal. The



FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG



GEN. SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN

work of Haig in the earlier years was in many ways noble and brilliant. This good work will bear analysis and scrutiny. It was Haig, despite certain defects, who really made the wonderful British Army in France. Like Kitchener, he is a great military organizer. But when he had made this wonderful army, he could not use it. It was too big for him. Haig was most useful for a defensive war, but not the man for an offensive on a continental scale. Hence the advent of Foch—the master of Stonewall Jackson and Napoleon. These are facts, you need not dispute them.

And now I come to French's views of Lord Kitchener on the shells questions. French is right. Lord Kitchener was wrong, wilfully wrong. I did not think so at the time, indeed, I believed that Kitchener was being attacked by unscrupulous political opponents. I was so much convinced of this that, as an army officer, I defied the Army Regulations, and at a private meeting of the Institute of Journalists in Glasgow I gave a lecture on Lord Kitchener, &c., showing his work as I had observed it in Africa, Egypt, and Australasia, and appealing to them to fight *The Times* and *The Daily Mail*. I was wrong, stupidly wrong, but my passionate love and blind belief in this great man had drugged my judgment. I could not see then. I see now, and I thank Lord French for more information on this subject. As for Mr. Asquith, he is attempting to prove that a circle is square. He was deceived by Lord Kitchener, but his fine public spirit spurs him to defend the dead. If Mr. Asquith is weak as a statesman in war, he is by no means disloyal. He is truly magnanimous. Honest men will admire him for the beau-

tiful spirit, but he ought really to give up this hoary game of clothing black facts, horrible facts, with the garments of purity. We all know *now*. Nevertheless, there is no reason to share all the prejudice of Lord French against Lord Kitchener; "K.," as I said at the outset, was a far greater personality than French. He has achieved more. Go to India, Egypt, Africa, and Australasia and you will understand. French is a cavalryman, and therefore primitive in his instincts. He thrusts, and when opposed by a stonger will he must sabre and sabre hard. It would have been much better if he had used a rapier, and played a defter game. God knows he is entitled to his honest story about the shells. It is grim and true. Those letters to the War Office are almost written in tears, for French has a really big heart and hates to see men wantonly murdered. But "K.," despite pitiful blunders about high explosives and the territorials, deserves at least praise with blame. There is too much passion in the memoirs of French. This is Irish of course, but Kitchener was Irish, and I feel sure that Kitchener would never have written up French in such a one-sided way. This book will hurt Lord French, but the publication of such a work is a good thing. It is an honest attempt at truth, and for the truths therein, embedded as they are in human spite and passion, let us earnestly thank our God.—*The Scots Pictorial*.

The United States Senate unanimously passed a bill, carrying an appropriation of \$500,000, authorizing the appointment of a commission to acquire an American cemetery in France, in which will be buried the bodies of American soldiers who lost their lives in that country during the war.

Clan Chisholm and Its Chiefs

Clan Badge: Fern (*Raineach*); for Alder.

The Septs and Dependents entitled to use the Chisholm Tartan are: Cheseholme, Chisholm, Chisholme.

The Arms of the Clan is: Red, a silver boar's head couped. Crest: A right hand holding a dagger erect, on the point a red boar's head proper.

Motto: Above the shield, *Feros Ferio*; below the shield, *Vi aut Virtute*.

One of the most remarkable episodes among the adventures of Prince Charles Edward in the West Highlands, between the time of his escape from Benbecula by the aid of Flora MacDonald and his final setting sail for France on board the *Doutelle*, was that of his shelter and protection by the Seven Men of Glen Morriston. The names of these seven men, as given in the *Lyon in Mourning*, were Patrick Grant, commonly called Black Peter of Craskie, John MacDonnell, alias Campbell, Alexander MacDonnell, Grigor MacGregor and three brothers, Alexander, Donald and Hugh Chisholm. The seven were afterward joined by an eighth, Hugh Macmillan. These men had been engaged in the Jacobite rising, and, as a result, their small possessions had been burned and destroyed. Seventy others of their neighbors who had surrendered, they had seen sent as slaves to the colonies, and in desperation they had bound themselves by a solemn oath never to yield, and never to give up their arms, but to fight to the last drop of their blood. Several of their deeds are recounted in the work already referred to. About three weeks before the Prince joined them, four of them, the two Macdonnells and Alexander and Donald Chisholm, attacked a convoy of seven soldiers carrying provisions from Fort Augustus to Glenelg, shot two of the soldiers dead, turned loose the horses, and carried the provisions to their cave. A few days later, meeting Robert Grant, a notorious informer from Strathspey, they shot him dead, cut off his head and set it up in a tree near the high road, where it remained for many a day, a terror to traitors. Three days later word reached them that an uncle of Patrick Grant had had his cattle driven off by a large party of soldiers. Near the Hill of Lundy, between Fort Augustus and Glenelg, they came up with the raiders,

and demanded the return of the cattle. The three king's officers formed up their party for defence, and continued to drive away the cattle; but the seven men, moving parallel with the party, kept up a running fire, two by two, and finally in a narrow and dangerous pass, so beset the soldiers that they fell into confusion and fled, leaving the cattle, as well as a horse laden with provisions, to the assailants.

To these men the Prince was introduced as young Clanranald, but they instantly recognized him, and welcomed him with the utmost enthusiasm and devotion. They took a dreadful oath to be faithful to him, and kept it so well, that not one of them spoke of the Prince having been in their company till a twelvemonth after he had sailed to France. Charles told them they were the first privy council who had sworn faith to him since the battle of Culloden, and he lived with them first for three days in the cave of Coiraghoth, and afterwards for four days in another of their fastnesses two miles away, the cave of Coirscreaach.

John Home, in his history of the Rebellion, quoting the narrative of Hugh Chisholm, says that "when Charles came near they knew him and fell upon their knees. Charles was then in great distress. He had a bonnet on his head, a wretched yellow wig, and a clouted handkerchief about his neck. He had a coat of coarse, dark-colored cloth, a Stirling tartan waistcoat, much worn, a pretty good belted plaid, tartan hose, and Highland brogues, tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt (and he had not another) was of the color of saffron." The outlaws undertook to procure him a change of dress. This they did by waylaying and killing the servant of an officer, who was conveying his master's baggage to Fort Augustus.

On 6th August, learning that a certain captain of militia, named Campbell, factor to the Earl of Seaforth, was encamped within four miles of his hiding place, Charles determined to remove, and during the night, attended by his rude but faithful bodyguard, he passed over into Strathglass, the country of The Chisholm. The

Prince stayed in Strathglass for four days, then passed over into Glen Cannich, hoping to hear of a French vessel that had put into Poolewe. Disappointed in this, however, he returned across the Water of Cannich, and, passing near young Chisholm's house, arrived about two in the morning of 14th August at a place called Fassanacoill in Strathglass, where the party was supplied with provisions by one John Chisholm, a farmer. Chisholm was even able to furnish a bottle of wine, which had been left with him by a priest. It was not till the 19th of August that the Prince passed from Glen Morriston to Glengarry. On finally parting from his faithful protectors at a wood at the foot of Loch Arkaig, the Prince gave their leader, Patrick Grant, twenty-four guineas, being nearly all the money he possessed. This made an allowance of three guineas for each man, which cannot be considered a preposterous acknowledgment, seeing that any one of them could, at any moment during the Prince's stay among them, have earned for himself the reward of £30,000 offered by Government for his capture.

Of one of these seven men, Hugh Chisholm, in later days, an interesting account is given by Sir Walter Scott. Towards the close of the century, he lived in Edinburgh, and became known to Scott, then a young man at college, who subscribed to a trifling annuity for him. Scott says "he was a noble, commanding figure of six feet and upwards, had a very stately demeanor, and always wore the Highland garb. . . . He kept his right hand usually in his bosom, as if worthy of more care than the rest of his person, because Charles Edward had shaken hands with him when they separated." In the end he returned to his native district, and died in Strathglass some time after 1812.

The humble clansmen who appear thus heroically in Scottish history in the eighteenth century, were members of a race whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. By some the family is believed to have taken its name originally from a property on the Scottish Border, and to have been transplanted thence at an early date to the district of Strathglass in Inverness-shire. Another theory is that the Chisholms, whose Gaelic name is Siosal, are derived from the English Cecils. If either of these theories be correct, the case

is little different from that of many others of the most notable Scottish clans, whose progenitors seem to have settled in the north at the time of Malcolm Canmore and his sons, much in the same way as Norman and Saxon knights were settled in the Lowlands by these monarchs, and probably for the same reason, to develop the military resources and ensure the loyalty of their respective districts.

Whatever its origin, the race of the Chisholms appears early enough among the makers of history in the north. Guthred or Harald, Thane of Caithness in the latter part of the twelfth century, is stated by Sir Robert Gordon to have borne the surname of Chisholm. His wife was the daughter of Madach, Earl of Atholl, and he was one of the most powerful and turbulent of the northern chiefs, till William the Lion at last defeated and put him to death, and divided his lands between Freskin, ancestor of the Earls of Sutherland, and Magnus, son of Gillibreid, Earl of Angus. Upon that event, the chiefs of the Chisholms, it is conjectured, sought a new district, and about the year 1220 settled in Strathglass. From that time to this they have been located in the strath, and to an early chief the saying is attributed that there were but three persons in the world entitled to be called "The"—the King, the Pope and The Chisholm.

In the Ragman Roll of 1296 appear the names of Richard de Chesehelm, in Roxburghshire, and John de Cheshome, in Berwickshire, but it cannot be supposed that these individuals had any but the most remote relationship with the Clan Chisholm of the north. In 1334 the chief of the Chisholms married the daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Lauder of Quarrelwood, presumably the estate of that name in the parish of Kirkmahoe in Dumfriesshire, who was at that time Constable of the royal castle of Urquhart at the foot of Glen Morriston on Loch Ness. Robert, the son of this marriage, succeeded through his mother to the estate of Quarrelwood, and became keeper of Urquhart Castle. He was one of the knights who was taken prisoner along with the young King David II at Neville's Cross in 1346, but procured his freedom, and left a record of his piety at a later day by bestowing six acres of arable land within the territory of the Castle of Inverness upon the kirk there.

The deed, dated in 1362, is still preserved, and the ground, still the property of the Kirk Session, has its revenue devoted to the relief of the poor, and is known on that account as the D'ribuight, "Tir na bochd," or poor's land.

By way of contrast to this piety, Sir Robert Chisholm, Lord of Quarrelwood, was accused in 1369 of having wrongously intromitted with some of the property belonging to the bishopric of Moray, and twenty-nine years later, John de Cheshelm was ordered to restore the lands of Kinmylies, which belonged to the church. In the Register of Moray, under the date of 1368, is preserved the record of an act of homage performed to the Bishop for certain lands by Alexander de Chisholme, presumably a son of Sir Robert. "*In camera domini Alexandri, Dei gratia Episcopi Moraviensis apud Struy, presente tota multitudine Canonicorum et Capellanorum et aliorum, ad prandium ibi invitatorum, Alexander de Chisholme fecit homagium, junctis manibus et dis cooperta capite, pro eisdem terris,*" etc.

The main residence of the chiefs at that time appears to have been Comar, and in an indenture dated 1403 Margaret de la Aird is stated to be the widow of the late chief Alexander Chisholm of Comar. This indenture was for the settlement of the estates between the widow, Alexander's successor, Thomas, and William, Lord Fenton, as heirs portioners, and it detailed the family property as lying not only in the shires of Inverness and Moray, but also in the counties of Aberdeen, Forfar and Perth.

At the end of the fourteenth century, the chief of the time, John Chisholm, had an only child, Morella, or Muriel. By her marriage to Alexander Sutherland, baron of Duffus, a large part of the property of the chiefs was carried out of the family, and John's successor was left with little more than the original patrimony of his ancestors in Strathglass. Muriel also carried into her husband's family the Chisholm insignia of the Boar's head as an addition to its coat of arms.

Somewhere during those centuries occurred a tragic incident which has retained a place among the traditions of the clan. One of the Chisholm chiefs, it appears, carried off a daughter of the chief of the Frasers. To ensure her safety, he

placed her on an island on Loch Bruaich. But her father's clan, having mustered in force, traced her to this retreat. A fierce struggle followed, and in the course of it the young lady was accidentally slain by her own brother's hand. The incident is the subject of a well known Gaelic song, and around the spot are still to be seen the burial mounds of those who fell in the battle.

For some two centuries Comar appears to have remained the residence of the chiefs. In 1513, amid the troubles which followed the defeat and death of James IV at Flodden, it is recorded that Uilan of Comar, along with Alastair MacRanald of Glengarry, stormed the royal castle of Urquhart. And again in 1587, when the chiefs of the Highland clans were called upon to give security for the peaceful behavior of those upon their lands, the name of "Cheisholme of Cummer" appears on the roll. Within the next century, however, Erchless Castle had become their main stronghold, and at the Revolution it was garrisoned for King James. After the battle of Killiecrankie it was deemed important enough to call for a special effort at reduction, and General Livingstone found no little difficulty, though he besieged it with a large force, in capturing the place and preventing the clansmen from regaining possession.

Among the Highland chiefs who signed the loyal address to King George I, which was presented to that monarch by the Earl of Mar on his landing at Greenwich in 1714, appears Ruari or Roderick MacIain, the Chisholm chief of the time. George I, as all the world knows, treated the address and its bearer with scant courtesy, and by that proceeding directly brought about the rising of the Jacobite clans under the Earl of Mar in 1715. In that rebellion the clan was led by Chisholm of Cnocfin, and in consequence, after the defeat at Sheriffmuir his estates were forfeited and sold. In 1727, however, the veteran procured a pardon under the Privy Seal. The lands had meanwhile been acquired by MacKenzie of Allangrange. On the pardon being granted, he conveyed them to Chisholm of Mucherach, who, in turn, conveyed them to Roderick's eldest son, with an entail on his heirs male.

In 1745 the clan again turned out in support of the Jacobite cause, and was led

on the occasion by Colin, the youngest son of the chief. The protection afforded Prince Charles Edward by the seven men of Glen Morriston during the critical days of his wandering in the Chisholm country and its neighborhood, was only part of the devoted effort put forth by the clan on that memorable occasion.

Alexander Chisholm, who succeeded to the chiefship in 1785 and died in 1793, left an only child, Mary, who married an Englishman, James Gooden, and settled in London. The chiefship and estates then passed to his youngest brother, William. This chief married the eldest daughter of MacDonnell of Glengarry, and his elder son and successor, Alexander, sat as M. P. for Inverness-shire. On the death of the latter in 1838, the estates and chiefship passed to his brother, Duncan. The clan is fortunate in still possessing a chief of its name well known for his public spirit in Highland affairs, while Erchless Castle, the ancient family seat, remains one of the most beautiful and picturesque of Highland residences. Near the Castle, on a green mound surrounded by ancient trees, a number of the early chiefs were buried, and here, also, by his own desire, lies Alexander William, the chief who died in 1838; but the burying-place of most of the family was at Beaulieu Priory, where a tablet set up by his only daughter, Mrs. Gooden, commemorates Alexander, the chief who died in 1793.

From an early date, a branch of the

clan was settled at Cromlix, or Cromlics, in Perthshire, which includes the episcopal city of Dunblane. At the Reformation, this branch produced in succession three bishops, all of the name of William, each of whom strenuously opposed the tenets of the Reformation. The first of these, who died in 1564, was notorious for his moral shortcomings, and seized the pretext of the Reformation, when church lands were being cast into the melting pot, to alienate the episcopal estates of Dunblane to his illegitimate children. The second of these bishops, who was appointed co-adjutor to his uncle in 1561, and succeeded him as Bishop in 1564, acted as envoy for Mary Queen of Scots from 1565 to 1567. Before 1570, like several other Catholic Scottish bishops, he withdrew to France, where he was appointed Bishop of Vaison. In 1584 he became a monk of the Chartreuse, and latterly was prior of the Chartreuse at Lyons and Rome. This Bishop also was succeeded by a nephew, who became bishop of Vaison in 1584. He was notorious for his intrigues in Scottish affairs in 1602, when, in the interest of the Scottish Catholics, he endeavored to obtain the cardinalate. He was rector of Venaissin from 1603 till his death in 1629. Finally, by the marriage of Jane, only daughter of Sir James Chisholm of Cromlix, the estate passed to the Lords Strathallan, now Earls of Perth.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

Chapter XIII.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

If Frank Lavender had been told that his love for his wife was in danger of waning, he would have laughed the suggestion to scorn. He was as fond of her and as proud of her as ever. Still there was something. He found himself a good deal alone. Sheila did not seem to care much for going into society; and although he did not greatly like the notion of going by himself, nevertheless one had certain duties towards one's friends to perform. She did not even care to go down to the Park of a morning. She always professed her readiness to go; but he fancied it was a rifle tiresome for her; and so, when there was nothing particular proceeding in

the studio, he would walk down through Kensington Gardens himself, and have a chat with some friends, followed generally by luncheon with this or the other party of them. Sheila had been taught that she ought not to come so frequently to that studio. Bras would not lie quiet. Moreover, if dealers or other strangers should come in, would they not take her for a model? So Sheila stayed at home; and Mr. Lavender, after having dressed with care in the morning used to go down to his studio to smoke a cigarette. The chances were that he was not in a humor for working. He would sit down in an easy-chair, and kick his heels on the floor for a time, regarding the huge dusky figures, the helmeted heroes, and the impossible horses of the tapestry on the opposite

wall. Then he would go out and lock the door behind him; leaving no message whatever for those crowds of importunate dealers who, as Sheila fancied, were besieging him with offers in one hand and purses of gold in the other.

One morning, after she had been indoors for two or three days, she was filled with an unconquerable longing to go away, for however brief a space, from the sight of houses. The morning was sweet, and clear, and bright; white clouds were slowly crossing a fair blue sky; and a fresh and cool breeze was blowing in at the open French windows.

"Bras," she said, passing down-stairs, and out into the small garden, "we are going into the country."

The great deerhound seemed to know, and rose and came to her with great gravity, while she clasped on the leash. He was no frisky animal to show his delight by yelping and gambolling; but he laid his long nose in her hand, and slowly wagged the down-drooping curve of his shaggy tail; and then he placidly walked by her side up into the hall, where he stood awaiting her.

She would go along and beg of her husband to leave his work for a day, and come with her for a walk down to Richmond Park. She had often heard Mr. Ingram speak of walking down; and she remembered that much of the road was pretty. Why should not her husband have one holiday?

"It is such a shame," she had said to him that morning, as he left, "that you will be going into that gloomy place, with its bare walls and chairs, and the windows so that you cannot see out of them."

"I must get some work done somehow, Sheila," he said, although he did not tell her that he had not finished a picture since his marriage.

"I wish I could do some of it for you," she said.

"You! All the work you're good for is catching fish, and feeding ducks, and hauling up sails. Why don't you come down and feed the ducks in the Serpentine?"

"I should like to do that," she answered. "I will go any day with you."

"Well," he said, "you see, I don't know until I get along to the studio whether I can get away for the morning; and then, if I were to come back here, you would have little or no time to dress. Good by, Sheila."

"Good by," she had said to him, giving up the Serpentine without much regret.

But the morning had turned out so delightful that she thought she would go along to the studio, and hale him out of that gaunt and dingy apartment. She would take him away from town; therefore she might put on the rough blue dress in which she used to go boating on Loch Roag. She had lately smartened it up a bit with some white braid; and she hoped he would approve.

"You are going out, Bras; and you must be a good dog, and not try to run after the deer."

She went out into the square, and was per-

haps a little glad to get away from it, as she was not sure of the blue dress and the small hat with its sea-gull's feather being precisely the costume she ought to wear. When she got into the Uxbridge Road she breathed more freely; and in the lightness of her heart she continued her conversation with Bras, giving that attentive animal a vast amount of information, partly in English, partly in Gaelic, which he only answered by a low whine or a shake of his shaggy head.

But these confidences were suddenly interrupted. She had got down to Addison Terrace, when by accident her eye happened to light on a brougham that was driving past. In it—she beheld them both clearly for a brief second—were her husband and Mrs. Lorraine, engaged in conversation, so that neither of them saw her. Sheila stood on the pavement for a couple of minutes, absolutely bewildered. All sorts of wild fancies and recollections came crowding in upon her—reasons why her husband was unwilling that she should visit his studio—why Mrs. Lorraine never called on her—and so forth, and so forth. She did not know what to think for a time; but presently all this tumult was stilled; and she had bravely resolved her doubts and made up her mind as to what she should do. She could not suspect her husband—that was the one sweet security to which she clung. Sheila knew that she herself disliked going to those fashionable gatherings to which Mrs. Lorraine went, and to which Lavender had been accustomed to go before he was married. How could she expect him to give up all his old habits and pleasures for her sake? She would be more reasonable and more generous.

Yet there was a great bitterness and grief in her heart as she turned and walked on. She spoke no more to the deerhound by her side. But all the same, she would go to Richmond Park, and by herself; for what was the use of calling in at the studio; and how could she go back home and sit in the house, knowing that her husband was away at some flower-show, or morning concert, or some such thing, with that young American lady?

She knew no other road to Richmond than that by which they had driven shortly after her arrival in London. She was an excellent walker, and in ordinary circumstances would have done the distance without fatigue; but when at length she saw the gates of the park before her, she was at once exceedingly tired, and almost faint from hunger. Here was the hotel in which they had dined; should she enter? The place seemed very grand and forbidding; she had scarcely even looked at it as she went up the steps with her husband by her side. However, she would venture; and accordingly she went up and into the vestibule, looking rather timidly about. A young gentleman, apparently not a servant, approached her, and seemed to wait for her to speak. It was a terrible moment. What was she to ask for, and could she ask

it of this young man? Fortunately he spoke first, and asked her if she wished to go into the coffee-room, and if she expected any one.

"No, I do not expect any one," she said, and she knew that he would perceive the peculiarity of her accent; "but if you will be kind enough to tell me where I may have a biscuit—"

It occurred to her that to go into the Star and Garter for a biscuit was absurd; and she added, wildly,—

"—or anything to eat."

The young man obviously regarded her with some surprise; but he was very courteous, and showed her into the coffee room, and called a waiter to her. Moreover, he gave permission for Bras to be admitted into the room, Sheila promising that he would lie under the table and not budge an inch. She began to feel more at home. The waiter suggested various things for lunch; and she made her choice of something cold. Then she mustered up courage to ask for a glass of sherry. How she would have enjoyed all this as a story to tell to her husband, but for that incident of the morning! She would have gloried in her outward bravery; and made him smile with a description of her inward terror. But all that was over. She felt as if she could no longer ask her husband to be amused by her childish experiences. Perhaps some happier time would come. Sheila paid her bill. She had heard her husband and Mr. Ingram talk about tipping waiters, and knew that she ought to give something to the man who had attended on her. But how much? When he had brought the change to her she timidly selected a half crown, and offered it to him. There was a little glance of surprise; she feared she had not given him enough. Then he said, "Thank you," in a vague and distant fashion, and she was sure she had not given him enough. But it was too late. Bras was summoned from beneath the table; and again she went out into the fresh air.

"Oh, my good dog!" she said to him, as they together walked up to the gates and into the Park, "this is a very extravagant country. You have to pay half a crown to a servant for bringing you a piece of cold pie, and then he looks as if he was not paid enough. And Duncan, who will do everything about the house, and will give us all our dinners, it is only a pound a week he will get, and Scarlett has to be kept out of that. And wouldn't you like to see poor old Scarlett again?"

Bras whined as if he understood every word.

"I suppose now she is hanging out the washing on the gooseberry bushes, and you know the song she always used to sing then? Papa he is over in Stornoway this morning, arranging his accounts with the people there, and perhaps he is down at the quay, looking at the *Clansman*, and wondering when she is to bring me into the harbor. Ah—h! You bad dog."

Bras had forgotten to listen to his mistress

in the excitement of seeing in the distance a large herd of deer under certain trees. She felt by the leash that he was trembling in every limb with expectation, and straining hard on the collar. Again and again she admonished him—in vain; until she had at last to drag him away down the hill, putting a small plantation between him and the herd. Here she found a large chestnut tree, with a wooden seat round its trunk, and so she sat down in the green twilight of the leaves, while Bras came and put his head in her lap.

"They have a beautiful country here," she said, talking in a rambling and wistful way to Bras, and scarcely noticing the eager light in his eyes, as if he were trying to understand. "They have no rain, and no fog; almost always blue skies, and the clouds high up and far away. And the beautiful trees they have too—you never saw anything like that in the Lewis—not even at Stornoway."

She rose, and looked pensively around her, and then turned with a sigh to make her way to the gates. It was with no especial sort of gladness that she thought of returning home. Here, in the great silence, she had been able to dream of the far island which she knew, and to fancy herself for a few minutes there; now she was going back to the dreary monotony of her life in that square, and to the doubts and anxieties which had been suggested to her in the morning.

She had almost forgotten the dog by her side. While sitting under the chestnut she had carelessly and loosely wound the leash round his neck, in the semblance of a collar; and when she rose and came away, she let the dog walk by her side without undoing the leash and taking proper charge of him. She was thinking of far other things, when she was startled by some one calling to her,—

"Look out, Miss, or you'll have your dog shot!"

She turned, and caught a glimpse of that which sent a thrill of terror to her heart. Bras had sneaked off from her side—had trotted lightly over the breckans, and was now in full chase of a herd of deer which were flying down the slope on the other side of the plantation. The herd, that had been much scattered, were now drawing together again, though checking nothing of their speed; but a single buck had been driven from his companions, and was doing his utmost to escape from the fangs of the powerful animal behind him.

What could she do but run wildly and breathlessly on? The dog was now far beyond the reach of her voice. She had no whistle. All sorts of fearful anticipations rushed in on her mind—the most prominent of all being the anger of her father if Bras were shot; and how could she live in London without this companion who had come with her from the far north? Then what terrible things were connected with the kill-

ing of a deer in a Royal Park? She remembered vaguely what Mr. Ingram and her husband had been saying; and while these things were crowding in upon her, she felt her strength beginning to fail, while both the dog and the deer had disappeared altogether from sight.

She could go no further. Whatever had become of Bras, it was in vain for her to think of pursuing him. When she at length reached a broad and smooth road leading through the pasture, she could only stand still and press her two hands over her heart, while her head seemed giddy, and she did not see two men who had been standing on the road close by until they came up and addressed her.

Then she started, and looked round; finding before her two men who were apparently laborers of some sort, one of them having a shovel over his shoulder.

"Bed your pardon, Miss, but wur that your dawg?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly. "Could you get it? Did you see him go by? Do you know where he is?"

"Me and my mate saw him go by, sure enough; but as for getting him—why, the keepers'll have shot him by this time."

"Oh no!" cried Sheila, almost in tears, "they must not shoot him. It was my fault. I will pay them for all the harm he has done. Can't you tell me which way he went past?"

"I don't think, Miss," said the spokesman, quite respectfully, "as you can go much further. If you would sit down, and rest yourself and keep an eye on this 'ere shovel, me and my mate will have a hunt arter the dawg."

Sheila not only accepted the offer gratefully, but promised to give them all the money she had if only they would bring back the hound unharmed.

It was a hard thing to wait here, in the greatest doubt and uncertainty, while the afternoon was visibly waning. She began to grow afraid. Perhaps the men had stolen the dog, and left her with this shovel as a blind. Her husband must have come home; and would be astonished and perplexed by her absence.

Her reverie was interrupted by the sound of footsteps on the grass behind; and she turned quickly, to find the two men approaching her, one of them leading the captive Bras by the leash. He hung down his head, while he panted rapidly, and she fancied she saw some smearing of blood on his tongue and on the side of his jaw. Her fears on his head were speedily confirmed.

"I think, Miss, as you'd better take him out o' the Park as soon as maybe; for he's got a deer killed close by the Robin Hood Gate, in the trees there, and if the keepers happen on it afore you leave the Park, you'll get into trouble."

"Oh, thank you," said Sheila, retaining her composure bravely, but with a terrible sinking of the heart; and "how can I get to the nearest railway station?"

"You're going to London, Miss?"

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose the nearest is Richmond; but it would be quieter for you, don't you see, Miss, if you was to go along to the Roehampton Gate and go to Barnes."

"Will you show me the gate?" said Sheila, choosing the quieter route at once.

But the men themselves did not at all like the look of accompanying her and this dog through the Park. Had they not already compounded a felony, or done something equally dreadful, in handing to her a dog that had been found keeping watch and ward over a slain buck? They showed her the road to the Roehampton Gate; and then they paused before continuing their journey.

The pause meant money. Sheila took out her purse. There were three sovereigns and some silver in it; and the entire sum, in fulfilment of her promise, she held out to him who had so far conducted the negotiations.

Both men looked frightened. It was quite clear that either good feeling or some indefinite fear of being implicated in the killing of the deer caused them to regard this big bribe as something they could not meddle with; and at length, after a pause of a second or two, the spokesman said, with great hesitation,—

"Well, Miss, you've kep' your word; but me and my mate—well, if so be as it's the same to you, 'd rather have summut to drink your health—"

"Do you think it is too much?"

The man looked at his neighbor, who nodded.

"It was only for ketchin' of a dawg, Miss, don't you see?" he remarked, slowly, as if to impress upon her that they had nothing whatever to do with the deer.

"Will you take this then?" and she offered them half a crown each.

Their faces lightened considerably; they took the money; and, with a formal expression of thanks, moved off—but not before they had taken a glance round to see that no one had been a witness of this interview.

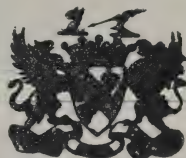
And so Sheila had to walk away by herself, knowing that she had been guilty of a dreadful offence, and that at any moment she might be arrested by the officers of the law. Tired as she was, she still walked rapidly on; and in due time, having had to ask the way once or twice, she found herself at Barnes station.

By and by the train came in; Bras was committed to the care of the guard; and she found herself alone in a railway carriage, for the first time in her life. Her husband had told her that whenever she felt uncertain of her whereabouts, if in the country, she was to ask for the nearest station and get a train to London; if in town, she was to get into a cab and give the driver her address. And, indeed, Sheila had been so much agitated and perplexed during this afternoon, that she acted in a sort of mechanical fashion, and really escaped the

(Continued on page 189)



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

New York Caledonians Meet

First Chieftain Alexander Caldwell, presided at the meeting of the New York Caledonian Club held on the evening of June 3. The meeting was opened with a lament on the pipes by Club Piper Murdoch Mackenzie, the members standing with bowed heads out of respect to the memory of the late Chief James C. Edwards. The chief's chair was draped and remained vacant until the close of the meeting. John Brown and Charles Law were elected members. One proposal for membership was received. John Dunnery, George Swanson, Donald MacDougall, George Murray and John Taylor were elected members of the Literary Committee. Alexander McIntosh, Donald McNeill and Alexander Tasker make up the Gymnasium Committee. A special auditing committee, consisting of James Donaldson, Thomas McNab, Jr., Robert Foulis, J. Darrell Nicoll and Archibald Gray was also elected. The Sick and Visiting Committee reported that they had found the Clansman Robert W. Talcrow, a native of Shetland, reported as missing some time ago by the British Vice Consul in Philadelphia had died in Bellevue Hospital, New York, October 11. The committee was directed to continue its work in connection with the case Ex-Chief Reid, who had been operated on during May for a severe case of tonsillitis was reported as having fully recovered.

Prizes were distributed among the following winners in the club bowling tournaments: Individual, first, Murdo Mackenzie; second, Robert Lander; third, Hugh MacLean. Two-men teams, first, Robert Foulis and Randell Whittaker; second, Murdo Mackenzie and Donald McNeill; third, George Kennedy and James Elder. The games committee was empowered to engage Washington Park, Maspeth, L. I., for the Labor Day gathering. The election to fill the vacancy in the office of chief resulted in the choice of First Chieftain Alexander Caldwell. James Donaldson was elected First Chieftain. Chief Caldwell is a young man who will bring all the fire of youth to help him in his work at the head of the club. He came to this country in 1905, joining the club shortly after. Active work on committees brought him promotion to



CHIEF ALEXANDER CALDWELL

Third Chieftain from which he advanced to First Chieftain. A well known predecessor in office was his uncle, the late Ex-Chief James Morrison. First Chieftain Donaldson, who is a native of Ayrshire, was made a member in July, 1916. He is also a young man and will be a good support for the new chief.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Ladies of the New York Caledonian

There was a large turnout for the last regular meeting of the spring season of the Ladies of the New York Caledonians, held in the club parlor on Monday evening, June 9. The president, Mrs. John Stark, occupied the chair. Mrs. Alexander McIntosh, the treasurer submitted her final report on the Victory Dance held in the Amsterdam Opera House last April. That the ladies have reason to be pleased with the success of that gathering will be appreciated when it is

stated that the returns are far in excess of anything they even dared hoped for. An invitation to attend the Newark Caledonian Club games, June 28th, was received and the ladies resolved to attend in a body.

Highland Guard

The regular meeting of the Highland Guard, New York Caledonian Club, was held June 9, Captain William G. Reid presiding. The members resolved to attend the annual games of the Newark Caledonian Club, June 28 in Highland costume. Captain Reid announced that when it came to the knowledge of the officers that Chief Edwards was incurably ill they cancelled the annual smoking concert set for May 29th.

Van Cortlandt Bowling Green Club

The members of the above named club had a great time at Van Cortlandt Park, Saturday afternoon, June 7, when they gathered for their first field day of the season. Their own ground is not near ready for play yet so the commissioner has given them temporary grounds near 250th street and Broadway, where they intend to pass Saturday afternoons until snow flies and their thoughts turn to curling. The event for the day was a match between President John A. Rennie and Vice President James Whyte. Competition was keen and as the players were about equally divided in ability, great interest was taken in every end. The final score was, Rennie 46, Whyte 48.

Kirkcaldy Association of New York

Folk may think Kirkcaldy is a small place, but judging from the number of its native sons and daughters at the Kirkcaldy Association picnic and games at Casmer's Park, West New York, N. J., Saturday, June 14, the town must be at least as broad as it is long to hand all the relatives still at home. While Langtooners were in the majority, there were many "Whistlers" present from other parts of "The Kingdom" who enjoyed the outing and the afternoon but each made no effort to conceal the fact that his own part of Fife equalled Kirkcaldy any day. Among the guests were Ex-Chiefs Foulis and Gray, and Ex-Chieftain McGilvary with their veteran brother member of the New York Caledonian Club, Frank Dykes, who never allows an outdoor Scottish gathering near New York to go past him.

The ladies of the New York Caledonians were represented by Mrs. Alexander Caldwell, Mrs. Robert Foulis, Mrs. John McGilvary and Miss Flora J. Burns. Several of these ladies competed in the races, but must have been out of training as they did not figure in the list of winners. Messrs. James Whyte and Edward Currie put in the afternoon managing the athletic field. John Walker took care of the Aunt Sally game, much to the benefit of the society.

The track prize winners were: Children under five, William Barclay, Jessie Currie. Girls under eight, M. Burns, R. Dowie, C. Birrell. Girls under twelve, Jessie Burns, Edna Calloran. Boys under ten, T. Lindsay, C. Lindsay, A. Brown. Boys under fifteen, D. Kilgour, G. Migliano. Married ladies, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Burns. Single ladies, Elsie Gall, Gladys Stewart, Nellie Currie. Ladies special, Gladys Stewart, C. Lawrence, Elsie Gall. Ladies special, No. 2, Mrs. John S. Birrell. Men's race, James Kilgour, Andrew Barclay, William Turner. Three legged race, J. V. Francis and James Kilgour, James Birrell and John McGilvary. Thread and needle race, Egbert Lawrence, John Grant. Quoits, James V. Francis, James Kilgour.

Many of the Van Cortlandt Bowling Green Club members were in attendance and active in athletic events, but an occasional glance to the north east showed they were thinking at times of their comrades busy with the bowls.

The report of the New York Monuments Commission on the dedication of the monument to the 79th Regiment Highlanders, New York Volunteers, at Knoxville, Tenn., September 23, 1918, an account of which appeared in THE CALEDONIAN of October, 1918, has been issued in an attractive pamphlet by the State of New York, as Legislative Document No. 71. It is illustrated with half-tone pictures of the monument, and a group at the dedication, and reprints the speeches, etc., in full, including that of the presiding officer, Colonel Baird, of Brooklyn; Captain Gair and others. We regret to note the death, June 24, of Captain Joseph Stewart, secretary of the 79th Highlanders' Association for many years.

NOTICE

Gaelic Services are now held in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, 95th street and Central Park West, every second Sunday of the month, at 4:00 p. m., viz., July 13, August 10, September 14, etc.

This movement is started by a strong committee of Scottish people, from Scotland and Canada, who still retain an understanding of Gaelic, and who feel that there should be an opportunity to hold divine worship at least once a month in the Gaelic language. The first service, June 8, on short notice, was attended by about seventy-five. **Everyone is cordially invited. COME yourself and bring your friends.** Ministers who speak Gaelic, passing through New York, should communicate with **REV. D. MacDOUGALL, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.**

Boston Notes

Having noticed and read with interest in the June issue of THE CALEDONIAN, a letter from your valued contributor, Hugh W. Barnes, describing the visit of Colonel Walter Scott, to the Massachusetts State Prison, the writer had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Barnes, recently and learned that the Graphophone which Colonel Scott promised the warden he would send to the institution had come to hand, together with a large number of books for the prison library. This is not the first time Mr. Scott has in a tangible manner, shown his interest in the welfare of the inmates of this institution, as, for many years past. Thanksgiving and Christmas are not allowed to pass without something being received by Mr. Barnes from him for distribution amongst the inmates to help cheer them on these festive occasions. It would be well for the unfortunate amongst us, if other men who are blest with a surplus of this world's goods, would follow the example thus set by Colonel Scott, which is his way of exemplifying the joy of living. There is no truer or better way of showing the true Christian spirit than that of evincing an interest in the welfare of the unfortunate. Mr. Barnes, also showed the writer the beautiful present which Mr. Scott had sent to him and Mrs. Barnes, on the occasion of their fortieth marriage anniversary, which they with the members of their family held in the Hotel Touraine some few weeks ago. The present is highly prized by all of the family, and well may it be, as Mr. Scott never does anything by halves.

ORDER OF SCOTTISH CLANS

The American Order of Scottish Clans having recently somewhat widened the range of eligibility of membership so as to conform, in a measure at least, with modern ideas of democracy, held a grand celebration of the event on the evening of Friday, 13th June, at the headquarters of Clan Gordon, Seaverns Hall, Jamaica Plain, Mass., when eighty new members were initiated, the initiatory work being exemplified by Grand Chief J. M. Mutch and staff.

Visitors were present from Clan Stewart of Norwood; Clan Chisholm, of Gloucester; Clan Campbell, of Chelsea, and Clan MacKenzie, of Boston. An entertainment followed the initiation and a collation was served.

Past Royal Chief, James T. Campbell, who has for many years been an ardent worker in the interest of the order, was presented with an office desk and chair, the presentation being made by Royal Secretary Robert Bruce, as a small token of the order's appreciation of Mr. Campbell's indefatigable interest in the welfare of the order. The presentation was a complete surprise to Mr. Campbell. He thanked the members for their kind thoughtfulness, and hoped the incident would prove an incentive to other members to evince an interest in the welfare of the order. A new clan of the order has been instituted at Milton, Mass., with twenty-five

members, and a fair prospect of duplicating that number at their next session.

JAMES HENDERSON,
Representative.

Fair Florida

BY JAMES HENDERSON
(For The Caledonian)

Fair Florida, region of sunshine and flowers,
Of bright oleanders and jasmine bowers.

Where the wild flowers with glory the wood-
lands adorn

When bathed in the dew of the soft southern
morn.

Where the oak trees' wide branches in sym-
pathy meet

To shield from the sun's rays the homes of
the street;

Where the palm and the cedar in Nature's
true form

The broad spacious frontage with beauty
adorn.

And what to a stranger may seem somewhat
strange;

The foliage tint undergoes little change;
As the leaves to the trees tenaciously cling
Until gently removed by the buds of the
spring.

Where the orange and grape-fruit are ranked
superfine,

And the luscious strawberries are simply
sublime.

Where the visiting tourist from north, east
and west

May revel in comfort and feed of the best.

As a northerner in quest of renewal of
health,

I have found what I came for—the acme of
wealth.

Fair land of beauty—I now bid thee adieu,
For a new lease of life I'm indebted to you.

Prof. Norman Kemp Smith, who has been a professor of philosophy at Princeton since 1906, and head of the department since 1912, has been called to the chair of moral philosophy at Edinburgh University. Professor Smith is a native of Dundee and a graduate of St. Andrews.

New York Caledonian Club 63rd ANNUAL GAMES

Washington Park, Maspeth, Long Island
LABOR DAY, MONDAY, SEPT. 1

Popular A. A. U. Games, and all the
usual Highland Events. Handsome Prizes.
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From New York—Williamsburg Bridge
take Grand street cars direct; Brooklyn
Bridge, take Flushing avenue or Ridgewood
cars direct; East 34th Street Ferry to L.
I. City, take Lutheran Cemetery cars to
Maspeth Depot.

Queensborough Bridge—Take Jamaica
Station cars to Grand street, Elmhurst.

From Brooklyn—Take Flushing avenue
or Ridgewood cars direct.

Admission 50 Cents

Noble Street Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Noble Street Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn (1869-1919), celebrated the 50th year of its organization during the months of May and June, 1919. The history of the church, containing its struggles and success, has been issued in an attractive book, written by Jennie Clare Keene, B. S., Pd. M. It is illustrated with portraits of the present pastor, Rev. Robert Robertson Greenwood, and the senior elder, Donald A. Manson, who has been a pillar of the church for forty-two years, having filled all the offices, and having been an elder for thirty-one years; also pictures of the first meeting place and the present church building. The church was organized May 11, 1869, and has had seven pastors, including the present. The Rev. Greenwood came to the church in 1912, and has been wonderfully successful. In his first year he raised \$8,580, cancelling the balance of a mortgage on the church property, and during his pastorate the church building has been thoroughly renovated and modernized at the cost of \$17,000. He has received 455 into membership in the church during his ministry of six years. Rev. Greenwood starts in August upon a well-deserved vacation in Scotland, his native land, and will visit Palestine, expecting to be absent for nearly a year.

Clan MacDuff, New York

Clan MacDuff, New York, held its regular meeting in the moot hall, Saturday evening, June 28. Past Chief Cummings, who is in Government service, presented through Ex-Chief Campbell of Clan MacKenzie, a beautiful Bible to the clan and a gavel to Mr. Horne, the present Chief of Clan MacDuff, which was received with appreciation. Delegates were present from Clan Graham, Royal Deputy Turnbull, Chief Reid, and Scoutmaster Ritchie (who made a strong plea for the Boy Scouts). Robert Wilson, a member of the Clan for sixteen years, died June 27. The funeral was from Morningside Presbyterian Church, Sunday, June 29.

President Wilson reached New York July 8, on board the U. S. S. *George Washington*, after several months' absence in Europe. He was met off Sandy Hook by four dreadnoughts and 36 destroyers of the Atlantic fleet, which escorted him up the harbor. After an official welcome by representatives of the city, and the State and his address in Carnegie Hall, the President went immediately to Washington, to take up matters with regard to the treaty. Following his message to Congress, he began his tour of the cities of the country in behalf of the League of Nations.

The huge British dirigible R-34, arrived at Roosevelt Field, Mineola, L. I., New York, July 6, at 8:45 a. m., after a flight of 3,200

miles across the Atlantic, from East Fortune, Scotland, by way of Newfoundland. The airship encountered heavy storms and fog, but her flying time was 108 hours. She carried 31 persons, including Lieutenant Commander Z. Lansdowne, U. S. Naval Airship Service, and was in command of Major G. H. Scott, A. F. C., Captain, and Captain G. S. Greenland, first officer. The R-34 left Long Island on her return flight July 9, returning to Great Britain by way of the Azores.

The Oldest Scots Newspaper

A recent issue of the *Aberdeen Journal* was the 20,000th number of that venerable newspaper—now the oldest in Scotland. The first issue of the *Journal* was published on April 18, 1746, and contained an account by an eye witness, of the battle of Cullodan, fought two days previously. This narrative, however, offended the Jacobites, and James Chalmers, the editor, narrowly escaped falling a victim to their wrath. He was a fellow-apprentice of Benjamin Franklin. Another notable incident in the *Journal's* history was its being publicly burned at the hands of the common hangman in October, 1753—"an excellent advertisement," we are told. But perhaps the outstanding event in the career of the newspaper was in 1787, when the *Aberdeen Journal* was visited by Robert Burns during his northern tour. In the office, on this occasion, Burns met Bishop Skinner, son of the author of "Tullochgorum" and "The Yowie wi' the Crookit Horn," masterpieces of literature, which evoked the admiration of the Ayrshire poet. Afterwards Burns and Chalmers (son of the founder) adjourned to the New Inn, where Dr. Johnson also stayed on his way North.

All who read Judge W. C. Benet's interesting tribute to Sir Douglas Haig in the April CALEDONIAN will be pleased to know that Judge Benet writes us: "It will gratify you to know that THE CALEDONIAN reached Sir Douglas Haig safely and that the article gave him great pleasure. In his letter he says, 'I am very grateful to you for the honor you have done me and the British Army.'"

Rev. Dr. Gavin Lang, minister of the West Parish Church, Inverness, died June 14, in his 84th year. His father was minister at Glasford, Lanarkshire, for 40 years. He had two distinguished brothers, Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang, Principal of Aberdeen University, and Rev. James Lang, of Stirling. Dr. Lang was minister of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, for 12 years, and served the Inverness Church for 33 years with distinction.

The Midsummer Number of THE CALEDONIAN combines July and August and is dated August.

A Princess of Thule

(Continued from page 184)

nervousness which otherwise would have attended the novel experience of purchasing a ticket and of arranging about the carriage of a dog in the break-van.

It was getting dusk when the slow four-wheeler approached Sheila's home. The hour for dinner had long gone by. Perhaps her husband had gone away somewhere looking for her, and she would find the house empty.

But Frank Lavender came to meet his wife in the hall, and said,—

"Where have you been?"

She could not tell whether there was anger or kindness in his voice; and she could not well see his face. She took his hand, and went into the dining-room, which was also in dusk, and, standing there, told him all her story.

"By Jove!" he said impatiently. "I'll go and thrash that dog within an inch of its life."

"No," she said, drawing herself up; and for one brief second—could he but have seen her face—there was a touch of old Mackenzie's pride and firmness about the ordinarily gentle lips. It was but for a second. She cast down her eyes, and said, meekly, "I hope you won't do that, Frank. The dog is not to blame. It was my fault."

"Well, really, Sheila," he said, "don't you think you are a little thoughtless? I wish you would try to act as other women act, instead of constantly putting yourself and me into the most awkward positions. Do you know who was in the hall when I came in this afternoon?"

"No," said Sheila.

"Why, that wretched old hag who keeps the fruit-stall. And it seems you gave her and all her family tea and cake in the kitchen last night."

It was certainly not the expense of these charities that he objected to. He was himself recklessly generous in such things. He would have given a sovereign where Sheila gave a shilling; but that was a different matter from having his wife almost associate with such people.

"She is a poor old woman," said Sheila, humbly.

"A poor old woman," he said. "I have no doubt she is a lying old thief, who would take an umbrella or a coat if only she could get the chance. It is really too bad, Sheila, your having all those persons about you, and demeaning yourself by attending on them. What must the servants think of you!"

"I do not heed what any servants think of me," she said. She was now standing erect, with her face quite calm.

"Apparently not!" he said. "Or you would not go and make yourself ridiculous before them."

Sheila hesitated for a moment, as if she did not understand; and then she said, as

calmly as before, but with a touch of indignation about the proud and beautiful lips,—

"And if I make myself ridiculous by attending to poor people, it is not my husband who should tell me so."

She turned and walked out, and he was too surprised to follow her. She went up-stairs to her own room, locked herself in, and threw herself on the bed. And then all the bitterness of her heart rose up as if in a flood—not against him, but against the country in which he lived, and the society which had contaminated him, and the ways and habits that seemed to create a barrier between herself and him, so that she was almost a stranger to him, and incapable of becoming anything else. And then she thought of the old and beautiful days up in the Lewis, where the young English stranger seemed to approve of her simple ways and her charitable work, and where she was taught to believe that, in order to please him, she had only to continue to be what she was then. There was no great gulf of time between that period and this; but what had not happened in the interval! She had not changed—at least she hoped she had not changed. She loved her husband with her whole heart and soul; her devotion was as true and constant as she herself could have wished it to be when she dreamed of the duties of a wife in the days of her maidenhood.

As she lay on the bed, with her head hidden down in the darkness, the pathetic wail of the captive Jews seemed to come and go through the bitterness of her thoughts, like some mournful refrain: "*By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea we wept, when we remembered Zion.*" She almost heard the words; and the reply that rose up to her heart was a great yearning to go back to her own land, so that her eyes were filled with tears, in thinking of it, and she lay and sobbed there, in the dusk. Would not the old man, living all by himself in that lonely island, be glad to see his little girl back again in the old house? and she would sing to him as she used to sing, not as she had been singing to those people whom her husband knew. "*For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.*" And she had sung in the strange land, among the strange people, with her heart breaking with thoughts of the sea, and the hills, and the rude and sweet and simple ways of the old bygone life she had left behind her.

"Sheila."

She thought it was her father calling to her, and she rose with a cry of joy.

"Sheila, I want to speak to you."

It was her husband. She went to the door, opened it, and stood there, penitent and with downcast face.

"Come, you must not be silly," he said, with some kindness in his voice. "You have had no dinner. You must be hungry."

"I do not care for any—there is no use troubling the servants when I would rather lie down," she said.

"The servants! You surely don't take so seriously what I said about them, Sheila? Of course, you don't need to care what the servants think. And in any case they have to bring up dinner for me, so you may as well come and try."

"Have you not had dinner?" she said, timidly.

"Do you think I could sit down and eat with a notion that you might have tumbled into the Thames, or been kidnapped, or something?"

"I am very sorry," she said, in a low voice; and in the gloom he felt his hand taken and carried to her lips. Then they went down-stairs into the dining-room, which was now lit up by a blaze of gas and candles.

During dinner, of course, no very confidential talking was possible; and, indeed, Sheila had plenty to tell of her adventures at Richmond. Lavender was now in a more amiable mood, and was disposed to look upon the killing of the buck as rather a good joke. He complimented Sheila on her good sense in having gone into the Star and Garter for lunch; and altogether something like better relations was established between them.

But when dinner was finally over, and the servants dismissed, Lavender placed Sheila's easy-chair for her as usual, drew his own near hers, and lit a cigarette.

"Now, tell me, Sheila," he said, "were you really vexed with me when you went up-stairs and locked yourself in your room? Did you think I meant to displease you, or say anything harsh to you?"

"No, not any of those things," she said, calmly; "I wished to be alone—to think over what had happened. And I was grieved by what you said; for I think you cannot help looking at many things not as I look at them—that is all. It is my bringing up in the Highlands, perhaps."

"Do you know, Sheila, it sometimes occurs to me that you are not quite comfortable here; and I can't make out what is the matter! I think you have a perverse fancy that you are different from the people you meet, and that you cannot be like them, and all that sort of thing. Now, dear, that is only a fancy. There need be no difference, if only you will take a little trouble."

"O Frank!" she said, going over and putting her hand on his shoulder, "I cannot take that trouble! I cannot try to be like those people. And I see a great difference in you since you have come back to London, and you are getting to be like them, and say the things they say. I do not wish them to be altered; all I know is that I could not live the same life. And you—you seemed to be happier up in the Highlands than you have ever been since."

"Well, you see, a man ought to be happy when he is enjoying a holiday in the country along with the girl he is engaged to. You see how you are placed—how we are

placed, rather. Wouldn't it be more sensible to get to understand those people you look askance at, and establish better relations with them, since you have got to live among them?"

"I have tried, dear—I will try again," said Sheila.

She was resolved that she would go down and visit Mrs. Kavanagh next day, and try to be interested in the talk of such people as might be there. She would drive patiently round the park in that close little brougham, and listen attentively to the moralities of Marcus Aurelius. She would make an appointment to go with Mrs. Lorraine to a morning concert. All these things, and many more, Sheila silently vowed to herself she would do.

But her plans were suddenly broken asunder.

"I met Mrs. Lorraine accidentally to-day," he said.

It was his first mention of the young American lady. Sheila sat in mute expectation.

"She always asks very kindly after you."

"She is very good."

He did not say, however, that Mrs. Lorraine had more than once made distinct propositions, when in his company, that they should call in for Sheila, and take her out for a drive, or to a flower-show, or some such place, while Lavender had always some excuse ready.

"She is going to Brighton to-morrow, and she was wondering whether you would care to run down for a day or two."

"With her?" said Sheila, recoiling from such a proposal instinctively.

"Of course not. I should go. And then at last, you know, you would see the sea, about which you have been dreaming for ever so long."

The sea! There was a magic in the very word that could almost at any moment summon tears into her eyes. Of course, she accepted right gladly.

"You can tell her you will go when you see her to-night at Lady Mary's. By the way, isn't it time for you to begin to dress?"

"Oh, Lady Mary's," repeated Sheila, mechanically, who had forgotten all about her engagements for that evening.

"Perhaps you are too tired to go," said her husband.

She was a little tired, in truth. But surely, just after her promises, spoken and unspoken, some little effort was demanded of her so she bravely went to dress, and in about three quarters of an hour was ready to drive down to Curzon Street. Her husband had never seen her look so pleased before in going out to any party. He flattered himself that his lecture had done her good.

But he did not know what brightened the girl's face all that night, and put a new life into the beautiful eyes, so that even those who knew her best were struck by her singular beauty. It was the sea that was coloring

Sheila's eyes. The people around her, the glare of the candles, the hum of talking, and the motion of certain groups dancing over there in the middle of the throng—all were faint and visionary; for she was busily wondering what the sea would be like the next morning, and what strange fancies would strike her when once more she walked on sand, and heard the roar of waves. And when Sheila drove away from the house, at two in the morning, she declared to her husband that she had enjoyed herself extremely, and he was glad to hear it; and she was particularly kind to himself in getting him his slippers, and fetching him that final cigarette which he always had on reaching home; and then she went off to bed to dream of ships, and flying clouds, and cold winds, and a great and beautiful blue plain of waves.

Chapter XIV

DEEPER AND DEEPER

Next morning Sheila was busy with her preparations for departure when she heard a hansom drive up. She looked from the window and saw Mr. Ingram step out; and, before he had time to cross the pavement, she had run round and opened the door, and stood at the top of the steps to receive him.

"Did you think I had run away? Have you come to see me?" she said, with a bright, roseate gladness on her face which reminded him of many a pleasant morning in Borva.

"I did not think you had run away, for you see I have brought you some flowers," he said; but there was a sort of blush in the shallow face; and perhaps the girl had some quick fancy or suspicion that he had brought this banquet to prove that he knew everything was right, and that he expected to see her. It was only a part of his universal kindness and thoughtfulness, she considered.

"Frank is up-stairs," she said, "getting ready some things to go to Brighton. Will you come into the breakfast-room? Have you had breakfast?"

"Oh, you are going to Brighton?"

"Yes," she said; and somehow something moved her to add, quickly, "but not for long, you know. Only a few days. It is many a time you will have told me of Brighton, long ago, in the Lewis, but I cannot understand a large town being beside the sea, and it will be a great surprise to me, I am sure of that."

"Ay, Sheila," he said, falling into the old habit quite naturally, "you will find it different from Borvabost. You will have no scampering about the rocks, with your head bare and your hair flying about. You will have to dress more correctly there than here even; and, by the way, you must be busy getting ready, so I will go."

"Oh, no," she said, with a quick look of disappointment, "you will not go yet. If I had known you were coming—but it was very late when we got home this morning—two o'clock it was."

"Another ball?"

"Yes," said the girl, but not very joyfully.

"Why, Sheila," he said, with a grave smile on his face, "you are becoming quite a woman of fashion now. And you know I can't keep up an acquaintance with a fine lady who goes to all these grand places, and knows all sorts of swell people so you'll have to cut me, Sheila—"

"I hope I shall be dead before that time ever comes," said the girl, with a sudden flash of indignation in her eyes. Then she softened. "But it is not kind of you to laugh at me."

"Don't you enjoy, then, all those fine gatherings you go to?"

"I try to like them."

"And you don't succeed."

He was looking at her gravely and earnestly; and she turned away her head, and did not answer. At this moment Lavender came down-stairs, and entered the room.

"Hillo, Ingram, my boy; glad to see you! what pretty flowers—it's a pity we can't take them to Brighton with us."

"But I intend to take them," said Sheila, firmly.

"Oh, very well, if you don't mind the bother," said her husband; "I should have thought your hands would have been full—you know, you'll have to take everything with you you would want in London. You will find that Brighton isn't a dirty little fishing-village in which you've only to tuck up your dress and run about anyhow."

"I never saw a dirty little fishing-village," said Sheila, quietly.

Her husband laughed.

"I meant no offence. I was not thinking of Borvabost at all. Well, Ingram, can't you run down and see us while we are at Brighton?"

"Oh do, Mr. Ingram!" said Sheila, with quite a new interest in her face. "Do, Mr. Ingram! We should try to amuse you some way, and the weather is sure to be fine. Shall we keep a room for you? Can you come on Friday and stay till the Monday? It is a great difference there will be in the place if you come down."

Ingram looked at Sheila, and was on the point of promising when Lavender added,—

"And we shall introduce you to that young American lady whom you are so anxious to meet."

"Oh, is she to be there?" he said.

"Yes, she and her mother. We are going down together."

"Then I'll see whether I can in a day or two," he said, but in a tone which pretty nearly convinced Sheila that she should not have her stay at Brighton made pleasant by the company of her old friend and associate.

However, the mere anticipation of seeing the sea was much; and when they had got into a cab and were going down to Victoria Station, Sheila's eyes were filled with a joyful anticipation. It is one thing to receive information, and another to reproduce it in an imaginative picture and, in fact, her imagination was busy with its own work

while she sat and listened to this person or the other speaking of the seaside town she was going to. When they spoke of promenades, and drives, and miles of hotels and lodging houses, she was thinking of the sea-beach, and of the boats, and of the sky-line with its distant ships. She would go down among the fishermen, when her husband and his friend were not by, and talk to them, and get to know what they sold their fish for down here in the south. Perhaps some of them could tell her where the crews hailed from that had repeatedly shot the sheep of the Flannan Isles. All these, and a hundred other things, she would get to know; and she might procure and send to her father some rare bird, or curiosity of the sea, that might be added to the little museum in which she used to sing, in days gone by.

"You are not much tired, then by your dissipation of last night," said Mrs. Kavanaugh to her at the station, as the slender, fair-haired, grave lady looked admiringly at the girl's fresh color and bright, gray-blue eyes. "It makes one envy you to see you looking so strong and in such good spirits."

"How happy you must be always," said Mrs. Lorraïne, and the younger lady had the same sweet, low, and kindly voice as her mother.

"I am very well, thank you," said Sheila, blushing somewhat, and not lifting her eyes, while Lavender was impatient that she had not answered with a laugh and some light retort.

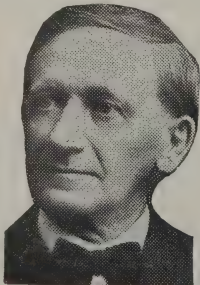
(To be continued)

Mr. Andrew Gordon, M.A., Aberdeen, has been unanimously appointed classical master in Tain Royal Academy. He at present holds a similar post in Ayr Academy.

The headquarters of the Scottish Farm Servants' Union are about to be removed from Aberdeen to Stirling, as being a more convenient centre.

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NEW YORK
OCT. 1919

Caledonian

(AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE. FOUNDED 1901)

THE ALLIES MAGAZINE

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Current Events

Domestic

Colonel the Hon. Wilfred Thesiger, D. S. O., has been appointed British Consul General to New York city. Colonel Thesiger has had a distinguished career throughout the war, having served in several of the more important battles.

The Rt. Rev. Charles Sumner Burch, Suffragan Bishop of New York, was chosen September 17, Bishop of the Diocese of New York, to succeed the late Rt. Rev. David H. Greer.

Prof. Alexander Smith, head of the Department of Chemistry of Columbia University, New York, has received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Edinburgh University, from which he was graduated in 1886. Dr. Smith, who is a native of Edinburgh, came to Columbia in 1911, after 17 years at the University of Chicago, where he was Dean of the Junior Colleges.

At the outbreak of the war the United States had only fifteen vessels of 1,000 tons and over engaged in overseas trade. To-day the American flag floats from 1,280 ocean going steamships, 1,107 of which have been built by the United States Shipping Board within the last two years. According to the report of the Board, issued September 13, steamships under the American flag now comprise 24.8 per cent. of the steam tonnage of the world. To-day this nation has more ship workers, more shipyards, more shipways, more vessels under construction, and is turning them out more rapidly and in greater numbers than now issue from all the shipyards of all the world.

The Roosevelt Memorial Association has approved the plan to establish a memorial park at Oyster Bay, Long Island, to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and work will begin at once. Work is progressing upon plans for the monumental memorial in Washington and the third object of the association, a foundation of some sort that will teach the Rooseveltian ideals to the succeeding generations.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland arrived in New York, September 13, on their way to western Canada, where the Duke is a large owner of wheat and grazing lands.

Plans for the sale of the present building of St. Paul's Hospital, within the walled city of Manila, Philippine Islands, and the erection of new buildings, on a 16-acre site outside of Manila, have been announced. The new structures, which are being planned by a New York architect, will be modeled after the most modern American and European hospitals and will cost about \$300,000.

His Eminence, Desideratus, Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium, one of the great figures of the war, who won the admiration of the world by his fearless defiance of the Kaiser and his hordes when they swept over his country in 1914, arrived in America September 9, bearing a message of good-will and thanks from the Belgian to the American people. He reviewed the parade of welcome to General Pershing in New York, September 10, and after visiting Washington and Baltimore returned to New York, where he received the freedom of the city and was tendered a civic banquet September 17. He later visited other cities.

"Constitution Day," September 17, was observed with appropriate ceremonies throughout the country. Exercises were held in the schools, and large civic meetings under the auspices of a committee of prominent citizens, which included governors of 22 States and mayor of more than 100 large cities.

Woman physicians from all parts of the United States and from thirty-two foreign nations gathered in New York, September 15, in an international conference under the direction of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. Among the delegates was Dr. Mary Gordon, of London, England, who bears the title, "His Majesty's Inspector of Prisons," and who looks after fifty womens prisons in England and Wales.

Work has begun upon the foundations of the great, new 20-story office building of the Cunard Steamship Company, which will occupy the site of the historic old Stevens House, facing Bowling Green and bounded by Broadway, Greenwich and Morris streets, in the heart of downtown New York. The site is one of the finest on lower Broadway, and about the last available for a large building enterprise without destroying comparatively modern buildings.

Every American "casualty" in the war against Germany has been accounted for. This is a most remarkable record. The list of "missing" was at one time 25,905 and was gradually reduced until for some weeks it remained at two. These have now been proven dead. Of the total first reported, 23 per cent. died, 16 per cent. were found to be prisoners, and 25 per cent. were lost from their organizations in battle, but subsequently rejoined them. The remainder were found scattered through various hospitals.

The Rev. John L. Scott, D.D., pastor emeritus of the McDowell Memorial Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia (Pa.); died at the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia, September 7, in his 75th year. Dr. Scott was ordained in 1872, and held pastorates in F'sh-kill, N. Y., and Boston, Mass., before coming to the McDowell Memorial Church in 1891.

Rev. William Manson, minister of the United Presbyterian Church, Pollokshields, Glasgow, Scotland, has been elected to the Chair of New Testament Literature and Exegesis in Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. Mr. Manson is 35 years old, a graduate of Glasgow and Oxford, and one of the most promising scholars of the church.

Mrs. Dewar, wife of Rev. Alexander Dewar, formerly of the Livingstonia Mission, and now of the Free Church of Scotland Mission, South Africa, died recently as the result of being knocked down by a passing motor car while on a holiday in East London.

Canadian

Final estimates of the apple crop of Nova Scotia indicate 1,300,000 barrels, a large increase over that of last year which was about 450,000 barrels.

The Government will ask for a minimum \$300,000,000 as the forthcoming Sixth Victory Loan. The bonds are to be in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, and \$1,000 at par of five and fifteen year maturities, bearing an interest rate of 5½ per cent. All bonds will be taxable.

Prof. J. N. Finlayson of the Engineering Chair of Dalhousie University has accepted an appointment to the Chair of Engineering at the University of Manitoba.

Hon. Murdock McKinnon, formerly Provincial Secretary, Treasurer and Commissioner of Agriculture in the Arsenault Cabinet, has been appointed Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward Island.

Work will be begun early next year upon the construction of a \$5,000,000 dry dock at Louisburg, Nova Scotia. The project is financed largely by English capital.

Weekly steamship service between Vancouver and Australia has been resumed by the Canadian-Australian line. The Canadian Pacific Ocean Services (Ltd.) have established a direct freight line between Vancouver and Singapore.

Sir Arthur Currie, Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian forces in France, returned home late in August, and has received many civic honors and great popular ovations in Halifax, Toronto, Ottawa and other cities.

Premier Borden's message read at the opening of the National Industrial Conference of Canada, September 15, was an appeal for sympathetic co-operation between employers and workers in solving post war reconstruction problems. Hon. G. D. Robertson, Minister of Labor, presided at the opening session.

Considerable alarm has been occasioned among Canadian manufacturers by the large emigration of unskilled labor back to Europe. Since ships have been available, these men, chiefly aliens, have been leaving by hundreds. Factories desiring to speed up have been greatly handicapped by their inability to get men for rough and heavy work, which Canadian workmen will not touch, no matter what wages are offered.

Mrs. Spurgeon, aunt of the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, recently celebrated her 100th birthday at her home, Annerley, London.

One of the most helpful and popular Scots in London is the Rev. Archibald Fleming, M. A., D.D., minister of St. Columba's (Church of Scotland). His church is a mecca for Scots in London, and as chaplain of the London Scottish, Dr. Fleming has endeared himself to the men of that great regiment.

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British

Since the Germans surrendered their merchant ships to the Allies, at least 100 of these steamers have arrived at Firth of Forth ports and 54 steamers, aggregating 130,000 tons, have been put into Edinburgh docks for repairs and overhauling.

In the by-election in Wildnes, Lancaster, September 12, Arthur Henderson, the labor leader, who was defeated for re-election to Parliament at the general election last winter, was elected to the House of Commons by a vote of 11,404, against 10,417 for his opponent, F. Fisher, the Coalitionist candidate.

Sir Heath Harrison, the Liverpool shipowner, has given \$125,000 to the University of Oxford, one-fourth of which is to be spent in providing instruction within the University in French and other modern European languages and the balance for traveling scholarships for undergraduate students studying modern languages abroad.

Scotland is rapidly regaining her pre-eminence in the fishing industry. The value of the catch in 1918 was \$29,523,050 as compared with \$18,029,359 in 1917, and \$10,265,711 in 1915, the first year of the war. About 4,600 ships are now engaged in the industry, as compared with 9,000 before the war.

Mr. John Robertson, the new member of Parliament for the Bothwell Division of Lanarkshire, is one of the best educated of the miner's leaders and a forceful speaker. In appearance, he is a most picturesque figure, with a fine face and a great, shaggy head of hair.

Among recent university appointments in Scotland are, Thomas Stewart Patterson, Sc. D., to the Gardiner Chair of Organic Chemistry at Glasgow; Charles A. Martin, who served with a French regiment and later at British Headquarters in France and received the Croix de Guerre and is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, to the Marshall Chair of Modern Languages at Glasgow; Dr. John Strong, Rector of the Royal High School, Edinburgh, to be Professor of Education in the University of Leeds; and Herbert Smith to the William Jacks Chair of Modern Languages at Glasgow.

The centenary of the death of James Watt was fittingly celebrated in Birmingham, England, September 16, 17, 18. A garden party was held at Heathfield Hall, Watt's old home, and several of the original engines built by Watt were under steam for the first time in years. An effort is being made to found at Birmingham an international permanent memorial to Watt's achievements with the intention of "making Birmingham to engineers of the world what Stratford-on-Avon is to lovers of Shakespeare and Mecca to the followers of Mohamet." Two Birmingham manufacturing firms have subscribed \$5,000 each to this permanent memorial fund.

The British Government on September 10, proclaimed the suppression of the Sinn Fein organization, the Gaelic League, the Irish Volunteers, and the Cumann Na Moan Society in the City and County of Cork. The Government also declared that the first section of the Criminal Law Procedure act of 1887, shall be applied to Cork, Limerick, Clare, Tipperary, and Dublin Counties. The order was followed by the arrest of many of the prominent Irish agitators and the suppression of the so-called "Irish Parliament," September 12.

The Rev. W. Major Scott, M.A., of George Street Congregational Church, Croydon, has accepted an enthusiastic and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Ward Chapel, Dundee, vacant since the retirement of the Rev. Dr. K. C. Anderson last year.

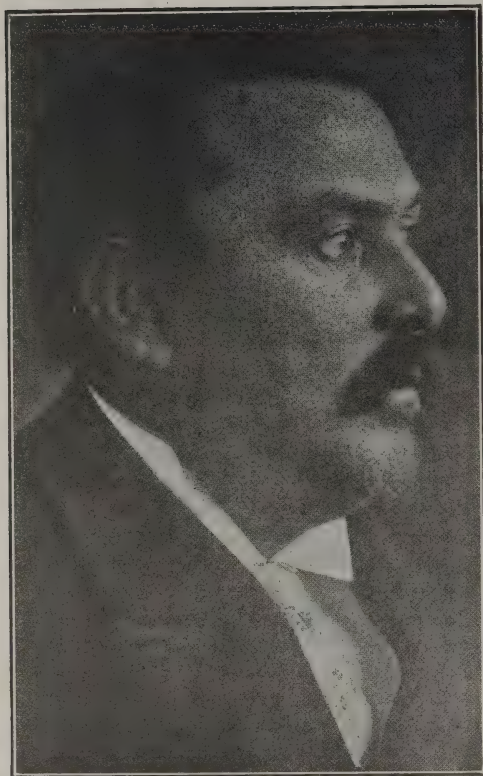
King George, in a royal proclamation issued September 14, charges employers of labor to take into their service as many disabled soldiers as possible, and provides that the national roll of those who undertake to employ such men in accordance with the plans prepared by the Minister of Labor shall be styled and known as "The King's National Roll

General Allenby, the hero of Jerusalem, was given a triumphant welcome at his home-coming to London, August 16.

The Earl of Eglinton and Winton, who died recently in his 71st year, was one of the most noted sportsmen in Scotland. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ayrshire, President of the Ayrshire Territorial Force Association, and master of the Eglinton Hounds.

An interesting article on Scottish Flags has been contributed to the *Glasgow Herald* by Rev. William McMillan, author of "Scottish Symbols," who says: "There is no direct evidence as to what flags were used in the early days of Scottish history. We know from the Bayeux tapestry the nature of the banners of the knights of France and England, but no such evidence exists with regard to Scotland. We do know, however, from his seals that Alexander II., 1214-1249, used the lion rampant, and that in accordance with the customs of the age, that design would appear in his banner as well as on his shield. At first Alexander used the lion alone without the tressure, but shortly after he commenced his reign he must have added to his arms, for in an armorial of Matthew Paris belonging to the early years of the thirteenth century the arms of the King of Scotland are given as or a lion rampant gules in a bordure flory of the same. The sketch of the arms shows ten fleurs-de-lis attached to the inner side of the shield. So far as is known this is the first pictorial representation of the Scottish lion. Alexander III. (1249-1286) was the first to use the full design as we have it to-day."

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RT. HON. GENERAL BOTHA.

General Louis Botha, Premier and Minister of Agriculture of the Union of South Africa, died suddenly in Pretoria, August 28, following an attack of influenza. With General Smuts, General Botha signed the Peace Treaty at Versailles, returning to Cape Town, July 28. General Botha was born in Natal in 1863. He rose to the rank of Commander-in-Chief of the Boer forces in the Boer War, and had been Premier continuously since the formation of the Union of South Africa. At the outbreak of the World War he took command of the forces of the Union in Southwest Africa. The campaign that he conducted was of the most difficult sort, over a nearly waterless country where the few wells had been poisoned by the Germans and the sand-storms compelled the men to wear goggles. His success was complete, the Germans surrendering in July, 1915, and thus placing under the British flag 116,670 more miles of territory than Germany itself contains. The General was a magnificent figure of a man, over six feet tall and weighing 230 pounds. He is succeeded in the Premiership by General Smuts.

Sir Richard Crawford, financial and trade representative of Great Britain at Washington, D. C., during the war, died at Bournemouth, England, August 27th. He was in his 56th year.



GENERAL J. C. SMUTS

—Courtesy of British Bureau of Information

Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, delivered the address and presented to the City of Manchester, England, the George Gray Barnard statue of Abraham Lincoln, September 15. The Lord Mayor of Manchester accepted the statue in behalf of the city, and unveiled the memorial, in the presence of the American Ambassador and a distinguished company.

Admiral Baron Charles Beresford, the great naval authority, died suddenly, September 6, while on a visit to the Duke of Portland at Lungwell, Caithness, Scotland. He was in his 74th year.

James Hugh Campbell, of Stracathro, whose engagement to Flora, daughter of the late Hon. J. A. Clift, St. John's, Newfoundland, has been announced, is son of the late M. P. for Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities, and a nephew of the late Prime Minister Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The fortunes of this family were built up in the last century by James and William Campbell, two public spirited citizens of Glasgow, founders of the firm of J. & W. Campbell Company.

The London Times says it is understood that owing to the increasing seriousness of the bunker problem, the British Government has purchased 100,000 tons of coal a month from the United States.

Our Glasgow Letter

Quite a notable personage is Catherine McKinnon, who has just completed her 102nd year. She resides at Copach, and in her early days worked in the woods at Achnacarry or 1/3d. a day, subsisting on brose and treacle. At harvest time she traveled to Glasgow, and her memory of past events is wonderful and interesting. For instance, she remembers the wreck of the *Stirling Castle*, in Loch Linnhe, in 1828. Her father was in Lochiel's Fencibles, and the story has been handed down that Prince Charlie, on his march from Glenfinnan, broke his fast in the croft.

Maclaine of Lochbuie, or to give him his recently earned title, Major the Maclaine, M. C., late 15th Hussars, of Lochbuie Castle, Mull, who is best known because of his violent efforts to shine in the public eye, has become engaged to be married. The lady of his choice is Miss Olive Stewart-Richardson, youngest daughter of the late Col. Stewart-Richardson of Pitfour Castle, Perthshire. The Stewart-Richardson union should suit the Maclaine, as this family have also stage yearnings, perhaps a little more successful, if less refined, than the Maclaines. As a stage figure, Maclaine might pass because of his confidence in himself, but as an entertainer he does not shine.

The appointment of Sir Harold Stiles as Professor of Clinical Surgery in Edinburgh University, in succession to Professor Caird, is a very popular one, as he has done much valuable research work. He has for twenty years been surgeon of the Sick Children's Hospital and Chalmers Hospital, Edinburgh, where he has earned the gratitude of many thousands. During the war, as Colonel of the R. A. N. C., supervising orthopedic treatment in the Scottish Military Hospitals, he did a great work. Sir Harold has done important and progressive work in cancer research, and was the first surgeon in Edinburgh to adopt the aseptic method.

Another new professorship is that of the Rev. George Simpson Duncan, O. B. E., M. A. (Edin.), who has just been appointed Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism at St. Andrew's University. He is a native

of Forfar and the son of a tailor. His early education was at Forfar Academy and thereafter at Edinburgh University, where he had a brilliant career, graduating with honors in classics, and winning successively the Rhind Classical and C. B. Black scholarships, besides many other outstanding honors and degrees. Professor Duncan has served three and a half years in France, at General Headquarters, as Presbyterian Chaplain, Sir Douglas Haig being a regular attendant at his services.

Those interested in shooting will regret to learn of the death of Armourer Sergeant Edward Campbell MacCallum, which occurred at Macrimore, Southend, Kintyre, on the 16th August. Edward MacCallum and his brother, John, were among the best known and most popular competitors from Scotland at Bisley each year. Edward was a blacksmith at Southend, where his forefathers had lived for over a hundred years. He joined up at the outbreak of the war, and was appointed at once instructor of musketry. He held that position until his demobilization in January last, with the rank of Warrant Officer, and as a Life Member of the National Rifle Association.

His record at the rifle ranges placed him in the forefront of Scottish marksmen. He represented Scotland on six occasions in the international march for the National Challenge Trophy, and fired six times in the final stage of the King's Prize competition, while he was seven times in the final of the St. George's. He also won the "Graphic" Cup, with the record score of twenty-three bullseyes in a tie shoot. At Edinburgh Rifle Meeting he was a frequent and successful competitor, while at the Scottish Rifle Association Meetings at Darnley, he had the distinction of having captured at one time or another every first prize, and twice was champion rifle shot of Scotland. His brother, John, went to Bisley this year, at the special request of his brother, who was seriously ill at the time. These two brothers had gone to Bisley together since 1893, and were known as the MacCallums, inseparable on the way to and from the ranges.

The powers that be at Rothesay have

always been against such innovations as the running of tramcars on Sundays, and we notice this question is again likely to be mooted, as, at a recent meeting of the Town Council, someone said that the town could have a free installation of electricity if, in exchange, they would allow the Tramways Company permission to run a limited service of cars on Sunday. It is, of course, a problem that has two sides to it, but we do think nothing would be lost of Sunday observance by permitting this privilege. Deliberate Sabbath-breakers are in the minority, and the percentage who would patronize the cars would probably be doing so from a healthy desire to benefit by the fresh air. We think Rothesay might unbend a little without loss of dignity.

We are pleased to note that Scotland is progressing rapidly on the musical side, both commercially and otherwise, as is evidenced by the fact that she now possesses a journal entirely devoted to matters musical. It is called *The Scottish Musical Magazine*, and Messrs. Paterson Sons & Co., Ltd., Edinburgh and Glasgow, are responsible for its birth. We wish it long life and prosperity.

The Ninety-third Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, in Edinburgh, closed on August 23, and has been the most successful exhibition held since the occupation of the reconstructed galleries in 1911. The attendance has been remarkable, and there has been a marked increase in the value of the works sold, 113 works of an aggregate catalogue value of £4,190 having been sold.

The James Watt Centenary Committee at Birmingham is not allowing the grass to grow under its feet, and their activities in connection with the forthcoming centenary celebrations, this month, might form a worthy object lesson to Scotland—the land of Watt's birth—where his anniversaries passed almost unnoticed. It is a regrettable fact that "anniversaries" don't seem to appeal to the Scot, as only by this means can a nation hope to instil into the minds of generations yet unborn that spirit of patriotism that makes for good citizenship and national pride.

In connection with the Birmingham Centenary there is a proposal on foot at present to remove and preserve intact the gar-

ret in which James Watt pursued his mechanical studies. The idea is, if possible, to take this garret from its position at the top of Heathfield Hall, the old Manor House at Wandsworth, where Watt spent his last years, and to re-erect it intact in the Central Memorial Buildings to be provided in the heart of Birmingham. The difficulties of removal are, however, great. The garret is still in exactly the same condition as when Watt worked in it.

The piece of iron Watt was last engaged in turning lies on the lathe. The ashes of his last fire are in the grate; the last lump of coal in the scuttle. The Dutch oven is in its place over the stove, and the frying-pan in which he cooked his meal is hanging on its accustomed nail. A dish on a shelf contains a withered bunch of grapes, and on the floor in a corner is a trunk containing some of his son's schoolbooks. This was his son, Gregory, who died young, and of whom great things were expected from his brilliant beginnings.

Aberdeen has ever been progressive, so we are not surprised to learn that the Town Council's Links and Parks Committee have agreed to fix the expenditure for the ensuing year at £10,085, an increase of £3,945 on last year. The reason of this is the proposed improvements on the Winter Gardens in the Duthie Park, the laying out of additional football pitches at the links, and the laying out of the south bank of the Fiver Dee.

GRACE D. WILSON,
64 Terraces Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Lake Louise

BY AMELIA DAY CAMPBELL
(For *The Caledonian*)

Oh! Lake Louise, bejeweled queen,
Enthroned by grim Mt. Aberdeen,
Fed from Victoria Glacier's feast
Which, from the Great Divide, turns east.

Gorgeous thy tunic's diamond sheen,
Veiling thy regal robe—jade green;
Forests thy mantle, and ermine snow,
Royally crowned by the sun's rose glow.

Canadian lake, thy beauty seems
A thing apart—a realm of dreams.
Pilgrims, we worship at thy shrine
Of beauteous nature—a thing divine.

A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

(Continued from September Caledonian)

Sheila said nothing, but went off to her own room, and dressed to go out. Why, she knew not, but she felt she would rather not see her husband and Mrs. Lorraine start from the hotel door. She stole down-stairs, without returning to the sitting-room; and then, going through the great hall and down the steps, found herself free and alone in Brighton.

It was a beautiful, bright, clear day, though the wind was a trifle chilly; and all around her there was a sense of space, and light, and motion in the shining skies, the fair clouds, and the heavy and noisy sea. Yet she had none of the gladness of heart with which she used to rush out of the house at Borva, to drink in the fresh salt air, and feel the sunlight on her cheeks. She went away, with her face wistful and pensive, along the King's Road, scarcely seeing any of the people who passed her; and the noise of the crowd and of the waves hummed in her ears in a distant fashion, even as she walked by the wooden railing over the beach.

What was this crowd? Some dozen or so of people were standing round a small girl who, accompanied by a man, was playing a violin, and playing it very well, too. She went forward to the edge of the pavement, and found that the small girl and her companion were about to go away. Sheila stopped the man.

"Will you let your little girl come with me into this shop?"

It was a confectioner's shop.

"We were going home to dinner," said the man, while the small girl looked up with wondering eyes.

"Will you let her have dinner with me, and you will come back in half an hour?"

The man looked at the little girl; he seemed to be really fond of her, and saw that she was very willing to go. Sheila took her hand, and led her into the confectioner's shop, putting her violin on one of the small marble tables while they sat down at another.

What could this child have thought of the beautiful and yet sad-eyed lady who was so kind to her, who got her all sorts of things with her own hands, and asked her all manner of questions in a low, gentle, and sweet voice? There was not much in Sheila's appearance to provoke fear or awe. The little girl, shy at first, got to be a little more frank, and told her hostess when she rose in the morning, and many of the small incidents of her daily life.

Just at this moment—the half-hour having fully expired—the man appeared at the door.

"Don't hurry," said Sheila to the little

girl; 'sit still and drink up the lemonade; then I will give you some little parcels you must put in your pocket."

She was about to rise to go to the counter, when she suddenly met the eyes of her husband, who was calmly staring at her. He had come out, after their ride, with Mrs. Lorraine to have a stroll up and down the pavements and had, in looking in at the various shops, caught sight of Sheila quietly having luncheon with this girl whom she had picked up in the streets.

"Did you ever see the like of that?" he said to Mrs. Lorraine. "In open day—with people staring in—and she has not even taken the trouble to put the violin out of sight."

"The poor child means no harm," said his companion.

"Well, we must get her out of this somehow," he said, and so they entered the shop.

"Haden't you better let this little girl go?" said Lavender to Sheila, with an embarrassed laugh, as soon as he had ordered an ice for his companion.

"When she has finished her lemonade she will go," said Sheila, meekly. "But I have to buy some things for her first."

"You have got a whole lot of people round the door," he said.

"It was very kind of the people to wait for her," answered Sheila, with the same composure. "We have been here half an hour. I suppose they will like her music very much."

The little violinist was now taken to the counter, and her pockets stuffed with packages of sugared fruits and other dainty delicacies; then she was permitted to go with half a crown in her hand. Mrs. Lorraine patted her shoulder in passing, and said she was a pretty little thing.

They went home to luncheon. Nothing was said about the incident of the forenoon, except that Lavender complained to Mrs. Kavanagh, in a humorous way, that his wife had a most extraordinary fondness for beggars; and that he never went home of an evening without expecting to find her dining with the nearest scavenger and his family. Lavender, indeed, was in an amiable frame of mind at this meal (during the progress of which Sheila sat by the window, of course, for she had already lunched in company with the tiny violinist) and was bent on making himself as agreeable as possible to his two companions. Sheila, sitting at a distance, saw and heard, and could not help recalling many an evening in the far north, when Lavender used to fascinate every one around him by the infection of his warm and poetic enthusiasm. He was drawing pictures for them as well as telling stories—of the three

students entering the room in which the landlady's daughter lay dead—of Barbarossa in his cave—of the child who used to look up at Heine as he passed her in the street, awestricken by his pale and strange face—of the last of the band of companions who sat in the solitary room in which they had sat, and drank to their memory—of the King of Thule, and the deserter from Strasburg, and a thousand others.

"But is there any of them—is there anything in the world more piteous than that pilgrimage to Kevlaar?" he said. "You know it, of course. No! Oh, you must, surely. Don't you remember the mother who stood by the bedside of her sick son, and asked him whether he would not rise to see the great procession go by the window; and he tells her that he cannot—he is so ill—his heart is breaking for thinking of his dead Gretchen? You know the story, Sheila. The mother begs him to rise and come with her, and they will join the band of pilgrims going to Kevlaar, to be healed there of their wounds by the Mother of God. Then you find them at Kevlaar and all the maimed and the lame people have come to the shrine; and whichever limb is diseased, they make a waxen image of that, and lay it on the altar; and then they are healed. Well, the mother of this poor lad takes wax and forms a heart out of it, and says to her son, 'Take that to the Mother of God, and she will heal your pain.' Sighing, he takes the wax heart in his hand, and, sighing, he goes to the shrine; and there, with tears running down his face, he says, 'O beautiful Queen of Heaven, I am come to tell you my grief. I lived with my mother in Cologne—near us lived Gretchen—who is dead now. Blessed Mary, I bring you this wax heart; heal the wound in my heart.' And then—and then—"

Sheila saw his lip tremble. But he frowned, and said, impatiently,—

"What a shame it is to destroy such a beautiful story— You can have no idea of it—of its simplicity and tenderness—"

"But pray let us hear the rest of it," said Mrs. Lorraine, gently.

"Well, the last scene, you know, is a small chamber, and the mother and her sick son are asleep. The Blessed Mary glides into the chamber, and bends over the young man, and puts her hand lightly on his heart. Then she smiles and disappears. The mother has seen all this in a dream, and now she awakes, for the dogs are barking loudly. The mother goes over to the bed of her son, and he is dead, and the morning light touches his pale face. And then the mother meekly folds her hands,—and says—"

He rose hastily, with a gesture of fretfulness, and walked over to the window at which Sheila sat, and looked out. She put her hand up to his; he took it.

"The next time I try to translate Heine," he said, making it appear that he had broken off through vexation, "something strange will happen."

"It is a beautiful story," said Mrs. Lor-

raine, who had herself been crying a little bit, in a covert way; "I wonder I have not seen a translation of it. Come, mamma, Lady Leveret said we were not to be after four."

So they rose and left; and Sheila was alone with her husband, and still holding his hand. She looked up at him timidly, wondering, perhaps, in her simple way, as to whether she should not now pour out her heart to him, and tell him all her griefs, and fears, and yearnings.

"Frank," she said, and she rose, and came close, and bent down her head to hide the color in her face.

"Well?" he answered.

"You won't be vexed with me," she said, in a low voice, and with her heart beginning to beat rapidly.

"Vexed with you about what, Sheila?" he said.

Alas! all her hopes had fled. She shrank from the wondering look with which she knew he was regarding her. She felt it to be impossible that she should place before him those confidences with which she had approached him; and so, with a great effort, she merely said,—

"Are we to go to Lady Leveret's?"

"I suppose so," he said, "unless you would rather go and see some blind fiddler or beggar. Sheila, you should really not be so forgetful; what if Lady Leveret, for example, had come into that shop? You should remember you are a woman and not a child. Do you ever see Mrs. Kavanagh or her daughter do any of these things?"

Sheila had let go his hand; her eyes were still turned towards the ground. She had fancied that a little of that emotion that had been awakened in him by the story of the German mother and her son might warm his heart towards herself, and render it possible for her to talk to him frankly about all that she had been dimly thinking, and more definitely suffering. She was mistaken: that was all.

"I will try to do better, and please you," she said; and then she went away.

CHAPTER XV

A FRIEND IN NEED

Was it a delusion that had grown up in the girl's mind that she was in a world with which she had no sympathy, that she should never be able to find a home there, that the influences of it were gradually and surely stealing from her her husband's love and confidence? Or was this longing to get away from the people and the circumstances that surrounded her, but the unconscious promptings of an incipient jealousy? She did not question her own mind closely on these points. She only vaguely knew that she was miserable, and that she could not tell her husband of the weight that pressed on her heart.

Here, too, as they drove along to have tea with a certain Lady Leveret, who was one of Lavender's especial patrons, and to whom he had introduced Mrs. Kavanagh and her

daughter, Sheila felt that she was a stranger, an interloper, a "third wheel to the cart." She scarcely spoke a word. She looked at the sea; but she had almost grown to regard that great plain of smooth water as a melancholy and monotonous thing—not the bright and boisterous sea of her youth, with its winding channels, its secret bays and rocks, its salt winds, and rushing waves.

And as they drove along the King's Road on this afternoon, she suddenly called out,—

"Look, Frank."

On the steps of the Old Ship hotel stood a small man with a brown face, a brown beard, and a beaver hat, who was calmly smoking a wooden pipe, and looking at an old woman selling oranges in front of him.

"It is Mr. Ingram!" said Sheila.

"Which is Mr. Ingram?" asked Mrs. Lorraine, with considerable interest, for she had often heard Lavender speak of his friend. "Not that little man?"

"Yes," said Lavender, coldly: he could have wished that Ingram had had more regard for appearances in so public a place as the main thoroughfare of Brighton.

"Won't you stop and speak to him?" said Sheila, with great surprise.

"We are late already," said her husband. "But if you would rather go back and speak to him than go on with us, you may."

Sheila said nothing more; and so they drove on to the end of the Parade, where Lady Leveret held possession of a big white house with pillars, overlooking the broad street and the sea.

But next morning she said to him,—

"I suppose you will be riding with Mrs. Lorraine this morning?"

"I suppose so."

"I should like to go and see Mr. Ingram, if he is still there," she said.

"Ladies don't generally call at hotels and ask to see gentlemen," he said, with a laugh and a shrug; "but of course you don't care for that."

The permission, if it was intended to be a permission, was not very gracious, but Sheila accepted it, and very shortly after breakfast she changed her dress and went out. How pleasant it was to feel that she was going to see her old friend, to whom she could talk freely! She did not pause for a minute when she reached the hotel. She went up the steps, opened the door, and entered the square hall. There was an odor of tobacco in the place; and several gentlemen standing about rather confused her, for she had to glance at them in looking for a waiter. Another minute would probably have found her a trifle embarrassed; but just at this crisis she saw Ingram himself come out of a room, with a cigarette in his hand. He threw away the cigarette, and came forward to her with amazement in his eyes.

"Where is Mr. Lavender? Has he gone into the smoking-room for me?" he asked.

"He is not here," said Sheila. "I have come for you by myself."

For a moment, too, Ingram felt the eyes

of the men on him, but directly he said, with a fine air of carelessness, "Well, that is very good of you. Shall we go out for a stroll until your husband comes?"

So he opened the door and followed her outside, into the fresh air and the roar of the waves.

"Well, Sheila," he said, "this is very good of you, really; where is Lavender?"

"He generally rides with Mrs. Lorraine in the morning."

"And what do you do?"

"I sit at the window."

"Don't you go boating?"

"No, I have not been in a boat. They do not care for it. And yesterday, it was a letter to papa I was writing, and I could tell him nothing about the people here or the fishing."

"But you could not in any case, Sheila. At present, I suppose you are returning to your hotel."

A quick look of pain and disappointment passed over her face, as she turned to him for a moment, with something of entreaty in her eyes.

"I came to see you," she said. "But perhaps you have an engagement—I do not wish to take up any of your time—if you please, I will go back alone to—"

"Now, Sheila," he said, with a smile, "you must not talk like that to me. I won't have it. You know I came down to Brighton because you asked me to come; and my time is altogether at your service."

"And you have no engagement just now?" said Sheila, with her face brightening.

"No."

"And you will take me down to the shore, to see the boats, and the nets? Or could we go out and run along the coast for a few miles? It is a good wind."

"Oh, I should be very glad," said Ingram, slowly. "I should be delighted. But, you see, wouldn't your husband think it—wouldn't he, you know—wouldn't it seem just a little odd to him if you were to go away like that?"

"He is to go riding with Mrs. Lorraine," said Sheila, quite simply. "He does not want me."

"Of course you told him you were coming to see—you were going to call at the Old Ship?"

"Yes. And I am sure he would not be surprised if I did not return for a long time."

"Are you quite sure, Sheila?"

"Yes, I am quite sure."

"Very well. Now I shall tell you what I am going to do with you. I shall first go and bribe some mercenary boatman to let us have one of those small sailing boats committed to our own exclusive charge. I shall constitute you skipper and pilot of the craft, and hold you responsible for my safety. I shall smoke a pipe to prepare me for whatever may befall—"

(Be be Continued)

Hallowe'en

BY JOHN MCMASTER

(For The Caledonian)

We link the present with the past,
 Glory in what has been,
 And thoughts we sometimes backward cast
 Thro' dim and misty screen,
 Reviving long forgotten days,
 When we kept Hallowe'en.

At gloamin', we walked down the dell;
 We watch'd the shadows play,
 As dimly then the daylight fell,
 At close of shortning day,
 The haw-thorn hedge, the spring, the well.
 Fields turning sear and gray.

And then we daunert doon the burn,
 To deep and darksome pool,
 Then tremblingly we each took turn,
 At winding o' the spool,
 Till at the end some freak was caught,
 Dress'd up in granny's wool.

To keek oot ovr the shou'der then,—
 Some bogle we would see,
 From some grim, dark, and dismal dell
 In lands beyond the sea,
 Ready to show both maids and men
 The things that were to be.

But oh; the daffin' o' those days,
 When trusted weel-kent freen

Came ovr the gate to see his Kate,
 The pauky weel-faured queen,
 Whom guiding fate choose for his mate
 On that rare Hallowe'en.

From far-off shore, I hear the roar
 Of mirth and fun and glee,
 Such scenes as never can come more
 To folk like you and me,
 Who long ago have reached three-score
 With dull and dimming 'ee.

But spring revives a sleeping year,
 Repeating things of old,
 And in our children now appear
 The dear old days of old;
 So let them laugh and sing and cheer.
 'Tis better far than gold.

Renew the joys, and lively 'ploys,
 The old times on the green,
 The shouts and laughter of the boys,
 Like what we once have seen,
 Trip light and long and swell the song
 In keeping Hallowe'en.
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Rev. John MacCallum, M.A., former parish minister of Kintail, Ross-shire, has taken up his work in St. Kieran Parish Church, Govan, preaching in Gaelic and English. Mr. MacCallum, a native of Tiree, is a graduate of Glasgow, and was at one time assistant to the late Rev. John MacLean, D. D., of St. Columba Parish Church.

"A HUNDRED PIPERS AN' A' AN' A"

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

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The Desirableness of Knowing Christ

BY REV. ANDREW BURROWS, D.D.

(For The Caledonian)

(Philippians III: 10)

Man, by the light of unaided reason, is unable to explore the path of true wisdom and unending happiness, to grope his way to the temple of knowledge and reach the portals of immortality; and therefore those, who have placed themselves under the guidance of unassisted reason and unsatisfied intellect, have wandered in the mazes of error and delusion, and all their efforts have tended to bewilder their minds, and cast a deeper shade of intellectual gloom over a benighted world. But while reason and intellect are of themselves unable to direct us accurately in our views of the supreme intelligence of Him, whom Paul desired to know, still they are not to be overlooked in the matter of religion and investigation of the important science of theology.

The Apostle was persuaded in his own mind that to know the Lord Jesus Christ is the highest and purest of all kinds of knowledge, for all other kinds sink into insignificance compared with this, like a drop of water compared with the mighty ocean, or a ray of light compared with the resplendent orb of day. For what advantage would it be any sinner that he possessed the learning of ancient and modern Greece and Rome, and lacked the knowledge of Christ as his personal Saviour when he comes to life's termination? Even though your aspirations as a sinner should extend beyond the boundaries of the world of sense; and though you should succeed in comprehending the multifarious objects presented by Nature for your contemplation; and though you should succeed in mastering the crude matter of empirical observations by the incessant application of the irresistible power of mind itself; and though your mental attainments be so varied, as that you had the wisdom of the greatest of earth's sages, yet without the knowledge of Christ, God's reconciled face you can never see. It matters not, you were able to tell the magnitudes and motions of the different heavenly bodies, as the most renowned astronomer; and to perceive whether it be in a blade of grass, a fossil shell, an insect or flower, or in the organism of an animal traces of the most wonderful design, as the most distinguished geologist, botanist or anatomist; still all this will not avail you in relation to the momentous interests of eternity, if ignorant of Jesus, Him Crucified.

Those persons engaged in the acquisition of knowledge know well how varied it is in its character, and needful to the mind's cultivation and powerful in its operation. While this is so, we should remember it is only

valuable in proportion to the real worth of the things known. There is a knowledge of evil, as well as of good. Hence the Apostle speaks of "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ," thus teaching us that such is more needful and essential to have than any other kind. How precious was it in Paul's estimation, when he could say, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ." He could count all things, not any special thing, but *all*. Would that professing Christians of the present were able to perceive the *Valuableness*, "the *Desirableness*," yea, the *Essentialness* of this knowledge to the salvation of souls. According to the words of the Great Teacher: "And this is life eternal that they might know Thee the only True God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." (*John XVII: 3*) Does not Scripture teach us that the knowledge of Jesus Christ as our personal Redeemer, who died for our sins, is able and willing to save all who come to Him, and believe in His Great Name? And should not we, as well as Paul, desire to know Christ and seek to have an interest in His great Atonement, seeing it is that which concerns our blessedness for time and eternity? Should we not seek to have a believing, soul-saving knowledge of Jesus and His redemptive work, since no other kind can satisfy the cravings of our souls? A more intellectual and speculative knowledge will not be sufficient, it must be a personal and experimental knowledge of Him as having redeemed us by His previous blood.

It is possible for one to possess an extensive head-knowledge of Christ, of His Word and of His Works, and yet be ignorant of Him as his only Saviour. He may wander over worlds, and be able to count the number of the stars, and to name them, every one; walk along the sunny banks of this world's flowing streams, and on its velvet carpeted vale, climb to its mountain top, and again ascend into the Arcana of earth, and be able to describe its various strata, and still not know Jesus as Paul desired.

To know Christ is to know Him as Thomas did, when having believed on Him, he exclaimed in holy ecstasy, "My Lord and my God!" It is to know Him as Mary did, as that Gracious One who has forgiven you all your sins and given you that "peace of God that passeth all understanding." It is to know Him in the "singular complexity of His nature"—as God possessing all power and having all blessings to bestow; and as Man assuming our nature, and dying in our room and stead, that we might be saved.

Oh! the unutterable "Desirableness" of

knowing Jesus! Since it is, as He has told us, "Eternal Life." It is the sum of man's happiness, and the perfection of his nature; it is that enriching blessing destined to come upon our world, for the knowledge of Him is to cover the earth as the waters cover the face of the deep. Whereas, to be ignorant of Christ is the sum of man's guilt; it is the very death of his soul. It is, in the words of Scripture, "the undying worm and unquenchable fire" prepared for those who know not God, and obey not His Gospel, and believe not on the name of that Son, whom it reveals as the only Saviour of Man.
Hamilton, Bermuda.

The Eagle Life

I have been reading a recently published life of Roosevelt, and I think that the outstanding sentence in the book is one spoken by Mrs. Roosevelt when the last of her four boys had enlisted in the service of his country. Mr. Roosevelt was just a little daunted when the last, and youngest, left for the Front; but Mrs. Roosevelt said to him, "You must not bring up your children like eagles and expect them to act like sparrows." It is a royal; it links itself with some of the great sayings of the Roman mothers, which are still ringing through the years. Her boys had been created for great ventures, and when the call came they went forth as naturally as eagles when they leave their aerie for hazardous flights.

And Mrs. Roosevelt's word unveils the true ideal of discipline and training. We are to rear our boys and girls in such largeness and quality of being that they will instinctively do the big thing, do the big thing because they are made and moulded in big ways. They are not to turn to the path of venture with trembling and reluctant choice, but because it is their nature to do it. They are eagle in spirit, and they are to take to the vast ways as naturally as they breathe.

And this, too, is the teaching of our Lord. In all His teaching the primary emphasis is on the state of being, and only secondarily upon the issues in conduct. Create an eagle, and you may look for eagle flights. Make the tree good, and good fruit will appear in sure sequence. The teaching is expressed in many different ways. "Ye are of your father the devil." Christ lays his finger upon the very substance of their souls, the fibres of their nature, and He tells them that with such a nature "the works of your Father are absolutely sure." What is in will come out. We cannot weave fine robes from rotten fibre. We cannot have pure streams from foul springs. We cannot have exploits from cowards. The sparrow will not take the path of the eagle.

There are three verbs of very different degrees of value. There is the verb "to have." What a swaggering place it fills in the speech of men! It denominates a man's material possessions. And there is the verb "to do," a word of much more vital significance. It denominates a man's activity and

services. Thirdly, there is the verb "to be," which is incomparably more vital than the other two. It denominates the essential nature and character of a man, and its contents reveal his inherent worth. Not in what we have and in what we do, but in what we are is found the real clue to the value of our life. Are we sparrows or eagles? Who is the father of our spirits? Are we "partakers" of the divine nature? What am I, who am I, a child of dust or a son of God? It is the glory of redeeming grace to change the character and quality of our beings. We can be re-created in Christ Jesus. We can be endowed with the powers of endless life. We can have the eagle spirit, and then we shall "mount up with wings as eagles, we shall run and not be weary, we shall walk and not faint."

J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

Turn ye'r e'en Inward

There wer nae silver spoons ever seen in the hoose where I spent my young days in the land o' the Bruce. But tho' poverty pinched an' was ever beside me, I was blessed wi' a sensible Faither tae guide me. Scotch caution was ay on the tip o' his tongue. "Learn prudence in speech,"—he wad say—"while ye're young. When frailties o' ithers ye're anxious tae tell, jist turn ye'r e'en inward; tak thocht o' yersel.

"O, the man wha gaes wrang, dinna' sneeringly speak some are morally warped; some are mentally weak. Wi' woemen an' whuskey, bad habits acquire; tae monkey wi' either's like playin' wi' fire. Some meet wi' misfortune acceptin' a dare that blichts their hale future beyond a' repair, an' mony wi' best o' intentions has fell. Sae turn ye'r e'en inward; tak thocht o' yersel.

"Ye'r elders mak shure ay tae treat wi' respect. Their grammar o' mainners may no' be correct. But dinna' forget their possessed o' a knowledge ye canna' connect wi' at skule or at college. Their wisdom may bore ye wi' trend pessimistic; or, in tellin' their ailments, a wee bit sophistic. Disappointment embitters; age weakens the shell. Sae turn ye'r e'en inward; tak thocht o' yersel.

"Tho ye minna' rise far in worldly position, twa things I'd commend ye tae keep suspicion. Ye'r word an' ye'r honesty; true traits o' a Scot whaurever he wanders, whatever his lot. The man that's dishonest, nane trust or respect; an' a liar, when speakin' the truth, we suspect. For hame-sake an' shame-sake, these twin foes repel. Ye'r e'en lookin' inward; wi' thocht o' yersel.

"Dinna' scoff at religion when, under its lid, ey discover some 'Holy Wull' posin' as guid. Wi' the kirk an' its mission, the Deevil competes by usin' his pliant twa-faced hypocreets; but dinna' let methods o' him an' his gang ever weaken ye'r faith,—ye ken richt frae wrang. 'Heaven's kingdom's within ye,'—hae nae fear o' hell; but keep lookin' inward; It's up tae yersel."

HUGH W. BARNES.

Somerville, Mass.

A Scotchman's First Experience in an American City, and His Excursion in An "Open Buggy."

(For The Caledonian)

We had rather a stormy passage across the Atlantic, but as the wind was in our favour the feck o' the time, we made guid progress, and landit at Boston on the 1st of September—ten days from Liverpool. After snoddin' up mysel', I gaed awa ashore wi' my portmantel; but I hadna travel't ten yards frae the ship's side when I was stoppit by a weel dressed billy. Says he: "You cannot leave the wharf until your luggage is examined." This precaution was to prevent smugglin', for the Yankee Government charges tremendous duties on a' kind o' imported guid. Weel, I opened my portmantel, and to my sair disgust, the billy gaed fumbli' helter-skelter thro' it—tumbli' my claes a' thro ither in a maist unmercifu' manner. I was mad to see my guid Sabbath coat and breeks tossed oot o' their faulds and my dickies and hankies (packit sae tosh and tidy by Auntie Peggy afore I sailed) a' tummelt tapsalteerie by the rough tyke. I cud stand it nae longer, and so I says, "Gin I had ye at the tap o' Catterthun, my man, 'd gie ye as coorse a handlin' as ye're gien my claes." He never heedit, but took a bit cauk oot o' his pooch, and scribbilt some figures on my portmantel. I repackit it as best I cud, and then was allowed to leave the wharf.

Afore lang I cam' across a gey decent-lookin' hotel, whaur I left my luggage, and then I set oot for a daunder thro' the city. I didna think muckle o' the business pairt o' the toon—it was unco like the busy streets o' Glasgow or Dundee—but when I got outside amang the avenues I did get a treat. They were wide, straucht and plantit with trees at baith sides, and ilka hoose was a mansion. I never saw or heard o' onything like the grandeur o' the hotels and kirks in this pairt o' the toon. They are far ayant my descriptive powers, so I'll nae try to describe them. The proodest hotels and maist gorgeous kirks in Edinburgh cudna haud the cawnel to them. The Public Gardens are very fine, and I was spellbound wi' admiration o' the rich floer beds—floers that, at hame, we see only in the het-hooses o' the rich.

At the ither side o' the Gardens is the Public Park, and as I daundert thro' it a muckle brute o' an inseck as big as a sparrow flew owre my head. A gentleman was passin' at the time, and I says, "Beg yer pardon, sir, but is that what ye ca' a muskeeta?" His e'e gaed a kind o' an ill-gittat twinkle as he answered, "Waal, yaas, that's a muskeeta—many o' our muskeetas weigh a pound." Thinks I—"Sure eneuch a' things are big in this countra, and gin an American midge is as big as a sparrow, their bumbees maun be as big as bubbly-jocks—wi' stangs like scythes." Neist day I fand oot the cause o' the aforesaid twinkle, for the inseck was a dragon-fly. The chap telled a muckle lee, but dootless his temptation to tell it was greater than he cud weel thole. Their muskeetas are nae muckle bigger than oor Scotch midges, but the bite it sae annoyin' that they ocht to be ten times bigger. Gin ye hae a muskeeta in your bedroom ye needna try to sleep—his pooer is sae great. Ye micht as weel try to sleep wi' a kickin' cuddy in the bed aside ye.

By this time I was fell tired, and as I had a letter o' introduction to a Mr. Broon—a third cousin o' my mither's—wha was said to be a wealthy and important man and wha wad likely help me to get a situation. I socht oot his hoose, rang the bell, and was shown intel the drawin'-room. Mr. Broon sune appeared and treated me with the greatest kindness and civeility—in fack, he gied me a hairty Scotch welcome.

I spent the feck o' the night wi' him, and gaed back to his hoose the neist day, as he wanted to gie me a drive in his buggy. I can tell you I opened my twa e'en gey wide when his groom brocht it round to the front door—it was sae different from onything I had ever seen afore. It had four slim things o' wheels and twa lang, thin shafts, and as for the seat, it was hardly visible to the nakit e'e. At a distance the hale machine just mindit me o' a muckle ettercap, and close inbye the wheels were like ettercaps' wabs, wi' hubs nae stronger

(Continued on page 270)

Men Worth Remembering — IX

JAMES WATT

(1736—1819)

James Watt, the great inventor, was born in Greenock, Scotland, January 9, 1736, of Covenanting stock. His grandfather, Thomas Watt, was a teacher of mathematics in Greenock, and his father, also Thomas Watt, was a shipwright and contractor and a maker of delicate instruments. Both grandfather and father of the inventor were men of honor and influence in Greenock, but of moderate means. His mother was Agnes Muirhead, "a gentlewoman of good understanding and superior endowments, whose excellent management of the household affairs contributed much to the order of the establishment as well as to the happiness of a cheerful home." Her son, James, was a delicate child, and was taught the rudiments of education by his mother. He was fond of music and drawing, and of building houses with his toys, when other children were attending the public school.

His cousin, Mrs. Campbell, tells the "kettle story." When sitting one evening with his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, at the tea table, she said: "James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy; take a book or employ yourself usefully; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but have been taking off the lid of that kettle and putting it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching and counting the drops of hot water it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way?"

His father gave him a set of tools and assigned him a place in his shop, where he became a great favorite with the workmen. "Jamie," they used to say, "has a fortune at his finger's ends."

Watt's mother died in 1753, which was a severe blow to him. At the age of seventeen he removed to Glasgow, to live with his mother's relatives, where he was employed by an optician. On June 7, 1755, he went, accompanied by his uncle, a retired sea captain, on horseback, to London, a journey which took him twelve days, to seek his fortune. When in Lon-



JAMES WATT

don he worked in an instrument shop, but the next year he returned to Glasgow. At the age of twenty-one, he started business there as an instrument maker, but the opposition of the trade guilds compelled him to close his shop. But fortunately, Professors Adam Smith, Joseph Black and Robert Simson came to his rescue and appointed him instrument maker to the University; they gave him a home and a workshop in the building, and the privilege of studying chemistry, mathematics and mechanics, as well as practical work. These professors recognized his mechanical genius.

Professor Robinson, a friend of the inventor, who had access to his work-shop, says: "I had the vanity to think myself a pretty good proficient in my favorite study (mathematical and mechanical philosophy), and was rather mortified at finding Mr. Watt so much my superior. But his own high relish of these things made him pleased with the chat of any person who had the same tastes with himself; or his innate complaisance made him indulge my curiosity, and even encourage my endeavors to form a more intimate acquaintance with him." Professor Robinson called his

attention to steam which might be applied to wheel carriages.

Watt's first discovery was that of latent heat; his next step was the discovery of the *total* heat of steam, and that this remains practically constant at all pressures. Watt describes as follows how the idea of the separate condenser flashed across his mind: "I had gone for a walk one Sunday afternoon in 1765. I had entered (Glasgow) the green at the foot of Charlotte street, and had passed the old washing house. I was thinking upon the engine at the time, and had gone as far as the herd's house when the idea came into my mind that as steam was an elastic body, it would rush into a vacuum, and if a communication were made between the cylinder and an exhausted vessel, it would rush into it, and might be there condensed with cooling the cylinder. I then saw that I must get rid of the condensed steam and injection-water if I used a jet as in Newcomen's engine. Two ways of doing this occurred to men. First, the water might be run off by a descending pipe, if an off-let could be got at the depth of 30-small pump. The second was to make a pump large enough to extract both water and air; I had not walked further than the golf-house when the whole thing was arranged in my mind."

In 1763 Watt severed his connection

with the University and set up in business for himself and married Miss Miller, his cousin, who was a worthy helpmate. Her courage and faith in her husband's work was an incentive to go on with his inventions. It was while repairing a Newcomen pumping-engine that he hit upon the idea of using a condenser separate from the cylinder. His business was growing; he had as many as sixteen men in his shop. Later he took in a Mr. Craig as partner, and his profits that year amounted to £600, and he had to remove to larger quarters. In April, 1765, he wrote to a friend: "My whole thoughts are bent on a steam engine." He made a model, which was ready in six months. His time was occupied with his inventions, and little was coming in to meet his expenditure, and debt was increasing. It was a hard struggle. In 1769 he wrote to a friend: "I have much contrived and little executed; how much good health and spirits would be worth to me!" and a month later: "I am still plagued with headaches, and sometimes heartaches." The suspension of the Carron Iron Works embarrassed him financially.

For ten years he was mostly engaged in survey work, as canal and river engineer. He made a survey of the Clyde, and reported on its deepening. He also made surveys for a canal between Perth and



In one of Watt's numerous patents (1784) he described a form of steam-locomotive, but it was left for George Stephenson to make efficient steam-locomotion an accomplished fact.

Coupar Angus, for the Crinan Canal, the Caledonian Canal, and the Forth and Clyde Canals. It was while he was surveying the Caledonian Canal that his wife died in childbirth. In 1776 he married Miss MacGregor, a daughter of a merchant in Glasgow.

In 1774 he entered into partnership with Mr. Matthew Boulton, of the Soho Foundry, a great manufacturing district of Birmingham, and there by the united efforts of the inventor and the manufacturer, was produced the practical steam engine which became the corner-stone of the industrial development of modern times.

To this wonderful inventor is due the steam engine indicator, the steam gauge, the ball governor and the familiar copying-press, the "horse-power" in daily use, and the more modern and universal system of units, etc. To Watt, also, along with his father-in-law, Mr. MacGregor of Glasgow, is due the first introduction into Britain of the use of chlorine in bleaching. He rendered, as a consulting engineer, useful services to the British Admiralty and cities water corporations and other public bodies.

In 1800 James Watt retired from his partnership with Boulton, a rich man, honored by men of distinction everywhere. Glasgow University conferred upon him the Degree of LL. D., in 1774. In 1808 he founded the Watt prize in Glasgow University, and in 1816 he made a donation of scientific books to Greenock. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Societies of Edinburgh and London and of the Academy of Science of France. He died on August 19, 1819, at his own home at Heathfield, in his eighty-third year. His wife lived to an old age, and enjoyed the prosperity of her esteemed husband.

Sir Walter Scott pays a high tribute to the personal character of James Watt. "Not only," he says, "the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers and calculator of numbers as adapted to practical purposes, not only one of the most generally well-informed, but of the best and kindest of beings."—(*Condensed from Watt's Biographies.*—Editor.)

Among the finds since the resumption of the Tobermory Bay salvage operations are several silver "pieces of eight," also many ballast and casting stones and oyster, clam and other shells.

Celtic Notes

The Clan Rose is of Norman origin—"de rose", of the rose. The family of Rose of Kilravock appears in the North in the thirteenth century. They did not blossom into a great clan, but they have kept well to the old acres, and show a remarkable unbroken pedigree. The family intermarried with the families of the North. The badge of the Clan is Wild Rosemary.

BOEGACH OR MORGACH.—May Morgach not be a corruption of Muronach, which is a name applied to the inhabitants of Uist by those of the neighboring islands. People living on the west side of Uist are also thus called by the inhabitants of the east side.

Clan societies should remember that (1) a clan badge must be an evergreen plant, otherwise its usefulness as a mark of distinction is impaired, if not nullified; (2) a Highland clan badge should be indigenous to the soil; (3) all the septs of a great clan, unless there be special arrangement, should wear the same badge. By acting upon these lines a good deal of confusion which obtains might be removed. When our "authorities" give two badges to a clan—one of them indigenous and the other exotic—the presumption is strong in favor of the native plant being the correct one.

The MacArthurs were hereditary pipers to the MacDonalds of Skye. Some of the same clan were pipers and armourers to the MacDonalds of Islay. There is a story told of one of these pipers, who played so well that he gave great satisfaction to MacDonald, who offered him a high reward (lan boineid de dh'airgid's de dh'or) if he would change his surname from MacArthur to MacDonald. The piper's reply was characteristic. "No. You will always find me ready to follow your banner, wear your tartan and crest, and play your clan music, but my name must be MacArthur."

MACEWANS.—The MacEwans were hereditary bards to the Campbells. Rev. Donald MacNicol in his "Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Highlands (1799)" tells us "the MacEwans had free lands in Argyllshire for acting as bards to the family of Argyll, to that of Breadalbane, and likewise to MacDougall of Dunolly in 1572. There is a MS. in Cawdor Castle entitled "Genealogy Abridgement of the Very Ancient and Notable Family of Argyll, 1779," which was written by a MacEwan, hereditary seanachie and bard.

CAMPBELLS.—The traditional origin of the Campbells, who are called "Clann Diarmid"—descendants of Dermid—is that they are descended from the famous Fingalian hero, "Diarmid o Duibhne," who slew the wild boar—hence the boar's head as the crest of the Campbells. Without accepting this theory, it is curious to observe that the MacDermaids are found in larger numbers in Campbell territories than in any others. At present they are found chiefly in Argyll and Breadalbane; indeed, Glenlyon, Perthshire, is regarded as the headquarters of the MacDermaids.

The City of Baghdad

Baghdad is situated on both banks of the River Tigris, about 200 miles north of the confluence of that river with the River Euphrates, and about 400 miles north of Basra. The city is surrounded by the desert. It lies in the treeless, fertile plain of Mesopotamia. Orange groves, date palms and pomegranate gardens enclose the city. About a day's journey from this city of romance are such well-known places—or rather ruins—as Babylon, the capital of the Chaldean Empire; Nineveh, capital of the great Assyrian Empire, and the Tower of Babel, all of Biblical fame. These and other ruins are of great interest to archaeologists. Entrance to the city is gained by four great gates—facing N., S., E., and W. Of these the Bab-ul-Muazzam is the most imposing. The western gate, however, is the busiest. It is an open square with bazaars. There also is the eastern terminus of the overland route to Aleppo and Europe, and here the caravans arrive from Central Arabia, and pilgrims set out to Kerbela.

Baghdad is important for its position. It is the key of the desert route to Damascus and Asia Minor. Indeed, Germany thought so much of the position of this city that, with Turkey's consent, she made it one of the termini of her Berlin-Bosphorus-Baghdad Railway, by which, in the event of war with the British Empire, she could reach our dependency of India. The entrance to the waterway leading to Mosul and the plateaux of Armenia is this "Gift of God"—for that is the meaning of the word "Baghdad."

A DISTRIBUTING CENTRE

In ancient times Baghdad was a most prosperous city, but it has declined in importance under Turkish rule. It is yet a busy forwarding centre. From Damascus silks and embroideries are brought to it by caravans of camels and distributed to the various Persian towns. In turn Persia sends out shawls and carpets with varied and tasteful designs; dried fruits, dyes and drugs to the Baghdad bazaars, of which we shall speak later. Goods from Europe and India are transported by sea to Basra, thence up river to Baghdad and Mosul in the picturesque Arabian dhows of which we read so much in books about the slave trade. Aleppo also trades with Baghdad. Most of the business of the city is conducted through the Imperial Ottoman Bank, though "sarrafs" (i. e., small Jewish banks) also do some of the business of the city.

The finger of time has lightly passed over the manners and customs of the ancient city, leaving an intact, unchanged picture of the East of ancient days. The irrigation of the fields is still carried on in primitive fashion, the water being drawn from the river by means of water-wheels drawn by

teams of horses; the men still spin with old-fashioned looms in the open air, still do the patient ox "tread out the corn," still do the women grind the grain "between the upper and nether millstones," and still does the shepherd lead, not follow, his flock in verdant pastures. Travellers even yet come down the turbulent Tigris in rafts composed of goat-skins inflated, even yet does the servant remove his foot-gear before entering his master's presence. The master himself eats from the same dish with the whole of his family. Bible scenes rise up before as we see here an Arab ride past us on a steed worthy of the name, there a Jew with his white beard, here again a goat-herd surrounded by his flock, and over there money-changers plying their trade in the dusty streets. The camels, pacing slowly over the sands with swaying gait, also serve to remind us of the Book of Books. The very name of the city is redolent of romance. Everywhere are the raucous cries of the water-sellers, the patter of water-donkeys, and the clatter of vehicles driven at top speed. Under the setting sun we see a glorified Baghdad—hot from the "Arabian Nights" so to speak.

TYPICALLY EASTERN

The river seems to be a stream of liquid fire, while the domes and minarets of the mosques stand clearly outlined against a pale-blue background. The more important part of the city lies on the eastern bank of the Tigris river. The British Residency, the Military Barracks, the Customs Houses, the Russian and American Consulates are on the eastern Tigris bank. There is no imposing architecture; the monotony of the brick-work is sometimes varied by a window, but not often. In from the river banks the town is composed of narrow lanes, high houses with balconies, dusty streets, and countless mosques. The houses are apparently ugly, but this is explained by the fact that their backs are facing the street. The gardens and courtyards are surrounded by high walls. Inside these gardens the dust and noise give place to quietness and shade. The doors are made of wood, delicately carved; tall palm trees grow in the gardens, affording a welcome shade, and everything conduces to perfect happiness. There is an inner courtyard opening from the women's quarters, and in this and in its privacy the women of the harem breathe God's air, for they seldom do so otherwise, being always muffled up when they walk abroad. The rooms of the domicile do not appear to be the essence of comfort—there is no fireplace, it being unnecessary to have one; there are about six high windows, stretching from floor to ceiling, and there are gaping seams in the walls, owing to the shrinkage of the wood-work during hot weather. In place of paper,

the walls are covered with rich Persian rugs and mirrors; the ceiling is often inlaid with a mosaic of colored glass, but the floors are only covered with coarse straw matting. A divan and some tables complete the furniture. The houses are flat-roofed, and the roof is surrounded by a high wall. There (on the roof) the evening meal is eaten, and the family sleep when the heat is unbearable in the sirdabs (i. e., underground rooms).

In the coffee gardens—collections of benches under the shade of palm trees—the merchants meet to discuss business (and, at the same time, thick delicious coffee served in handle-less cups) and to fix prices, sitting cross-legged all the time.

A PAGE OF HISTORY

Baghdad was founded by Aboo Jaafe-el-Mansoor, or Al Mansur, the first of the Abbassia Caliphs, in 762. He built the city on the west bank of the Tigris, on a place called by the Persians "Bagadata," or the "Gift of God." For 500 years Baghdad remained the seat of the Caliphate, until in 1258 Hulagu, grandson of Genghis Khan, at the head of the Mongols, sacked it. At its zenith Baghdad was the city spoken of in the "Arabian Nights." It was then governed by the Caliph Haroun al-Raschid (Aron the Just), who ruled here from 786 to 809. A famous historian said that at the close of the 1st century of the Hegira, the Caliphs were the most potent monarchs of the globe. (The name "Caliph" is derived from an Arabic word meaning "successor.") Tennyson describes the throne of Haroun al-Raschid thus:

"Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver underpropt a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diaper'd
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon, his deep eye laughter stirr'd
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him in his golden prime,
The Good Haroun Al-Raschid."

After the Mongol invasion Baghdad ceased to be the spiritual home of Islam. Again, in 1410, the city was sacked by Tamerlane, Suleiman conquered it in 1534, and the Persians in 1624. On Christmas Day, 1638, the city surrendered to Murad IV., Sultan of Turkey, and has remained in Turkish hands until the present day. On March 11, 1917, it passed into the possession of the British Empire. The only part of the old city remaining is the tomb of Zozeida, the wife of Haroun al-Raschid. The Government is—or rather was—in the hands of a Pasha, assisted by a council. They were the tools of Constantinople, and were unpopular with the Arabs on account of religious differences.

The East India Company used to maintain a resident here, now replaced by the British Consul-General, who is also Political Agent to the Indian Government.

The population of Baghdad consists of Persians, Jews, Turks, Chaldeans, Arabs,

Armenians, Greeks and Levantines, and is about 200,000, though it used to be 2,000,000 in the time of the Caliphs. Of the 200,000 people, about 120,000 are Mohammedans, 60,000 Jews, and 20,000 Christians (including 5,000 Armenians).

CLOUDLESS SKIES AND SMOKELESS ATMOSPHERE

The climate is healthy; in winter the weather is perfect, there being little or no rain, cloudless skies, and a clear smokeless atmosphere. In spite of this, the death rate is enormously high. Though there is not much malaria, there is plenty of typhoid. There is no proper sanitation system. The ill-health of the people is largely due to the fact that the household drinking water is obtained from the Tigris, into which the refuse of the town is put—the dogs being scavengers.

There are several Mohammedan schools in the city, which are administered by men appointed by the Government. Among the Christian schools, mostly conducted by Catholics, is the French College, directed by priests of the Carmelite Order.

There are over one hundred mosques in Baghdad, most of them having domes and minarets. There is also a Latin Church and a Roman Catholic Convent. The Serai (i. e., Pasha's Palace) is situated in the centre of the town. Near the city is the town of Kasmain, famous for its sacred mosque with a golden dome.

The languages spoken are Turkish, Arabic, French and English. Among the improvements effected in late years were the reconstruction of the bridge over the Tigris, which is crossed by about 15,000 people daily; the widening of the streets, and the laying out of parks.

The bazaar of the city is quite famous. It is divided into sections, and provides a feast of color. The gorgeous Eastern dyes make vivid splashes of color; the gleam of silver and gilt-embroidered goods from Damascus also attract attention; trays, goblets, pitchers reflect the deep colors of copper and brass, while footwear and saddlery blaze with color. The well-blended colors and exquisite designs of Persian rugs are seen on all sides, while your approach to the spice merchant's stall is heralded by delicious scents.

The capture of this gorgeous Eastern city is of transcendent importance to Britain. It vindicates British prestige in the East, which was undoubtedly shaken by our failure to force the Dardanelles and our failure to relieve Kut-el-Amara. It means the disruption of the Turkish Empire in Asia, the liberation of Persia from the Ottoman occupation of nearly 30,000 square miles of her territory, and the security of our Indian frontier. It stills Mohammedan unrest in this region. Its capture also enables us to co-operate with our Russian Allies in Mesopotamia, and threatens the Turkish line of retreat.—*Exchange*.

Subscribe For The Caledonian

Clan Macmillan and Its Chiefs

Clan Badge: Holly (Cuileann)

The Septs and Dependents entitled to wear the Macmillan Tartan are: Baxter, Bell, MacBaxter, Macmillan.

The Arms of the Clan is: Gold, a black lion rampant, and in chief three blue mullets. Crest: A right and a left hand brandishing a two-handed sword proper.

Motto: *Miseris succurrere disco.*

According to universal tradition, the Macmillans are of the same blood as the Buchanans, and Skene in his *Highlanders of Scotland*, derives both, along with the Monroes, from the Siol O'Cain—the race of O'Cain, otherwise O'Cathan, or Clan Chattan. According to Buchanan of Auchmar, the immediate ancestor of the Macmillans is believed to have been a certain Methlan, second son of Anselan, seventh chief of Buchanan, who flourished in the reign of Alexander II, in the first half of the thirteenth century.

Their original home, to which Skene thinks they must have been removed from North Moray by Malcolm IV, was at Lawers, on the north shore of Loch Tay, but from that possession they were driven in the reign of David II, the middle of the fourteenth century, by the Chalmerses, Chamberses, or Camerarii, who obtained a feudal charter to the lands, and who were themselves afterward forfeited for the part they played in the assassination of James I. The Macmillan chief who was thus expelled had ten sons, certain of whom became progenitors of the Ardournag and other families in Breadalbane; but the chief migrated to Argyllshire, where he obtained a property from the Lord of the Isles in South Knapdale, and became known as Macmillan of Knap. Macmillan is said to have had his charter engraved in Gaelic on the top of a rock at the boundary of his land.

The Macmillans are believed to have increased their possessions in Knapdale by marriage with an heiress of the MacNeil chiefs, and there is evidence that they became of considerable importance in the district. One of the towers of Sweyn Castle on the loch of that name is known as Macmillan's Tower, and in the old kirk-yard of Kilmorie Knap, where the chapel was built by the Macmillan chief, stands a

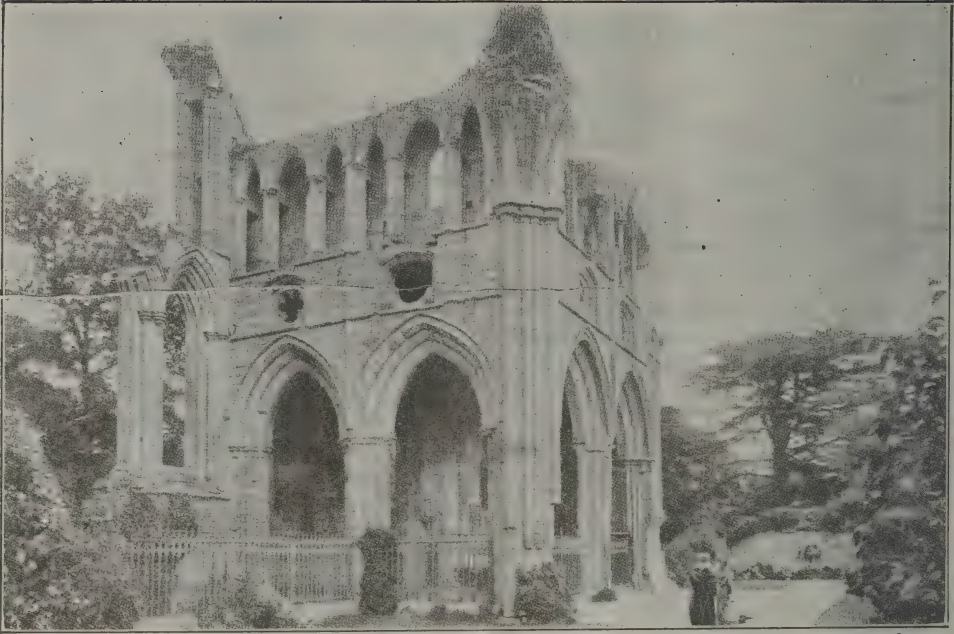
cross more than twelve feet high richly sculptured with foliage, and showing a Highland chief engaged in a deer hunt, with the inscription "Haec est crux Alexandri Macmillan."

Among traditions extant regarding these Macmillans of Knapdale is one of a certain Gillespie Ban. This individual was unfortunate enough while attending a fair to quarrel with a personage of some importance and to slay the man in hot blood. He fled and was instantly pursued. Managing to reach Inveraray Castle, he rushed in, and making his way to the kitchen, found the cook engaged in baking. Instantly procuring a change of clothes and an apron, he proceeded busily to knead barley bannocks, and when his infuriated pursuers came to the castle they took him for a regular domestic of the earl. The necessary respite being thus allowed him, a composition was made with the family of the man he had slain, and he was allowed to live thereafter in peace. He settled in Glendaruel, where his descendants were known, from the circumstances of his escape by the patronymic of MacBacster, or "sons of the baker."

Another tradition runs that the line of the Macmillans of Knap ended with a chief who had a tragic experience. In order to defend the honor of his wife from the advances of a too powerful admirer, he attacked and slew the man, and in consequence was forced to abscond.

The main line then becoming extinct, the chiefship was assumed, rightly, it is believed, by Macmillan of Dunmore, on the south side of Loch Tarbert. This family also, however, died out, upon which a contention arose between the Campbells and MacNeils as to possession of the Macmillan lands. The matter was finally arranged, by means of mutual concessions, in favor of the Campbells, and in 1775 the estates were purchased by Sir Archibald Campbell of Inverneil.

Meanwhile, at an earlier day, a branch of the chief's house had settled elsewhere. The reason for this occurrence is the subject of a well known tradition. A stranger, it appears, known as Marallach More, established himself in Knapdale, and pro-



ST. MARY'S AISLE, DRYBURGH ABBEY, BURIAL PLACE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

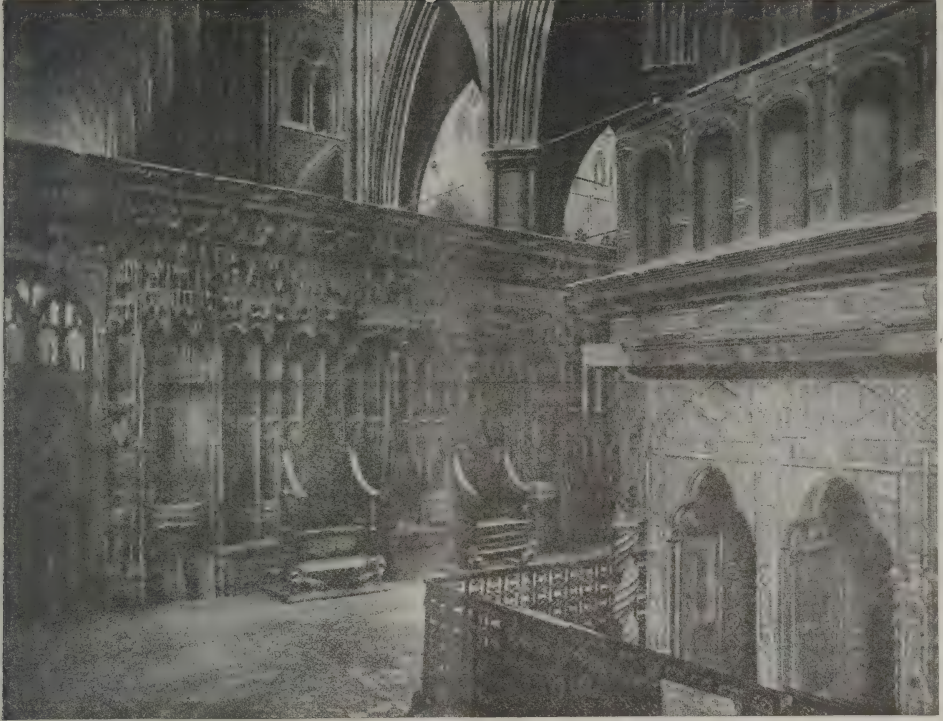
ceeded by his overbearing disposition to make himself objectionable to the Macmillians. He made himself especially obnoxious, it would appear, to one of the chief's sons, who lived at Kilchamag. The affair came to an open rupture, and at last, either in a duel or in a general fight, Macmillan killed the aggressor, but in consequence had to leave the district. With six followers he migrated to Lochaber, when he placed himself under the protection of Cameron of Lochiel, and was settled on certain lands beside Loch Arkaig.

Another tradition runs that the earliest seat of the Macmillians was on both sides of Loch Arkaig; that on Lochaber being granted to the Lord of the Isles, the clan became vassals of that powerful chief; and that, when the Camerons obtained possession of the district, the Macmillians became in turn their dependents, in which situation they remained ever afterwards. This tradition, however, seems to be negatived by the fact that Macmillan of Knap was recognized as Chief of the clan.

Latterly, according to Buchanan of Auchmar, the Macmillians in Lochaber, known from the district of their residence as the

Clan Ghille Mhaoil Aberaich, dwelt in Muir Laggan, Glen Spean and Caillie. Their military force was reckoned at one hundred fighting men; they were among the trustiest followers of Lochiel, and were employed by him generally in the most desperate of his enterprises.

One incident is on record which shows the esteem in which they were held by the Cameron chief. Late in the seventeenth century some cause of trouble arose between them and the MacGhille'onies, a sept of the Camerons, and, in a fight with twelve of these latter, one of the Macmillians was killed. In fear of consequences, the twelve MacGhille'onies fled to the fastnesses of the hills, hoping to maintain themselves there until the Macmillians could be appeased. But the Macmillians demanded from Lochiel permission to pursue the aggressors, and threatened that if this permission were not granted, they would wreak their vengeance on the whole offending sept. Lochiel perforce gave leave, and the Macmillians set about the hunting of the fugitives with such energy that in a short time, without any loss of life to themselves, though many



INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Showing Screen of Edward the Confessor and Coronation Chair Containing the Stone of Destiny.

of them were sorely wounded, they either slew or captured all the twelve MacGhille'onies.

In more recent times, one of the Lochaber Macmillans returned to the south, and, taking up residence at Badokennan, near the head of Loch Fyne, became ancestor of the Macmillans of Glen Shera, Glen Shira and others.

Still another branch of the Macmillans has been for centuries settled in Galloway. According to tradition, they are an offshoot of the Macmillans of Loch Tayside, who went south when the chiefs of the clan were driven from Lawers by the Chalmerses. These Galloway Macmillans played a noble part on the side of the Covenanters in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and their doings are recorded by Wodrow, the chief historian of that page of Scottish history. The most noted of them was the Rev. John Macmillan, who

published several controversial pamphlets, and was deposed for schismatic practices in 1703. He was the first pastor of the "Reformed Presbyterians," and ministered to the "remnant" from 1706 till 1743. Even to the present time the Covenanters in Galloway are as often called Macmillanites as Cameronians.

Another noted member of the clan was Angus Macmillan, who emigrated to Australia in 1829, and discovered and explored the country southwest of Sydney, afterwards called Gippsland.

Celebrated in yet another way was Daniel Macmillan, who with his brother Alexander founded the great publishing firm of Macmillan & Co., in the middle of the nineteenth century, publishing Kingsley's *Westward Ho* in 1855, and *Tom Brown's School Days* in 1857.—By Special Permission of the Editor of *Scottish Country Life*.

Commerce Versus Sentiment

Being a commentary on the recent decision to extend a shipbuilding yard at the expense of relics of bygone days, as represented by Highland Mary's grave, the graves of James Watt's ancestors and an old historic church—Greenock's sole claim to the antiquities.

It has been truly said, no doubt, that sentiment has been the ruling factor at many stages of the world's history, when the people have declared their will in unmistakable fashion in response to that feeling which is often illogical, which is sometimes calculated only to involve its supporters in a sea of troubles and without any compensating material advantage, and where, indeed, all may be lost save honor. It cannot be defined. It is just sentiment, which in our finer and perhaps better moods reigns in the human breast. There is another force which is not associated with the finer feelings, for has it not become a generally accepted proverb, if not an excuse for many seemingly hard actions, that "Business knows no sentiment." That, on the other hand, lends itself to further argument as to what is true sentiment when the march of progress finds its course blocked by something which has barely a utilitarian value even judged by its original standpoint, and when the material welfare of a community would be more richly served by the sweeping away of what successive generations have held dear, and the substitution of those things which, insensate in themselves, mean wealth and the growth of industrial life.

Read it how you may, these are the factors which have entered into the little war that has been waged between Business and Sentiment before a Parliamentary Committee in the Justiciary Buildings at Jail Square, Glasgow, under the Provisional Order promulgated by the Corporation of Greenock for acquiring the Old West Kirk and Kirkyard of Greenock so that these may be incorporated in the shipbuilding yard of Caird & Co., Ltd., which has now become part of the activities of the great firm of Harland & Wolff. It was good policy which guided the selection of the Town Council as the ostensible movers in a matter of modern progress and public improvement, although, *de facto*, the great

shipbuilders stood behind—that is not the proper expression, because it implies inertia—to provide the sinews of war. On the other hand, it meant opportunity for extension of the yard necessary to admit of the building of more and greater vessels, otherwise its industry, in the face of the needs of the day and the future, would probably languish, and, it may be, fall out in the race. It meant, only incidentally, of course, the greater expansion of the firm's activities, and, presumably, its wealth, but it also meant still greater growth of the position of the Clyde in the world of industry and commerce, more employment for the horny-handed son of toil—in short, another asset to nation and to empire.

On the other hand, it meant the extinction of an old Scottish church, not a glorious pile of stately architecture, even the fondest devotee would admit, and now almost lost in the heart of artistically unsightly tenements and warehouses, but, still, fragrant with the memories of over 300 years, with most of the life history of Greenock, and associated with the hallowed thoughts, the prayers and the strivings of those who have run the race and made the town what it is. Far beyond that, it meant the digging up and carting away of the sacred dust of those whose bodies, after life's fitful fever, had been laid to rest in this old-time God's acre, or, perhaps, merely left to be built over or trampled upon by the ruthless feet of industrial progress, or enterprise—call it what you will. Naturally, thoughts such as these appeal more vehemently to those having ties of blood and kinship with the sleepers in the old kirkyard. Ancestor worship, or rather, the sense of sacredness in the place of kindred dead is not confined to the supposedly benighted Oriental. Yet, again, beyond that, in this instance there was an appeal to the world-wide sentiment of lovers of the national bard, Robert Burns, because of the Old West Kirkyard being the place of sepulture of Mary

Compbell, that "Highland Mary" whose death inspired lines the most tender and soul stirring—

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast.

It is not enough for critics to say that, according to some writers, there is even a doubt as to the personality there interred being actually identified with the "Highland Mary" of Burns. Sufficient to say that it has been so accepted for a century or thereby, and that Burns' lovers from a' th' airts subscribed for the erection of a memorial which has become a Mecca for pilgrims from all over the world. It is not to be wondered at therefore that sentiment bulked more largely on the side of the objectors than any plea of loss that could possibly be urged from a practical viewpoint.

So the stage was set for the trial of the issue, and in contemplative, not cynical mood, one might be tempted to the reflection how unfitting for such a cause the very name of the *locus*—"Jail Square"—how alien to the mind's eye that criminal court room associated with the pleadings and the condemnation of sordid or blood-guilty wretches! It seems a contradiction of terms, but we could not help the thought that the promoters of the Order were either very clever, or very fortunate in the selection of their leading counsel, John Wilson, K. C., just because his personality and temperament would have seemed to fit him so much better for the advocacy of the cause of private and national sentiment. It was, we do believe, the possession of these very attributes, and that old-fashioned Scottish style and courtesy so distinctive of the man, which enabled him to appreciate and, as far as possible, to disarm the arguments of sentiment.

"The church had been the centre of the religious life of the surrounding people for centuries. What of it?"—"Yes, and now the church has for years been locked off from the people in a backwater in the heart of industrial operation and commerce, unlovely at their best, and from within its own old bounds there are only half a score of souls who are in full communion to-day, almost all the present congregation coming from

without the bounds. The promoters (the Town Council, *cum* Caird & Co., *cum* Harland & Wolff) will provide you with a new church with wider opportunity of religious activity near Princes Pier, or possibly elsewhere, will install in the new edifice the beautiful stained glass windows by great masters, which lent so much to the dignity of the old building, and in these or such other ways meet the wishes of the devout; they will at their own hand also provide a church hall, that modern necessity which the old church lacked, and they will disburse a capital sum of, say, £1600, the interest on which may form a nice little supplement to the minister's stipend. Besides, the minister, the majority of the office-bearers and the people are not only reconciled to, but support the change."

While not the *ipsissima verba*—that summary is far too like a business proposition to convey the manner in which the distinguished K. C. handled the tender susceptibilities of sentimental opposition—the foregoing is pretty near the sum and substance of the thing, and, as a mere *quid pro quo*, the average man would have but little fault to find with it.

"But, then, the kirkyard, with its sacred dead; what of these?"

"Yes, the promoters approach this phase of the subject with greater reluctance. Had it been possible to avoid it, never would we have sought to disturb what with tears and yet with hope had been laid there by successive generations of mourners, awaiting the summons of the Great Reveille. These timeworn tombstones we shall remove and place in a befitting manner under the shadow of the new church, and, if you so desire, so far as it is possible for human agency to do so, we shall reverently remove the remains of the dead and transfer them to the new site. Think, too, what would be the words of the dead if they could speak! Would not the near and dear of that famous Scotsman, James Watt, see in our proposal the greater fulfillment of the inventor's great work, and would not their dumb lips say there should be no hindrance to the expansion of scientific thought and industry, to the improvement and prosperity of Greenock and the well-being of nation and of empire?"

Again, it is a free and crude translation of the forensic setting which in careful

Scottish fashion answered a difficult question by propounding another.

There was, however, a more insistent band of objectors to meet, and, if possible, to placate—the world-wide body of the Burns Federation, up in arms against the would-be disturbers of the rest of "Highland Mary." Again, the reply takes in part the form of counter question.

"Was not the patriot Robert Burns a man who would rather sacrifice every personal feeling for the common weal, for the good of his fellows, for the fair fame of Auld Scotia, through that industry which more than any other makes possible the realization of his dream, 'that man to man the world o'er shall brithers be'? Consider the matter also on an even higher plane of thought! What is it to-day?—A cenotaph, an empty tomb. Viewed in that light, what more can one say? But, may it not be recalled that what is proposed is only what was done in the case of the human shell of Burns himself, and by whom?—By the then representatives of Burns' lovers at home and overseas, who raised his body from the grave in the old churchyard of St. Michael's, Dumfries, and transferred it to that handsome mausoleum which is to-day, as it has been all these years, a shrine to which all Scottish hearts turn from the ends of the earth. We propose no more in the case of 'Highland Mary'—merely a transference to a new site, and, with all respect, a site more easily accessible to the pilgrim, more in the eyes of the visiting world. But, if you so desire, so great a sympathy have we in common with yourselves in this matter that we shall be prepared to preserve this one memorial where it is, forming a little niche in the heart of the throbbing life of industry, and leaving an access to all to see the spot where 'Highland Mary' was laid."

Bound up in the whole matter, and apart from company enterprise, was the question of the removal in that area of condemned insanitary buildings and the solution of the clamant problem of to-day, the housing of the people. About what may therefore be termed the municipal side of the issue, there could be little or no question. Hence it was that, as we have said, the opposing forces were just Business and Sentiment.

It was a further curious situation that the cause of sentiment should have been

in the hands of one who in personality and penetrating style of argument seems gifted with those very faculties which are specially suited for advancing a business proposition. And yet, the cause of sentiment, whether of the lover of the old kirk and its associations of years, the Burns enthusiast, or the private family interest in the God's acre, could not have been better put than it was by Mr. Macphail, K. C. Enthusiasts are apt to lose themselves in high faluting talk, and in front of judicial minds, as our American friends say, they cut no ice. The alert counsel for the opposition, keenly incisive in argument as in handling an inimical witness, contested the issue with business on its own ground, with an occasional flash of thought towards these nobler things in the heart of man which mean so much in their influence upon humanity and the world. May we again attempt a free summary.

"You do not say so in so many words, perhaps, but the only inference to be drawn is that here is a church whose day is past, whose fabric is not up to the modern canons of fitness, and whose activities, already circumscribed, are more likely to languish than to increase; but do you forget the associations of years, the atmosphere which only the influence of ages of good work can create and keep alive? These cannot be bartered for something material. . . . Did I hear someone use the word 'philanthropy' as entering into the minds and actions of you captains of industry in this matter? I would not, if I could, impute motives, but, if this old church had not stood in the way, would your philanthropy have been moved to the necessity for reducing the old and creating a new edifice and giving opportunity for a more extended spiritual life among the people? Then, as to the old churchyard, you say it is a hindrance to your progress. But was not the churchyard there centuries before your activities encroached upon a fair landscape, and have you any right to complain of its existence? You picture a reverent removal of the ashes of the departed to, perhaps, another God's acre round a new church. You know that that is a practical impossibility, and the picture rather to be drawn is that of a ghoulish churning up of sacred elements, so that for the poignancy of thought so induced in

the breasts of the living there can be no compensation. But, meeting you on your own ground of practical politics, I offer the evidence of another captain of industry who stakes his professional reputation on being able to so plan the area as to meet the needs of the situation without laying rude hands upon this poor Naboth's vineyard."

So went argument and counter-argument until they reached that unpardonable

limit of extending over "the Twelfth," sacred in Scotland to the follower of game on hill and moor.

Of course, business, or, rather, public improvement won the day. But it is not "the end of an auld sang," as was said when by bribery and corruption Scotland lost her ancient Parliament. "Highland Mary" will live in song as long as the heart of Scotland pulsates in her sons over the wide world.—*The Scots Pictorial*.

A Reminiscence of Auld Lang Syne

BY ALEXANDER RUSSELL

(For *The Caledonian*)

Many years ago there lived near a Scottish mining village, a man and his wife. He was employed as a foreman in the Collieries, and they were thrifty and well behaved people. A baby boy was born to them, which died shortly after its birth. Not long after the death of the baby, two ladies dressed in deep mourning brought a little child and requested the couple to adopt it. Under the circumstances they were glad to accept the baby and promised to be kind to him. The ladies left a sealed packet of papers and instructed them that when the child grew up and became of age, they would open the packet and receive instruction how to proceed. The papers would reveal the child's identity and they would be well recompensed for their kindness. They desired the child's identity to be kept secret, as some of its friends desired to take advantage of its interests.

The ladies parted with the child with deep regret and very, very much affected. A few days after the parting two gentlemen called and seemed to be greatly interested in the child. They showed great affection for it and gave the woman some money and promised to do so regularly. They requested that the sealed packet be given them to be registered and promised to bring it back. The woman in her kindly simplicity gave them the packet and they left the house and never returned. The packet was lost. When the husband came home he heard what had taken place and severely reprimanded his wife, telling her that the packet was gone and that she had done a great injustice to the child. The woman took the affair so much to heart that she lost her reason for some considerable time and when it did return the past was a complete blank.

The child grew up to be a well behaved lad and was well liked by his friends. He remembered that an old man used to put his hand on his head and say that he was a bonnie laddie and none like him in———. Other children were born and all lived hap-

pily together, attending Sunday School, church, etc. Still he was a distinctly different boy from the other children of the family. He loved to be alone enjoying the beauties of nature and in his dreams he seemed to have a vision of two ladies dressed in black. This vision or dream haunted him night and day. He was never happy and seemed to live in expectation and had a longing for something he could never explain.

The family left that district and went to live in a more populous town. The boy attended school and made good progress in his studies. One day an old man called on them and spent the afternoon. When he left to go home the father and boy conveyed him a short distance. While waiting for the bus that was to convey the old man home he over heard him remark, "Does he know anything about his birth." The father said, "Better not, it would only vex him." The boy thought nothing of it at the time, but later on it and other remarks caused him to have some suspicions.

The boy started to work, and according to an act of Parliament he had to show his birth certificate. The father excused himself several times for being forgetful, till one day the foreman said the certificate must be produced or the boy must stop work. The father and foreman retired and whispered something. The boy wondered to himself why the explanation could not be made in his presence, still the matter passed over at the time and nothing more was thought of it.

When the boy was thirteen years of age, a certain man told the father a lie about the boy (he, the man, had failed to perform a certain duty which caused a financial loss to the father) and blamed the boy. The father in his haste struck him. He immediately resented the blow and told his father that from that time he would never work with him again and immediately left and got employment and earned his living doing a

man's day's work. He handed his money to his mother till he became twenty-one years of age, then started for himself. He educated himself and showed by his conduct and attainment that he was of a better class of people; still he had no information about his birth. The ladies said they were going abroad when they left the child with the woman and never had any more communication with the family. The boy grew up to be a strong, healthy man and being steady and a good workman, he got a good position and after he was well on in life married and eventually left his native land and settled in a foreign country, where he prospered.

After being some years there, he met a man who said he had been born in the same village and had been brought abroad while very young by his parents. In the course of conversation he told a story his father had told him of two ladies clad in deep mourning bringing a baby boy to where they lived and of a family adopting the baby. The story the man told was in every detail a repetition of the dream and vision the boy had had all his life time.

He asked to see his friend's father, but he had died many years ago, and this friend could give no clue of who the people were or of the boy they had adopted.

Past events came to the man's memory. What the old man said when waiting for the bus when he was a boy. What happened when he was working, the foreman and his father disappearing and whispering. He said to himself, "Who am I?" He had never seen his birth certificate, so resolved to write to the place where (as far as he knew) he was born. He did so and enclosed ample money to cover expenses. After waiting several months and receiving no reply he wrote again reminding the registrar of his request. Later on he got a reply to the effect that the child mentioned in his letter had died in its infancy and they could give him no information about his birth or parentage. This is another mystery of life that may never be cleared up as those who were the principals have crossed that bourne where all must go and none return.

A Scotchman's First Experience

(Continued from page 257)

lookin' than an auld spinnin' wheel. The springs seemed unco' easy, but to a' appearance they wad be as easy ca'd asun'er as kindlin' wud ower a body's knee. The dasher was nae bigger than a schule laddie's slate. After this description ye can fancy that there was a hantil o' daylight sheenin' through the thing. Think o' twa men trustin' their banes on the outside o' sic a lie trap!

Weel, we mountit, but the seat was sae sma' that it took a' its micht to haud us baith. Mr. Broon said it was a three-quarter seat, and weel I wat he wasna far wrang, as there was a quarter pairt o' baith o' us hingin' ower the sides. The thing had nae railin' at the back o' the seat, and hoo a body was to bide in was a problem I had yet to solve, as he wad hae to be mighty careful in case he gaed aff the plumb. The horse was a braw beast, wi' harness sae licht that it lookit for a' the world like a lot o' pencil marks across this way and doon that way—wi' a strip of sheepskin at his breast and anither at his hurdies.

Mr. Broon was what ye wad ca' a "guid whup," and he showed no that little science in navigatin' throo the croodit streets. We gaed oot on the Brighton Road, and never

till my deein' day will I forget my nervish feelin's durin' the neist half-hour. 'A man cam up in anither trap, and as he was gaen to pass us I got a glimpse o' his bit giggy. Hoo in a' the warld it could haud ae man was a puzzler to me, for it wasna half the size o' oors. The moment he cam abreest o' us, oor beastie cockit his lugs as if it was used to it—Mr. Broon gied a bit "cluck," at the same time tellin' me to haud on, as he was gaun to lat the horse oot. In half a minute we were flein' thro' the air like lichtnin'—the hooses sae near thegither that they appeared like blocks o' buildin's, the trees seemed to be rushin' the ither way, and the milestones came in sic quick succession that I thocht I was passin' a countra kirkyard.

A' this time I was haudin' my breath—dauring only to breathe noo and than, for fear o' fa'in' oot o' the thing. Bye and bye Mr. Broon pu'd up, havin' clean lickit the other chap, and he lookit round my way to see hoo I was enjoyin' it.

Noo the rain the nicht afore had made the roads rather carty, and I was a' covered frae head to fit wi' glaur. Says I: "Mr. Broon, if that is what ye ca' lattin' yer horse oot, I hope the next time ye'll stop and let me oot first."

D. G.

Subscribe For The Caledonian

Balmoral Castle

In the terrible five years which have followed the declaration of war by Great Britain against Germany, the Highlands of Scotland have experienced the absence of their permanent inhabitants, and also of their autumn visitors. Baronial residences have in many cases been turned into hospitals, and their owners have unceasingly given their energies, and in many cases their lives, to uphold the honor and righteousness of their country. Their Majesties the King and Queen have set a truly Royal example; and I believe that I am right when I state that their Highland home has not known their presence during this long period. But now they are again to spend part of the autumn in their home on Deeside.

The river Dee is one of the many gifts which Nature has given to the county of Aberdeen. It enters the sea as a broad and rapid river, with a considerable estuary. Its source is about sixty or seventy miles inland, and the river is a gloriously winding stream. In the south-western corner of the country, where it rises, are magnificent mountains—Cairngorm, Cairntoul and Ben Macdui on the north; Scrasoch, Ben Deirg, and Ben y Gloe to the south; Lochnagar to the east; and the Forest of Badenoch to the west.

The "Dee train" of the early morning of the summer and autumn offers the traveler from the south great compensations for his long night journey. Past Murtle, Drum, Crathes, Banchory, Aboyne, Dinnet, and Cambus o' May we run to Ballater, and Ballater is the terminus of the Dee railway. The visitor who wishes to see Balmoral has to cover about eight miles of road after arriving at Ballater, and I did it on my bicycle. The road ascends steeply by the side of the river from Ballater, which has a very picturesque situation; and the river sometimes flows in a splendidly wooded ravine, and at other times between spreading meadows. Not far from Ballater is Ballachalach, where the river forms two wooded islands, with another which is quite bare, doubtless under water often in the season of heavy rains. Past Bridge of Gairn, Coil

a Creagh, and Abergeldie we run until we reach Crathie Church, and then the next turn of the road brings us in view of Balmoral Castle.

From this point there is not much of it visible, and it seems to be in a hollow, although in point of fact it is nearly 1,000 feet above sea-level. But its great clock tower stands out well, together with the turrets and the roof-line, all half-buried in the luxuriant foliage of undulating tree-covered country.

We turn to the left and cross a handsome bridge, finding ourselves immediately at the entrance to the grounds. A road on the opposite side of the river, passing through the grounds of Abergeldie Castle, advances straight to the same entrance. At the lodge there is a policeman on guard. Once within the gates, there is a considerable choice of paths, as the grounds are intersected by broad walks. One of these, with a trend to the left after entering, leads to Bhaile-na-Choile, the house of His Majesty's Commissioner on the estate. This house stands on a rising ground, and affords an expansive view of the country. Looking from this point towards Crathie Church, a tall Celtic cross is visible on the right, and forms a memorial to the late Duke of Edinburgh. A similar memorial stands in the grounds to the Princess Alice, daughter of the late Queen Victoria.

Tall and stately trees are on either side of the walk by which we approach the castle, and their branches spread so thickly overhead that, when we come at last in sight of the building, it is practically the case that we see it through an opening in the branches, standing as if in a clearing. Thus seen, the view is most impressive. The indigenous trees of the district are the birch, alder, poplar and mountain ash. There are also planted woods of many species of firs, but the larch prevails generally. The common Scotch fir is the real glory of the locality, and this tree is largely represented in the Balmoral grounds.

The castle is built in the Scottish baronial style, the stone used being grey granite, and on this account it presents a white appearance, naturally somewhat cold, but

striking in the sunshine, and then by no means cold looking. It was designed by William Smith, a member of a firm of Aberdeen architects, and cost about £100,000. It is an impressive building by its very extent, and it has many fine features about it. But it has an essential defect in common with all modern buildings of the Scottish baronial style—it is much too large for the style. I have seen many of the type, some by architects of very high reputation. The features are each of them correct, and were combined in the ancient castles so as to make really beautiful buildings. But the castles were small, with a height which was great in proportion to the length. In the modern baronial houses the length is nearly always excessive in proportion to the height. I know one magnificent house which I consider an absolute architectural failure. It is practically three castles side by side, but with the height of one. The owner, however, had built a new house away from the old, and the old remains a thing of beauty.

Balmoral is really a very fine building, but it does not conquer the admiration, and this is probably because it is too obviously an imitation of an ancient style, with the defect noted above. The name is said to mean "the majestic dwelling," and it is majestic in many ways.

The main frontage faces the south or southeast. As we view this frontage, we see the principal part of the castle on the left. This consists of a wing with the height of three storeys. On the right of the wing is a battlemented tower, while on the left the wing is terminated by a crow-stepped gable with a turret on each side projected on corbels. Advanced in front of this portion is a handsome porch with a battlemented parapet. The porch is "the Royal Entrance." To the right of this principal block is an extension of two storeys in height, at the end of which is the clock tower; and then, on the other side of the clock tower, is another extension of two storeys in height. From the windows on this side there is a beautiful outlook upon Craig Gowan, a wooded hill which rises to a height of 1,437 feet, the castle itself standing at a height of 926 feet. The clock tower is a really grand feature of the edifice. The actual tower rises to a height of eighty feet from the ground, and is

thirty-five feet square. But at the northeast corner rises from its own foundation a stair turret which is really an additional round tower, with a total height of 100 feet. From the other three corners spring bartizans on concentric courses of continuous corbelling, with a course of broken corbels above, and a rope course completing the corbels. This corbelling is level with the dial of the clock. The round tower is surmounted by a balustrade with classical balusters, which is a variation from the battlemented parapet, and appears in restorations of baronial houses made after the year 1600. That variation is seen in Craigievar Castle, about twenty miles from Balmoral, in the same county, a beautiful specimen of the style begun in 1610, and I think also in Crathes Castle, on Deeside. So that the variation is locally congruous. The flagstaff is on the round tower.

On the south and east sides of the square tower, just above the first storey, the Royal arms are placed in the walls. Beneath the tower is the Equerries' Entrance." The clock is strong and powerful, but even with all its strength it is sometimes stopped by the weight of snow which accumulates upon the hands. When the late Queen Victoria died, it is stated that a snowstorm was raging, and that the load of snow stopped the clock. But the strange feature of the incident was that the clock stopped at the very hour when Her Majesty died, and the Highlanders regarded this as more than a coincidence. The clock was not set going again until after the funeral. It was exactly eleven weeks previously that, on 6th November, the Queen had looked her last on Balmoral.

The Royal arms are carved in high relief above the Royal entrance. The south front, which has just been described, is adorned with shields, on which are carved various emblems, while the dormer-shaped tops of the upper windows have the thistle and other symbols surmounting them.

Passing around to the left, we come to the west side of the house. This front is more pleasing to the eye. There is an artistic variety in the design, and the length of the frontage is in more harmonious proportion with the height. Windows and turrets are thrown out on ascending corbels; some of the windows are mullioned and transomed, while others are mullioned

only; the turrets have arrowlet windows; and the crow-stepped gable design appears with effectiveness. Beneath is a garden terrace, in front of which extends an open garden designed with paths and beds. It is not extensive, and appears to have been formed for the purpose of displaying several figures of stags represented as crouching on their haunches. In the centre is a figure of a large wild boar, all the figures being in bronze. This west front is further adorned by white marble panels built into the wall, the panels containing bas-reliefs representing St. Andrew, St. George and the Dragon, and St. Hubert and the Deer, the last being the patron saint of the chase.

By descending some steps from the terrace and going a few paces to the north, we shall command the most beautiful view of the Royal residence. The steps to the terrace are an attractive feature; and the least impressive part of the building, that to the east of the clock tower, is cut out out of the picture, which then presents the castle as a really handsome modern house. The west front contains the windows of the Royal apartments looking towards Braemar, and the ballroom wing stands on the north terrace, with a white bas-relief of Highlanders above the door.

The foundation stone of the castle was laid on 28th September, 1853, and is at the foot of a pillar at the Royal entrance, bearing the inscription V. and A., 28, 9, 1853." The residence was not quite finished when the Royal family entered it on the 7th September, 1855.

There is no trace left of the old castle which preceded the present, and which stood in a position on the ground in front of the present building.

The old castle had formerly belonged to the Farquharsons of Inverey, and had passed into the possession of the family of the late Duke of Fife about the year 1700. Sir Robert Gordon, brother of the Earl of Aberdeen, took a lease of it in 1836, and added greatly to it, among the additions being turrets and a central tower. The result was a very irregularly shaped house—long, steep-roofed, high-gabled, and small-windowed. On the death of Sir Robert Gordon, the Prince Consort bought the lease, and in 1848 he bought the fee simple from the Fife family, in 1852 com-

pleting the transaction by buying the estate of Balmoral for £35,000. It contains about 11,000 acres, extending from the Dee to the summit of Lochnagar. Two adjoining estates, Abergeldie and Birkhall, were leased by her late Majesty Queen Victoria—the whole making a demesne which extends about eleven miles along the River Dee.

Many interesting events have taken place at Balmoral. Her Majesty the Queen of Spain was born there on the 14th October, 1887, and she, the Princess Ena, was the first Royal child born in Scotland since King Charles I was born at Dunfermline on 19th November, 1600.

The process by which the late Queen came to establish her Highland home is interesting. On Thursday, 1st September, 1842, Her Majesty and the Prince Consort set foot in Scotland for the first time, arriving in Edinburgh after a voyage by sea from Woolwich to Granton. Other visits followed, the Queen and her Consort being more charmed with the country each time. Ultimately they wished to obtain a home in a typical part of the Highlands, and then Balmoral presented itself. The Queen arrived there for the first time on Friday, 8th September, 1848, and thus recorded her impressions in her "Journal"—We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty castle, in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front; with a high wooded hill; at the back there is wood down to the Dee, and the hills rise all around." Further on the "Journal" proceeds: "To the left you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding Lochnagar, and to the right towards Ballater, to the glen or valley along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thuringerwald."

At the time when the old castle became the property of the Queen, much interest was naturally taken by her subjects in the residence. The following description is taken from a work published in 1850, and now long out of print, Black's *Picturesque Tourist*. After describing the exterior of the "long, steep-roofed, high-gabled, small-windowed" house with many turrets, the account proceeds: "The drawing-room has much comfort, but no splendor; the walls are covered with light-colored chintz, with

furniture and hangings to match; a grand piano forms one appendage, and a bagatelle board another; the chief beauty of all is the view from the windows and balcony, whence the well known hill of Craig Gowan, waving fragrance with every breeze, fills the eye. Attached to the centre, there are two wings of equal size, but somewhat differently constructed from each other. The front of the wing on the left is partially covered with a greenhouse, containing the usual exotics; but that wing is not intended to contain Royalty. All the apartments that can be spared are devoted to bedrooms. Dressing rooms are so employed, for example, and the only public rooms are the dining-room and drawing-room, the library and billiard room. The last is on the ground floor in the right wing; nothing is at present in it but empty shelves, and in the center stands a billiard table. The entrance hall is at the corner next the library, occupying the remainder of the ground plan of this wing; over the inner door is a shallow, peculiar front; in Dutch tile-work is the word "Salve." The entrance hall has a Dutch tile pavement, bearing a dog chained, and the Roman words "Cave canem."

The laying of the foundation stone of the new castle was a great event, and receives important notice in "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," under the date 28th September, 1853.

One of the amusing incidents related in

the "Journal" is worth recalling in the Queen's own words—"Albert shot a roe, and, I think, would have shot more, had they not been turned back by the sudden appearance of an old woman, who, looking like a witch, came along through the wood with two immense crutches, and disturbed the whole thing. Albert killed the roe just as she was coming along, and the shot startled her very much; she was told to come down, which she did, and sat below in the glen, motionless, having covered her head with her handkerchief. When two of the beaters came down and were told to take the roe, they first saw the old woman and started and stared with horror, which was very amusing to see." No doubt they thought the roe had turned into an old woman, for there is a whole series of folk-tales among the Irish and Scottish Celts about witches taking the forms of deer and hares. It is to be feared that few of the tales survive on Deeside now.

Balmoral was made what it is by the late Queen, but their present Majesties also regard it with the greatest affection. At the King's Coronation ball to the tenantry in 1911, the Commissioner quoted a remark made by the King the previous year, that he could not help regarding the place and the people with affection and friendliness, as he had grown up with so many of them upon the estate.—*The Scots Pictorial*.

An Ode to Caledonia

BY J. GORDON GRAY

(For The Caledonian)

SCOTLAND! When last I sat and wrote,
An ode of love to you,
I little thought a darker cloud
Would bolt from out the blue
That my fond hope—my heart's desire—
In rhyme I'd try to tell,
Midst a world war that's cruelly strained
The land I love so well.

I long to visit once again
That dear old Highland home,
Where I was born and spent the years
Ere I began to roam
Among the busy marts of men,
Where, midst life's joys and fears,
I've learned a life of pleasure brings
But agonies and tears.

'Tis twenty years now, more or less,
Since I auld Scotia knew,
And Time has left his mark on me
In weakened health and view;
Yet would I were permitted now
The joyfulness to see
Once more the dear old land, I'd bow
In deep humility.

To Him who watches over all,
On land as well as sea;
At home, abroad and everywhere,
As well as in Dundee.
Though fate decreed that I should roam,
And see strange lands and things,
The love for my old Scottish home
With me forever clings.

New York City.



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Lord Finlay in New York

The Rt. Hon. Lord Finlay, G. C. M. G., former Lord High Chancellor of England, who is visiting at this time as the British delegate to the annual meeting of the American Bar Association, was entertained at a luncheon by the Pilgrims, at the Bankers' Club, September 22, and at a banquet of the New York St. Andrew's Society, at the Waldorf-Astoria, Tuesday evening, September 23. He was elected a member of the Bar Association of the City of New York, who tendered him a reception on the evening of September 22.

The Pilgrims of the United States

James M. Beck presided at the Pilgrims' luncheon, in the absence of the president, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. Mr. Beck, in welcoming and introducing Lord Finlay, said the Pilgrims greeted him not only because of his standing as a jurist, but because he represented a nation with which this country had been closely associated. Calling attention to the present spirit of unity between the two nations, he declared that if Great Britain and the United States were to become separated at the council table through the League of Nations not being adopted, "it were better that the League were never born." Nevertheless, he added, even if the League of Nations failed to become an established fact, he felt the peace of the world would be secure as long as France, Great Britain and America continued together.

George T. Wilson, chairman of the Executive Committee, proposed a toast to Lord Finlay, who received a great ovation as he rose to speak. Lord Finlay said in part that disputes between capital and labor—each impotent with the complementary aid of the other—should be arbitrated in the same manner that disputes between two nations should. Increased production, he said, means the safety and prosperity of this country and of Great Britain and that it is up to capital and labor to keep this in mind.

"No man," Lord Finlay said, "ought to be compelled not to work. No association should be allowed to prevent him going on with his own work in furtherance of his own interests. Every workman is entitled to the protection of the law. Difference between capital and labor must not be permitted to undermine the very basic principles upon which their prosperity is built."

Lord Findlay thanked the Pilgrims for their cordial welcome and expressed delight of being present.

Bar Association

In the evening, at the Bar Association, Lord Finlay was introduced by Mr. John G. Milburn, the president, who, in a brief speech, asserted that this occasion was the sign of a new age in which British and American lawyers would come into closer intercourse in the future.

In responding, the former Lord Chancellor paid a high compliment to America's system of education in law, declaring that one of the most noted Judges of England sent his son here to study at the Harvard University Law School.

"We have heard a great deal lately about the friendly relations between this country and Great Britain," said Lord Finlay. "The bond between them has become indissoluble. Each has memories of hardships endured and dangers faced together which will remove any grounds for friction that may arise. As regards the bars of the two nations, they are one and have always been so, due to their common heritage of the great principle of English common law. They are one also in their determination that the elements of disorder that for some time have been threatening civilization shall be eliminated."

Mr. Root in his speech paid high tribute to the integrity and ability of the guest of the evening. He told of the growth of the bar in the United States and of the organization of bar associations in every city in

the country following the example set by New York fifty years ago.

"The principles of liberty which were won for both Britain and America are at stake," he said. "Those principles of liberty are not questioned, they are repudiated. The first line of defense for the world is here. You may be assured that those conceptions of liberty and justice which the bars of Britain and America maintain, and which I believe are the bulwark of the world against disorder and revolution, will be maintained.

New York St. Andrew's Society

At the dinner given to the Lord Chancellor at the Waldorf-Astoria, by the St. Andrew's Society, the president, Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys presided. In his opening address, he said in part: "We are met this evening, somewhat informally because of the season, to greet and welcome a Scotsman who has reflected honor upon the land and people we are so proud to represent in this land and city of our adoption. Our St. Andrew's Society has since the year 1756 represented in this city dear old Scotland, and in so doing has endeavored to care for the Scots who have found themselves in need of the support of a brotherly hand."

Mr. George Haven Putnam, as a member of many patriotic societies, was the next speaker, and spoke of his long and intimate business relations with Great Britain and his many friends and acquaintances made on his many visits during the past half century. He also referred to the present trouble between capital and labor, calling attention to the fact that only 30 per cent. of the present population of the United States is of British origin, and the other 70 per cent. "God knows where they came from."

Mr. Robert Frater Hunro, ex-President of the St. Andrew's Society, spoke in a happy vein, regarding the Parliamentary career of the distinguished guests; and Judge Julius Mayer, who is always welcome at Scottish gatherings, also spoke briefly in regard to capital and labor.

In introducing Lord Finlay, Dr. Humphreys announced his election as an honorary member of the St. Andrew's Society, stating briefly his career: "Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, graduated in medicine at Edinburgh University, and later called to the Bar. One time member of Parliament for Inverness-Burgh; later M.P. for Edinburgh and St. Andrew's Universities. Hon. LL.D. Cambridge, Edinburgh, and St. Andrew's. One time Lord Rector of Edinburgh. Robert Bannatyne Finlay; later Sir Robert Finlay, and in 1916, Viscount Finlay of Nairn. Bench of the Middle Temple, Solicitor General, Attorney General, and finally Lord Chancellor of England." He presented the certificate of the society, signed by Alexander C. Humphreys, president, and Alexander B. Halliday, secretary. Lord Finlay received a great ovation. He spoke in a very humorous Scotch vein of his early days in Scotland, and of his great pleasure in being among

the Scots of New York. He said the Scots are the most loyal subjects of the King. That England and Scotland are one. He referred to the war, the brutality of the Germans, especially their use of the submarine. He extolled America's part in the war. He said that an Australian officer answered, when asked what he thought of the American's as soldiers, that they were great soldiers, but that he thought they were too rough on the Germans. He also spoke of the work of the navy, and highly complimented Admiral Sims, with whom he is personally acquainted.

It was a most enjoyable evening, and no one seemed to enjoy it more than the Lord Chancellor. He remarked that he could never forget it. He thanked the society in making him a member of such a great society. He offered a toast to the president.

Theodore Martin and Mr. James M. Brown sang several songs, which were interspersed during the evening. Mr. Martin surpassed himself and received most hearty applause.

We noticed among the out-of-town members Mr. Wallace, of Springfield, Mass.; Mr. Gray, of Hartford, Conn.; Mr. Blain, of Port Chester, N. Y., and Mr. McMaster and Mr. Currie of New Jersey. There was a large number of representative Scots from the city.

Rannan Dhoibhsan D' am Freagair Iad

A mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Coithichibh, coithichibh!
A mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Cumaibh a suas.
Ged bhios sibh 'g ur saruch',
'S an-dochas 'g ur bathadh,
Na geilleadh gu brath dha,
Is gheibh sibh a' bhuaidh.

Ged bhios an saoghal
'G ad thionndadh s 'g ad aomadh,
'S tu bitheanta 'sa oilsinn
Gu 'm feum thu bhi suas.
Na cuireadh sud sgath ort,
Do 'n smuain thoir a' bhairlinn,
Is seas is bi laidir,
Is gheibh thu a' bhuaidh.

Ma's curam an t-saoghail,
No eagal roimh dhaoine,
No smuaintean air faoinéis,
A chuir thu fo gruaim;—
Bi fearail, bi stuama,
A's seas ris a' chruadal,
S bheir Freasdal m'an cuairt e,
Gu'm faigh thu a' bhuaidh.

Biodh onair is ceartas
A' cumail do neart riut;
Is dochas neo mheata
'S an lamh a ta shuas;
Le crdeamh neo-sgathach
'N a fhocal nach failnich,—
Is eheir E gach la thu
Troimh 'n fhasach le buaidh.

J. CAMPBELL, Ledaig Bard.

Halifax, Nova Scotia

THE BURNS STATUE

The statue of Robert Burns, erected in Victoria Park by the North British Society was unveiled by Premier Murray, Saturday afternoon, September 13. The ceremonies were most impressive and the program and decorations reflected great credit upon all concerned.

Professor Eben MacKay, vice president of the North British Society, was chairman of the occasion, and among the invited guests and those on the platform were: Hon. George H. Murray, Brig-General Thacker, Captain Shendon, His Worship Mayor Parker, French Consul Emile Gaboury, Belgian Consul Colonel A. E. Curren, United States Consul E. E. Young, J. E. Furness, Professor Stewart, Charitable Irish Society, William Silver, Chief Clan McLean, 105, O. S. C., ex-Mayor Stephens, officers of the North British Society, members of the Burns Committee, and a number of the distinguished guests who have been attending Dalhousie Centenary exercises.

There were some fine musical numbers by the R. C. R. band, under the leadership of Captain Ryan, while the skirl of the pipes of the society added a truly Scottish air to the occasion.

After a short address by Professor MacKay, in which he deplored the necessary absence of the President, His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Grant, he called upon Premier Murray to unveil the statue, which was draped with a Union Jack. At the close of his felicitous address, Premier Murray pulled the cord unveiling the statue and Mr. Dougald Macgillivray read with fine effect the letter from Lord Finlay, printed elsewhere. Professor Howard Murray read an excellent address prepared by Professor J. E. Todd.

The statue was formally presented to the city, on behalf of the North British Society by its secretary, Mr. J. J. Bryden, who has been one of the most enthusiastic promoters of the plan for a Burns memorial in Halifax, and for many years has represented THE CALEDONIAN in Nova Scotia. Mayor Parker, in accepting the gift in behalf of the city, said in part:

"It is very fitting that the fine old organization, the North British Society, should in this way perpetuate in Halifax the memory of one of Scotland's most famous sons, and I am glad to feel in thus honoring the memory of Burns you have performed a service in which all of our citizens, irrespective of nationality, can heartily congratulate you."

Among the many messages of appreciation and sympathy received by the committee was a telegram from Colonel Walter Scott of New York, which read: "Fraternal greetings to the North British Society and all friends of the world's poet who made possible the erection of the statue to his memory which is to be unveiled to-day in your city. Would that I could be with you in person to show my esteem of Scotland's poetic genius who erected in the hearts of mankind a shrine

which will live forever. May his wonderful prophecy 'that man to man the world o'er shall brithers be for a' that' soon come true in all parts of the civilized world." On the Sunday following, September 14, references to Burns were made by local pastors, and the Rev. R. W. Ross, at the Fort Massey Presbyterian Church preached to a large congregation on "The Message of Robert Burns."

Some few years before the war, the North British Society set on foot a movement to erect this statue. In 1913 this duty was assigned for completion to a special committee, who gave out contracts in 1914 for the statue, and the pedestal, and for their erection in Victoria Park. The pedestal was executed from Nova Scotia granite under the direction of Johnson P. Porter, and A. D. Falconer had charge of putting the monument in place. For the figure of Burns the committee selected the one executed by the late George A. Lawson, R. S. A., erected at Ayr, Scotland, and which is regarded as one of the best in existence. The moulding into bronze was entrusted to A. B. Burton's establishment, near London.

A Robert Burns Statue

TO ROBERT BURNS

On the occasion of the unveiling of his Statue at Halifax, September 13th, 1919.

Death does not Freedom's force demobilize,
So thou art linked with these great times
of ours,
And here to-day our hearty plaudits rise
In recognition of thy deathless powers.

For after all the court of Time is just,
And Merit's due, though oft delayed, is
sure;
All that we do for self returns to dust,
All that we do for others shall endure.

Oh! thou whose gifted voice wise Nature
chose
When she would utter forth her fire-filled
heart
To help the weak, or smite with scorn all
foes
That go disguised, thy sympathy impart
That mortal frailty we the kindlier scan,
That honor die not between man and man.
ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER.

Letter From Lord Finlay

Read by Mr. D. Macgillivray at the unveiling of the Burns Statue.

Government House, Winnipeg,
Can., August 28, 1919.

Dear Mr. Macgillivray:

You are good enough to ask that I should give you notes of the speech which I might have made on the invitation of the North British Society of Halifax at the unveiling of Burns' Statue.

I am sorry that I have not put my address into writing but perhaps you will allow me

to put into the form of a letter to you what I should have desired to say.

I suppose most of those present will be Scots like myself and we Scots are able to appreciate a joke at our own expense. You may remember that Lamb, whose sympathy with Scotland was very imperfect, in one of his essays says that on one occasion he had been invited to a party to meet a son of the poet Burns. Lamb remarked that he should have preferred that it should have been the father instead of the son, on which he declares that four Scots jumped up at once to assure him that this was impossible as the father was dead!

Whatever imperfections may beset our national character we must always be proud that Burns was a Scot and a Scot of the Scots. You may remember that in that most interesting letter in which he details the history of his early life he tells that one of the few books to which he had access when a boy was a history of Sir William Wallace and this poured into his veins a flood of Scottish sentiment which would continue to boil along until the flood gates were shut in eternal rest.

Burns was indeed a preeminently Scottish poet. Our neighbors south of the Tweed sometimes think that we overrate him on that account. You may have heard of the argument between an Englishman and a Scotsman in which the former said "I suppose you will tell me that Shakespeare was a Scotsman," to which the undaunted Scot remarked "Weel! his pairts would justify the inference."

Burns and Scott stand side by side in our affection and admiration. These two bright stars in the Scottish firmament were once and once only in conjunction. On the occasion of Burns' celebrated visit to Edinburgh, Scott was only 17 and he tells us in the fragment of his autobiography that he was present at a party which was attended by Burns. There was a print hanging on the wall of the room representing a soldier lying dead, his widow bending over him with a child in her arms pressed to her bosom. Below the print were some lines which began:

"Far on Canadian hills or Minden's Plain
That widow may have mourned her soldier slain."

You will remember that at the time when this meeting took place the memory of the war which had decided that Canada was to be British was still recent and that a struggle had at the same time been going on on the continent of Europe not so gigantic as that of which we have been witnesses but which is still remembered for the heroism of the British army displayed not least at Minden. The widow was weeping over the child. The lines proceeded,—

"The big tears, mingling with the food he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years—
The child of misery baptised with tears."

Burns, Scott tells us, was deeply moved by the print and actually shed tears himself. He asked who was the author of the lines.

No one knew except Scott who communicated to his neighbor in a whisper that the lines were by Langhorne in a poem bearing the unpromising title of "The Justice of the Peace." The information was communicated to Burns who thanked Scott with a look and a word of civility which Scott tells us he always remembered with pleasure.

In his reminiscences of this interview Scott gives his impressions of Burns and says he never saw such an eye; that it literally glowed when anything interested him.

Burns in the letter to which I have already referred tells us that the great misfortune of his life was that he wanted an aim. He says that he had felt the thrills of ambition but compares them to the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round his cave. As a boy Burns had made acquaintance with many of his own age whose outlook on the world was more extensive than his own and he tells us what his feelings were as one after another they left their homes in Ayrshire for the East or for the West Indies to be actors on the world's stage while Burns himself was condemned to be a spectator only.

While crossing the Atlantic, as I have recently done, I could not help thinking of that voyage to Jamaica which Burns was on the very point of making, having sustained, as he thought, the utter wreck of all his prospects in life. It was stopped at the last moment by the summons to Edinburgh to enjoy the triumph which the publication of the first volume of his poems had earned for him. The lines which he wrote about himself when he thought he was about to quit Scotland perhaps forever, are familiar to all. They are entitled "Lines on a Scottish Bard lately gone to the West Indies." I always thought them most touching, one couplet in particular:

"He wadna ha' wrangled the very de'il
That's ower the sea."

The change that arrested his departure was indeed a dramatic one. Instead of starting for Jamaica as a steerage passenger he went to Edinburgh where he spent the winter in a blaze of glory, the cynosure of all eyes. I think it was "the Duchess" who is reported to have said speaking of him at that time that he had never known anyone whose conversation so completely carried her off her feet as did that of Burns.

It might have been hoped that the eminence which his poetry had achieved for him might have led to some permanent amelioration of his fortunes. His friends interested themselves on his behalf, but we are told that the great statesman who was asked to do something for him said, "Literature will look after itself." Burns still continued to want an aim. Carlyle represents him as hesitating between the pursuit of the path to which his genius tended and the adoption of a more active career, as he must have been conscious that he had abilities enough to make a fortune or an hundred fortunes, and implies that the hesitation continued to the close of Burns' life. Carlyle sums up the

situation with words that always seem to be most pathetic, "And so it is with many men, we long for the merchandise yet wish to keep the price, and so stand chaffering with Fate in vexatious altercation, till the night comes and our fair is over."

If some definite career had been found for Burns with work worthy of his powers, things might have gone very differently with him. There are always spots in the sun. Burns was a disappointed man with a heart preying upon itself and the spots in the sun did not get less. Burns himself recognized this in the lines which he wrote as an epigraph:

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know.
And keenly felt the social glow
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name."

Sir Walter Scott always said that the poet or any man of genius was much better for having to spend some hours every day at the drudgery of a profession. Burns had no such advantage, but it ever remained true of him that—

"he still retained
Mid much abasement what he had received
From nature an intense and glowing mind."

What a debt his country and the world owe him! He has written poems which are immortal and will immortalize the language in which they were written.

No task can be more difficult than to make selections from Burns' poems. But I would venture to touch upon a few in which he seems to me to have attained the highest point of excellence. We are all familiar with the verses he has written about his Highland Mary. No lines could be more beautiful than those in which he records their last interview:

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle of Montgomery
Green be your woods and fair your flowers
Your waters never drumble.
There summer first unfold her leaves
And there the longest tarry,
For there I took my last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary."

But if these lines can be surpassed it is by those he addressed to Mary in Heaven.

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray
That lov'st to greet the early morn.
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary dear departed shade
Where is thy place of peaceful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hearst thou the groans that rend his breast?"

In a very different sphere of poetry, Burns has reached the same surpassing eminence. Of the lines of the Battle of Bannockburn "Scots wha hae," Carlyle says that to the end of time the blood of every Scotsman must ever be stirred by this war ode. They are too familiar to quote and this is indeed unnecessary as everyone knows them by heart.

The excellence of Burns' pastoral poetry has always been admired. With him we find living men and women. His are no "Area-

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dian raptures quaint and tame." It adds to the pleasure with which we recall his work that in almost every case his words have been married to immortal airs; indeed in most cases he wrote them to the airs. Can anything exceed the exquisite repose of the lines:

"Ca the yowes to the knowes
Ca them where the heather grows
Ca them where the burnie rows
My bonnie dearie O!"

If I may again quote Sir Walter Scott I would recall what he said of one of the best known of Burns' poems, if any one may be said to be better known than another: "In these exquisitely affecting stanzas is concentrated the essence of a thousand love songs." I will only refer to a very few of these lines on which this judgment was passed by the best of all judges:

"Ae fond kiss and then we sever
Ae farewell and that forever
Deep in heart wrung tears I'll pledge thee
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Had we never loved sae kindly
Had we never loved sae blindly
Never met or never parted
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

There is only one other poem of Burns which I would mention. It is of a very different kind and involves a somewhat abrupt transition. Perhaps no poem of Burns is more popular than "Tam O' Shanter." We all remember the rollicking merriment of the first scene:

(Continued on page 285)

21st Annual Convention of the Daughters of Scotia

One of the most successful conventions of the Daughters of Scotia of America, terminated September 17. There being two day sessions at the Amsterdam Opera House, New York. Mrs. Ann Stirling, Chief Daughter of Lady Mackenzie, New York, received the various delegations and welcomed one and all to the city. A reception and collation was held on the 15th. A guid cup o' tea, bannocks and scones, and songs and merriment indulged in.

The Grand Session with about 500 women present, was opened by a welcome and a thanks for the honor of being able to do so from Sister Stirling. Mrs. Christina Bruce, Grand Chief Daughter, the presiding officer, then called upon our "Big Brother", Colonel Walter Scott, New York, and the eloquence of his speech thrilled all present.

He first congratulated the Order on its wonderful success during the war period, particularly in the past year, in adding nearly 1,200 new members and 9 new lodges, and also on having such a fine bank account. (There are now nearly 100 lodges.) He also congratulated them on the fine manner in which they carried out all the details of their organization and on their fine, neat appearance at the convention. (They all wore white dresses, white shoes, and tartan and red, white and blue sashes.)

He brought to them from the Order of Scottish Clans congratulations on the past and best wishes for the future, and informed them that he was honored by being invited yearly to open their convention, and was proud to be an "older brother" to them.

Colonel Scott mentioned that the O. S. C. and D. O. S. should work hand in hand. He dwelt on the great influence that they as women could have around the breakfast, lunch and dinner table, also in their daily walk, in helping to solve this unrest throughout our land. Also alluded to the fact that they should encourage the men of their family to believe that what the country wants at the present time is output in order to lower prices. We must have a ten or twelve hour day for the next year with pay on the same basis as eight hours, which would help to solve many of our difficulties.

He spoke of self-determination for Scotland, and the convention accepted by an enthusiastic rising vote the resolution sent by the O. S. C. to Senator Lodge.

At the close of his address, he moved many to tears by announcing the gift of a bed in the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, for the use of the D. O. S. and the O. S. C. Colonel Scott explained the conditions regarding the gift which is in perpetuity in the joint names of the D. O. S. and O. S. C., and informed them that several people could be there at one time from both organizations entirely free of all costs.

Colonel Scott also sent a large bouquet of

(Continued on page 285)

New York Caledonian Club

When Chief Alexander Caldwell called the monthly meeting of the club to order on the evening of September 2, there was an unusually good attendance for the night after the games and all were in high spirit over the very enjoyable Labor Day gathering for 1919. George A. Reid, John E. Wyatt, Thomas C. Tait and J. S. Inness were elected members. The Investigating Committee will no doubt have a busy time as nine proposals for membership were received with promises of more for the October meeting. The chief was empowered to appoint a concert and ball committee of fifteen and a Saturday evening social committee of eight. Clansman John Wilson was reported as being on the sick list and in the hospital. The announcement of the death of Clansman Andrew Carnegie was received with regret. Clansman Carnegie had been a valued member of the club for nearly forty years.

Reception to Labor Day Guests of the New York Caledonian Club

The annual reception to guests in the city for the Labor Day games of the club was held in the club hall, Saturday evening, August 30. Chief Caldwell presided and tendered a hearty welcome to the visitors. Short talks by Chief Riggs, of Boston, First Chieftain Fisher, of Philadelphia; Chief Thomas, of Newark; Chief Bell, of New Haven, and Ex-Chief Ralston, of Scranton, followed, after which there was some fine singing by Miss Mary Murray, John Brawley, George Murray, James Brawley, George Swanson and Sergeant Patterson, U. S. Army. Refreshments supplied and served by the ladies of the New York Caledonians in the style for which they are famed from Portland, Me., to the Golden Gate added much to the visitors' enjoyment of the evening. Dancing to Forbe's music until shortly before midnight brought to a close a typical New York Caledonian social evening.

Surprise Party For Victor Lusher

A recent return from overseas was Clansman Victor Lusher of the New York Caledonian Club, who enlisted in the 48th Canadian Highlander in 1917, was severely wounded in France and was for many months in England under medical care. As he had orders to proceed to Canada September 2, and would be there for more than a year undergoing surgical treatment his friends in the club decided to tender him a reception. As a result when he came to visit the club on Thursday evening, August 28, being carried there in Chief Caldwell's car with Mrs. Caldwell at the wheel, he was much surprised to find there a large party of his brother clansmen and ladies of the New York Caledonians who gave him a rousing welcome. Events after that moved rapidly. Songs were sung, dancing was indulged in and refreshments were served. Chief Caldwell in a short speech assured Victor that all were glad to

see him home again. Captain William G. Reid spoke of the delight felt by the members of the Highland Guard at being able to greet their old comrade. Colonel Walter Scott had an engagement elsewhere, but he put it off so that he could assist in doing honor to the evening's guest. It was after midnight before the party broke up.

Sixty-Third Annual Games of the New York Caledonian Club

The headquarters of the New York Caledonian Club at Seventh avenue and 54th street, was the scene of lots of excitement and color on Labor Day morning. Kilted delegations from other clubs were arriving every few minutes and being received by Chief Caldwell and his officers. There was no confusion however, for all matters in connection with the games had been worked out long before and every man knew his place and what to do. Shortly after nine o'clock the parade was formed and commanded by Chief Caldwell marched to Broadway, down that thoroughfare to 34th street and east to Long Island Ferry. Scottish marching airs rendered alternately by the Lovat Pipe and Drum Band, Pipe Major Angus. M. Fraser, and Forbes' Military Band were indeed a delight to all. The fine appearance of the men in the kilt won hearty applause from the spectators throughout the entire route. On arrival at Washington Park, a Scotch reel was danced after which Chief Caldwell reviewed the Highland Guard, Captain William G. Reid commanding. The games that followed were exciting, close finishes being a feature. Dancing under the management of Clansman Donald McNeill began at four o'clock and did not finish until almost midnight.

The attendance was the largest in years and as the weather was excellent and everybody put in a day of real enjoyment. The winners of the Highland competitions were:

Sword Dance, men (open).—Won by J. D. Williamson; Angus Fraser, second.

Highland Dress Competition (open).—Won by Angus Fraser; M. McIntosh, second.

Highland Fling Competition (open).—Won by J. Fraser; J. D. Williamson, second.

Bagpipe Playing (open).—Won by W. Armstrong; W. Reid, second; J. G. Fraser, third.

Highland Dress, boys under twelve years of age.—Won by E. D. Buchanan; A. Booth, second; A. Galloway, third.

Highland Dress Competition (closed).—Won by Angus Fraser; W. McIntosh, second; R. Barnard, third.

Bagpipe Playing (closed).—Won by Angus Fraser; J. D. Williamson, second; M. MacKenzie, third.

Highland Fling for girls between twelve and sixteen years of age.—Won by Irene Roth; Helen Don, second; Jessie Nugent, third.

Highland Fling, boys and girls under twelve years of age.—Won by Jessie Strother; Margaret McNee, second.

One Hundred Yard Dash (members).—Won by Gordon Whyte; Fred Gordon, second; Alex Rettie, third. Time, 11s.

Boys' Race, members' sons under twelve years.—John M. Gilvary, Jr., Donald McCraw.

Members' sons, 12 to 16 years.—Murdo Elder, Malcolm Corrigan.

Quits.—John Birrell, William Scott, Alexander Brown.

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P. M.

Gaelic Service, 4 P. M., Second Sun-
day of Each Month, by Rev. D. Mac-
Dougall.

In the A. A. U. events, the Paulist A. C. captured the point trophy, a massive silver cup presented by Colonel Walter Scott. Clarence Sherman won the 1,000 yard run (handicap); E. Mac-cannon, the 100 yard dash (handicap); J. Hayden, the 880 yard novice run; and all the other events were closely contested.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

On August 23, Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, visited with Mr. and Mrs. William Morris, at Camp Intermission. He was met at the station by representatives of several civic bodies of the town, and after visiting many of the points of interest, was given a luncheon at the Saranac Lake Club by the Saranac Board of Trade, the Stevenson Society and others, about 75 prominent men being present. Thomas O. Wood, president of the Prison Welfare League, of Montreal, brought four pipers from that city with him for the occasion.

The Women's Society of the New York Caledonian Hospital will hold a bazaar for the benefit of the hospital at the Apollo Studios, 381 Carlton avenue (corner Greene avenue), Brooklyn, N. Y., Friday and Saturday, November 21 and 22, 1919.

The Celtic Congress, held in Edinburgh, October 6-8, will be opened by the inaugural address of the president, Mr. E. T. John, the Duke of Athol being in the chair. The discussions will cover a wide range of subjects, including Gaelic prose and poetry, history, education, music, etc., and the speakers are among the best known in Scotland. There will be a reception by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and another feature is a Celtic Concert.

New York Caledonian Hospital

Corner St. Paul's Place and Woodruff Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

September 29, 1919.

The Caledonian Hospital is in Urgent Need of \$100,000 Toward Part of a New Building

DEAR FRIEND:

Will you kindly call the attention of this to your society?

In response to the appeal of the Building Fund Committee of the Caledonian Hospital of the City of New York, made last March, the societies and clans have contributed generously. Some of these have given at the rate of one dollar or more a member. Can your society help in the same way to hasten this worthy work?

The hospital has been operated at its full capacity since it was opened in 1916. It is located in a desirable section, and is far too small for the demands made upon it. As many as six patients a day have had to be turned away. The officers and directors give their time and services, so that every cent contributed goes to the actual work of the hospital. It serves not only people of Scottish blood in New York, but those from all parts of the country and from the British Empire passing backward and forward through New York. Its medical staff includes some of the best physicians and surgeons in the city. The nurses are all graduate nurses, and the hospital has won a high reputation for its capable management, cleanliness, food, etc. A nominal charge is made to those who can afford to pay, but no one of any nationality is turned away for want of money.

We appeal to Scottish societies, clubs, lodges and individuals to contribute towards this worthy cause. Please send your contribution to the president, 11 East 24th street, New York, or notify the chairman of any action you may take for the raising of funds for this purpose. Prompt acknowledgment will be made.

Will you help to put a brick in this building? "I was sick and ye visited me. In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

A prompt reply will be appreciated.

For the committee,

D. MACDOUGALL, Chairman.

Building Fund Committee—Rev. D. MacDougall, editor THE CALEDONIAN magazine, Bible House, New York, chairman; D. G. C. Sinclair, superintendent Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, treasurer; Andrew D. Baird, president Williamsburg Savings Bank, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn; and Hon. Andrew McLean, editor *Brooklyn Citizen*, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT

In response to the appeal of the Caledonian Hospital for funds to build \$100,000 wing to

its present building, up to date \$13,637.92 have been received. Thirty-four clans have so far responded to our appeal for help, and ten lodges of the D. O. S. If all clans, societies and D. O. S. lodges help, now we can soon start our new building—Every little makes a muckle.

All money contributed to the hospital goes 100% to charity. Expenses are borne by the officers and directors.

List of people or societies subscribing \$50 or over to Building Fund Caledonian Hospital:

N. B. Bannerman	\$1,400 00
Women's Society	1,000 00
Mrs. Andrew Carnegie	500 00
James Hardie	500 00
James Hardie	500 00
A. R. Fish	500 00
Women's Society	500 00
James Hardie	300 00
James Hardie	300 00
Bliss Estate	300 00
R. S. Sinclair	260 00
Alexander Walker	250 00
James Hardie	250 00
James Shewan	250 00
British Empire Rel	250 00
Edward A. Shewan	250 00
James Shewan	250 00
Mrs. Bruce	210 00
N. A. Robertson	200 00
Alexander Walker	200 00
John Tracy	100 00
Andrew Watson	100 00
T. H. Roulston	100 00
John Tracy	100 00
Henry McKay	100 00
W. B. Bannerman	100 00
J. R. Hegeman	100 00
Mrs. Andrew Carnegie	100 00
Robert Reid	100 00
Allen Stevenson	100 00
Andrew Watson, Jr.	100 00
G. J. Brown	100 00
T. H. Roulston	100 00
Mrs. N. A. Robertson	100 00
Miss E. F. Robertson	100 00
J. A. Murray	100 00
H. B. Hawkins	100 00
Henry McKay	100 00
John Sage	100 00
T. H. Roulston	100 00
Edward M. Miller	100 00
G. S. McLean	100 00
Allen Stevenson	100 00
Adolph Stoecker	100 00
P. E. Wesenberg	100 00
Mrs. T. C. Smith	100 00
Central Presbyterian Church	100 00
Mary A. Weales	100 00
J. F. Weales	100 00
A. F. McDonald	100 00
Clan Gordon	83 35
N. B. Bannerman	80 00
Central Presbyterian Church	75 92
Heather Hill Lodge	52 55
A Friend	50 00
John Weltz	50 00
Otto E. Reimer	50 00
Robert Hogg	50 00
Henry McKay	50 00
James H. Ward	50 00
Fairchild Sons	50 00
Lady Scott Lodge	50 00
C. P. Howland	50 00
Dr. R. Henderson	50 00
T. H. Roulston	50 00
David Reid	50 00
H. N. Davidson	50 00
Clan MacKenzie, No. 29	50 00

D. G. C. SINCLAIR, Treasurer.

Orange Lodges of New York

The Orange Lodges of New York passed unanimously the following resolutions, a copy of which was sent to each member of Congress, and a deputation of four men, headed by Mr. Henry Stewart, went to Washington to advocate the cause of Ulster against the so-called "Irish Republic." The resolutions follow:

Unity Hall,

341 West 47th Street, New York.

WHEREAS, It has been announced that a hearing will be granted by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, on August 30, 1919, to representatives of the so called "Irish Republic"; and

WHEREAS, That while 200,000 loyal Ulstermen were fighting with the Allies in France, the Sein Fein were conspiring with the enemy, remaining at home and obstructing recruiting, and in the instance of the sinking of the *Lusitania* not only refused to help bury the dead, but also attempted to prevent the soldiers from doing so; and

WHEREAS, There is no real ground for separation from the United Kingdom; therefore

BE IT RESOLVED, That we, the recognized officials of the 100,000 members of the Loyal Orange Order of Protestantism, founded 45 years ago, all loyal citizens of the United States, do extend our sympathy and support to the Ulstermen and all who are in sympathy with their cause throughout the world; and

BE IT RESOLVED, That we protest any action favorable to the representatives of the Sein Fein, a minority of the citizens of Ireland that has placed the loyal population of that island in a false light before the world; and further

BE IT RESOLVED, That copies of this resolution be sent to the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and to the public press.

HENRY STEWART, Past Grand Master.
GEORGE G. WEIR, S. G. D. M.

On October 3, a grand reception and dinner will be given to the members of the Loyal Orange Order who served in France under the United States colors, at the Casino, 155th street and 8th avenue. The affair will be under the auspices of the New York lodges. Prominent speakers will be present.

Munificent Gifts

At a meeting of the Executive Council of the Royal Clan, O.S.C., held in Boston, August 29-30, resolutions were adopted unanimously thanking Colonel Walter Scott for his gift of a scholarship to Flora MacDonald College, Red Springs, N. C., to be known as the Order of Scottish Clans Scholarship; and for his gift of an endowed bed in perpetuity in Roosevelt Hospital, New York, in the combined names of the Order of Scottish Clans and the Daughters of Scotia.

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Cleveland, Ohio

The St. Andrew's Scottish Benevolent Society of Cleveland recently acquired a site for their proposed home for Scottish old people. The property is near Novelty, about twenty-one miles from Cleveland, and comprises about 85 acres, some 40 acres of which is tillable and the rest wooded. It is beautifully situated on the Little Cuyahoga river. The movement, which was started only a few months ago, is receiving enthusiastic support. It is expected that the land will be fully paid for and the building under way within the next two years.

The officers of the society are: President, Allan MacDougall; vice president, Matt. Connell; 2nd vice president, Phil Barker; secretary, John Miller (3947 W. 22nd street); treasurer, Thomas Moodie. Building Committee: Adam Graham (chairman), Robert Hardie, Thomas Scott, George Farmer, R. Bowie, George Younger, Alexander Dunbar.

Mr. Barnes Visits New York

Mr. Hugh W. Barnes, a well known Boston Scot and a regular contributor to THE CALEDONIAN, spent two weeks in September visiting with friends in New York. Mr. Barnes is superintendent of the clothing department of the Charleston (Mass.) State Prison, and much interested in practical welfare work for the prisoners. THE CALEDONIAN had a delightful visit from him.

Detroit Letter

Detroit St. Andrew's Society held its Annual Picnic and Games at Bob-lo Park, August 21st. More than ten thousand men, women and children gathered—four boat loads—besides many from Canada by way of Amherstburg. A rain storm ushered in the morn, but did not keep back the Scots and spuaq ədɪd ɒmɪ 'səʃɪŋɪŋ ʊəpɪ ʔɒnɪ ɪəʊɪ and hundreds of grown ups, as well as children, in the braw tartans of their clans, led the happy crowd to the grounds.

There were visitors from Chicago, New York, Toronto, Hamilton, and even Oregon, many of them coming to compete for the Highland events, and seemingly well satisfied with their trips. Among the visitors was one that was marched with full honors from the boat, led by the International Pipe Band and 'St. Andrew's Highlanders, no less than Royal Chief Findlay of the Order of Scottish Clans, and President of St. Andrew's Society of Oregon. As a guard, he had representatives of Clan Campbell of Detroit and President Cameron and Past President David Rodgers of St. Andrew's Society. As they reached the grandstand the Royal Chief was welcomed by cheers from thousands of throats. He received another hearty welcome at St. Andrew's rooms in the evening.

Winners of the principal events were: Pipers: Donald Graham, 1st in marches; John McPhail, 1st in Strathspey and reels. Dancing: Duncan McPhail, 1st in Highland fling; Bruce Cameron, 1st in sword dance; Jessie Charlestone, of Chicago, 1st in Highland fling and reels; and wee Johnnie Mackenzie, 1st in juvenile dancing.

There were so many Highland events and so many prize winners, that it took the judges, James Inverarity, of Windsor, and Alexander Grant, of Chicago, and Donald MacMillen, of Dutton, Canada, from noon till dark to distribute as well as award, the medals, cups and money prizes. Mr. Tom Fairbairn, 82 years young, won the cup, as well as a prize of money, for quoits; Dr. Nelson, 1st for the heavy shots; and Dan Mackenzie, 1st in tossing the caber. Every body went home happy.

At the end of last month, the North o' the Grampian Club had an enjoyable outing at the summer home of one of the members, William Stuart, of Stuart Lodge, Belle River, Canada. It surely was a glorious trip. Wives and weans an' a' were there, tables were spread with all the best of eatables, a launch awaited those who wished to sail out on the lake, and games were provided for the athletes, and rods for the followers of Izaak Walton. The Stuarts, host and hostess, with others o' that ilk, certainly deserved the hearty cheers and thanks that were showered on them by their guests (annual to be) as they parted for home.

We have not the pleasure of knowing Walter Scott, of New York, but he is certainly a generous Scot. The Burns Statue Committee, of Detroit, has just received a letter from him saying that he will give five

hundred dollars towards the last two thousand dollars for the Burns Statue to be erected in Detroit soon. It looks as if giving, and giving generously, toward Scottish funds, etc., is a hobbie of Mr. Scott's—"lang may his lum reek." Mind ye he has already given a generous sum.

A busy fall for all Scottish societies in Detroit is looked for. We are now looking for good winter entertainers.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD,
26 Marquette Avenue. Representative.

Rhode Island Letter

The Welcome Home Celebration for the soldiers and sailors hailing from the Blackstone Valley, which includes Pawtucket, Central Falls, Lincoln and Cumberland, was a decided success. The day was beautiful, though a trifle too warm for the 500 boys in uniform who marched from the Pawtucket-Central Falls railroad station to Slater Park, where the principal items on the program were held.

Slater Park never had so many visitors before. The arrangements for the comfort of the boys were excellent. While the crowds were awaiting the coming of the soldiers and sailors a concert was given by Scott's band.

The French Ambassador to the United States, M. Jules J. Jusserand, was the principal speaker and delivered a fine tribute to the boys who had done so much to save his beloved country from the enemy. Previous to this the Ambassador was welcomed to Rhode Island by the Governor, R. Livingstone Beeckman, and also adopted as a citizen of Pawtucket by Mayor Kenyon, who presented a golden key as an indication that he was free to come and go as he pleased, and entitled to all the privileges attached to citizenship in Pawtucket. During the ceremony an illustration of bombing was given by a hydro-aeroplane, which hovered overhead and reminded many of the boys of the days spent in France.

British Day in Rhode Island was such a great success from every point of view, but more especially from that of a financial standpoint, that it looks as if it will be made an annual event. With this object in view a sufficient sum will be kept in hand out of the surplus to run the event another year at any rate.

At the last moot of Clan Fraser, it was announced that those who assisted with the Tannahill Concert would be entertained at a social and dance on October 25th by the committee who had the concert in hand. At the time of writing, the program for the welcome home of Clan Fraser's noble 69 is in the printer's hands and according to Chief Richardson, the cost of entertaining the boys will not cost the clan one cent, as all the money has already been subscribed. The event will take place early in October. An effort is being made to induce Royal Tanist Walter Scott and Royal Treasurer Duncan McInnes to be present.

JOHN BALDWIN.
16 Alice Street, Pawtucket, R. I.

Lord Finlay's Letter

(Continued from page 279)

"Kings may be blest but Tam was glorious
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

Which of us has not been thrilled by the weird horror of the witches dance, relieved as it is by a touch of humor—

"Till first ae caper syne anither
Tam tint his senses a'-together
And roars out 'Weel done Cutty Sark'
When in an instant all was dark.
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied
When out the hellish legion sallied."

The chase that follows is one of the most exciting that ever was recorded. Tam was—

"Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg
A better never lifted leg."

But he was hard pressed by the witches:

"Now do thy speedy utmost Meg
And win the keystone of the brig
A running stream they dare na cross
There thou at them thy tail may toss."

But though Meg won the keystone of the brig she could not toss her tail at her pursuers:

"Ae spring brought off her master hail
But left behind her guide gray tail"

Carlye I think criticizes "Tam O' Shanter" as not taking the supernatural element with sufficient seriousness. But the truth is that Burns exactly reproduced the feelings of the peasantry among whom he lived on such subjects. They half believed, they were thrilled by such tales, but their belief was not earnest enough to exclude the element of fun which peeps out in the rendering which Burns gives of the scene.

You must pardon any inaccuracies in my quotations as I grieve to say that the admirable liner in which I crossed the Atlantic had one fault—it was the only fault—still the fact remains that her library did not contain a copy of Burns' poems.

It was a great pleasure to me on landing for the first time in the New World to find myself in Nova Scotia and to now that Scottish hearts beat as warmly in the New Scotland as in the Old.

"From the dim shelling on the misty island
Mountains divide us and a world of seas.
But still our hearts are true our hearts our
Highland

And in our dreams we see the Hebrides."

I have been much gratified by the request that I should take part in Halifax in doing honor to the memory of Burns, and I regret more than I can tell you that circumstances over which I have no control make it impossible for me to be present on so interesting an occasion. I desire to express to you and through you to my countrymen in Nova Scotia my thanks for their kindness. I shall never forget the most pleasant day I spent at Halifax, and remain dear Mr. Macgillivray,

Sincerely yours, (Signed) FINLAY.

Daughters of Scotia Convention

(Continued from page 280)

flowers in the morning, and another one on the night of the concert. A rising vote of thanks was extended, and the singing of "Will Ye No' Come Back Again," as he

retired. "God bless Walter Scott," was the slogan of the 21st convention.

Telegrams of regret were received from Robert Moran, President Board of Alderman; Royal Secretary Gibb, Duncan MacInnes, Royal Treasurer and many prominent civic and fraternal friends who had hoped to participate, but had been unable at the eleventh hour. A letter of congratulation from D. MacDougall, editor of THE CALEDONIAN was also read.

The morning session closed at 1:30, when a recess was called for luncheon. At 2:15, business was resumed until 4:00 p. m., when the session adjourned and a picture of the convention was taken, including the grand officers, delegates and guests. Later auto busses conveyed about 200 to Coney Island.

Business resumed on the 17th at 9:30 a. m., and adjourned at 1:30 for luncheon; resumed at 2:15. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Grand Chief daughter, Jane Wildman, Victoria I, New Haven, Conn.; Grand Sub Chief Daughter, Margaret Spence, Bonnie Doon, 10, Newark, N. J.; Grand Past Chief, Christian Bruce, Lady Hamilton Graham, 26, New York; Grand Chaplin (re-elected), Sister Laird, Balmoral, 19, Kearny, N. J.; Grand Financial and Recording Secretary (re-elected), Clara Roy, Braemar, 36, Bayonne, N. J.; Grand Conductor (re-elected), Sister Dysdale, Thistle, 2, Worcester, Mass.; Grand Trustee, Nellie Hayden, P. G. C. D., Flora MacDonald, 18, Paterson, N. J.

A splendid concert was given in the evening. Every nook and corner being filled to a crowded capacity. Songs were by Miss Mulholland and humorous selections were rendered by Mr. James Heron.

The newly elected Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Wildman, gave a synopsis of the progress and prosperity of the order.

The Grand Lodge officers were introduced by Mrs. Mary Wallace, P. G. C. D., and bouquets were presented to each by Barbara Robertson, P. C. D. of the Mackenzie Lodge at the termination of the concert. After Auld Lang Syne was sung, the floor was cleared and the grand march arranged by Donald Bain and Farquhar MacLeod. The march was lead by Colonel Walter Scott and Grand Chief Daughter Jane Wildman, the officers in rank being allotted their station. The Convention Committee enjoyed the distinction of being next. It was a magnificent and picturesque sight when thirty-two abreast the kilted escorts and ladies with bouquets marched the length of the hall.

The next convention will be held in 1920, Pittsburg, Pa., under the auspices of Argyle Lodge, No. 48. EMILY M. CONNEL,

Secretary Convention Committee.

The local Convention Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Andrew Wallace, Past Grand Chief Daughter, deserves congratulations for the able manner in which the arrangements were carried out. Mrs. Connel, the secretary of the convention is deserving of special mention for her faithful and untiring work. THE CALEDONIAN thanks her most heartily for the above complete report of the convention.—Ed.

Cincinnati, Ohio

The annual picnic and chicken dinner of the Cincinnati Caledonian Society, was held at the beautiful Phillipi Garden in Westwood, Saturday afternoon, September 6th. Unusual interests was displayed, due to the fact that most of the local Scots who had enlisted for foreign service in the big drive against the Hun, had returned to their homes, and many stories of great interest were to be expected.

Dinner was served promptly at six, following which an enjoyable program was offered by the Caledonian Pipe Band, under direction of Major William L. Nimmo. Mrs. Lester Butler sang, "We'd Better Bide a Wee," in splendid form, following which Lieutenant-Colonel William Gillespe gave an address on "The Surgeon in the Great War." Donald and Lomond Nimmo danced the sword dance, and Eleanor Pearson and Donald Nimmo executed a double sword dance, which caused much applause. Captain J. Robertsen Stewart talked on "The Engineer in France." Song, "Comin Thru the Rye," by Miss Florence Snell, and an address by William Dearness of Milwaukee on "A New View of St. Andrew," were greatly enjoyed by all present. Mr. Dearness displayed a wonderful knowledge of the English language, together with much original wit. Donald Nimmo played a pipe solo, later being accompanied by his brother Lomond in a duet on the pipes. Selections by the Kiltie Quartet were received with much applause. The quartet is composed of William Walker and Robert Kirkland, tenors; Charles A. Handy, baritone, and William L. Nimmo, basso. This sweet singing four is without a doubt, one of the best heard in recent years, and any society securing their services for entertainment will make no mistake. In addition to their quartet numbers, each is capable of singing solos in masterful style, and Mr. Kirkland is second to none as an exponent to Scottish wit and comedy. Mr. Nimmo, director, being leader of the local Kiltie Band, also plays the pipes, and is the father of the two little pipers and dancers in that organization.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gillespe, who was in charge of Base Hospital No. 25 in France, is vice president of the local Caledonian Society, and distinguished himself in a manner that makes his many friends feel proud of their fellow member. Captain James Stewart, who saw service in France with the American Engineers, succeeded in going as far as the Rhine, and told many interesting stories of his experiences with Fritz during the days following the signing of the armistice. Captain Stewart was secretary of the local society at the time of his enlistment for service in France. The local society has much to be proud of in the service rendered their country by the loyal sons recruited from its ranks, there being some twenty members enlisted in the various branches of service, Major William Nimmo being the last to enlist, he having chosen the field offered

by the Y. M. C. A. as his place to serve. The Major, however, was doomed to disappointment, as he got no farther than New York, when Kaiser Bill threw up his hands. We wonder if Kaiser Bill knew Major Bill was about to sail for the front. The Major, however, had the pleasure of joining the great mass of humanity which packed Broadway, Fifth and Madison avenues, and thousands heard him piping in that great throng celebrating the big victory.

Good times are believed to be in store for the "Scotch Folk" in old Cincy. Perhaps the success of the local Kiltie Band and its entertainers has done more to bring about this feeling than any thing else, as the quality as well as the quantity of piping in evidence at these affairs, together with the sweet singing of the old ballads Frae Hame, and the droll comedy of Robert Kirkland, one of the Kilties, always fills the hearts and souls of those who enjoy an evening with "Our Ain Folk." Those close to Major Nimmo are whispering that that sterling Scot has something up his sleeve, which will be of great interest to members of the local society, and we suggest that the younger element keep in close touch with the Major. The Major is a man who develops an idea, then gets busy and carries his idea to a successful termination. We're with you Major, you gave us a pipe band when it was thought impossible, so here's success to your next enterprise.

CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT.

MacLean Kilties Veterans' Association

About 500 survivors of the MacLean Kilties, recruited by Colonel Percy H. Guthrie in June, 1917, mainly in Canada and New England, met in Boston, September 1, to form a Veterans' Association. Colonel Guthrie led the parade in the morning and received a great ovation. Among those who marched were Colonel Walter Scott of the New York Scottish; Major Hugh MacLean, second in command of the Kilties and other officers. In the evening a reunion and dinner was held, with Colonels Scott and Guthrie and Major Munro as hosts. Among the aims of the association is the erection in Boston of a memorial to the men of New England and Canada who joined the 236th and paid the great price. Another issue of *The Breath o' the Heather*, the old battalion paper, will be published, giving a history of the battalion.

James Henderson, Boston

James Henderson, of Boston, Mass., whose poems and "Boston Letters" for years have interested and delighted the many readers of THE CALEDONIAN, passed away after a long illness, Wednesday morning, September 17, 1919. He was in his 73rd year. The funeral was held in Norwood, Mass., Sunday, September 21, and he was laid to rest in Windsor, Conn. Mr. Henderson was a genial and helpful man, greatly respected in the Boston societies, and author of a book of reminiscences in prose and verse of prominent Scottish citizens of Boston and vicinity.

The "Harry Lauder" Fund

At a recent meeting in Scotland of the executive of the "Harry Lauder Million Pound Fund for Scottish Sailors and Soldiers", the following minute was adopted: "Letter, dated March 1, 1919, from Colonel Walter Scott, New York, replying in detail to secretary's letter of 7th February 1919, requesting particulars of the methods by which the fund is managed in America. From Colonel Scott's letter it appears that there is no committee of the fund in New York, but that he, at Sir Harry's request, is acting as honorary treasurer and issuing receipts and letter of thanks to each individual subscriber, the collections being deposited in the Harriman National Bank and Irving Trust Company without deduction of any kind for expenses which are all borne by Colonel Scott personally. It was resolved that Colonel Scott be cordially thanked for his interest and support, and that in response to his request a signed copy of the audited abstract of accounts be forwarded to him to enable him to comply with the United States regulations regarding funds such as this. It was also resolved to appoint Colonel Scott honorary secretary and treasurer for the United States.

"The foregoing is of course a bad and formal reference and I should like to assure you that your official appointment as honorary secretary and treasurer for America may be taken as the executive's recognition of your warm interest and generous support which are very cordially appreciated."

It would seem from a letter just received by Colonel Scott that the "Harry Lauder Fund" is really working and that grants have been awarded to some 192 cases, which has been accomplished without red tape or officialism, and is also endeavoring to carry out this beneficial work of re-establishment and re-construction in a kindly spirit of humanity and gratitude to those who have done so much and suffered so much in the great war. These grants have amounted in round figures to about \$40,000, and this only carries a partial report of what the committee is doing in Scotland.

In the near future Colonel Scott hopes to have published a complete synopsis of the fund, and prays that all those having banks will return them as soon as possible, and states that the subscription list is still open and that acknowledgements will be made for every subscription given.

Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn

Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn, recently honored the memory and achievements of their countryman, James Watt, inventor of the steam engine at their moot room in the Masonic Temple, Brooklyn. Mr. James Kennedy, of New York, had prepared a paper upon the work and life of the great inventor, which was read by Mr. Fenwick Ritchie, Mr. Kennedy not being able to be present. Mr. Kennedy, himself a practical engineer and authority on the steam engine, is editor of

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State of New York, County of New York, ss.: Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Donald MacDougall, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Caledonian and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publishers--Caledonian Publishing Company, 50 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Editor--Donald MacDougall, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor--Donald MacDougall, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Business Manager--Donald MacDougall, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:

Caledonian Publishing Company, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Donald MacDougall, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Thomas J. Blain, Port Chester, N. Y.

Donald G. C. Sinclair, 11 East 24th Street, New York, N. Y.

John R. Bremner, 680 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

James Thomson, Islip, L. I., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

DONALD MACDOUGALL, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1919.

A. MEYERHOFF,

Notary Public,

New York and Kings Counties.

New York Register 10397

(My Commission expires March 30th, 1920.)
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San Diego, Cal.	Nov. 6 and 7	Calgary, Alberta	Dec. 18, 19, 20
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Los Angeles, Cal.	Week Nov. 10	Duluth, Minn.	Dec. 26, 27
Pasadena, Cal.	Nov. 17	Chicago, Ill.	Week Dec. 29
Bakersfield, Cal.	Nov. 18	St. Paul, Minn.	Jan. 5
Fresno, Cal.	Nov. 19	Minneapolis, Minn.	Jan. 6
San Jose, Cal.	Nov. 20	Madison, Wis.	Jan. 7
Oakland, Cal.	Nov. 21 and 22	Milwaukee, Wis.	Jan. 8
San Francisco, Cal.	Week Nov. 24	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Jan. 9, 10
Sacramento, Cal.	Dec. 1	Detroit, Mich.	Week Jan. 12
Portland, Ore.	Dec. 3	Cleveland, Ohio	Week Jan. 19
Seattle, Wash.	Dec. 4, 5, 6	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Week Jan. 23
Tacoma Wash.	Dec. 8	Toronto, Ontario	Week Feb. 2
Spokane, Wash.	Dec. 9, 10	Boston, Mass.	Week Feb. 9
Butte, Mont.	Dec. 11, 12	Philadelphia, Pa.	Week Feb. 13
		New York City	Week Feb. 23



The

NOV, 1919

FEB 4 1920

Caledonian

(AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE, FOUNDED 1901)

THE ALLIES MAGAZINE

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Albany, N. Y.

DEAR MR. MACDOUGALL:

I send my appreciation of the volume which makes me prouder than ever that my ancestry in its journeyings from the plain of Shinar came by the way of Scotland, glad as I am that it reached America before it became "descendants."

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY.

(New York State Commissioner of Education.)

Philadelphia.

DEAR MR. MACDOUGALL:

Your excellent book entitled, *Scots and Scots' Descendants in America*, is proving of decided value to me for reference purposes in connection with my work as historian of the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia. The book is certainly a credit to both the editor and the publish-

er. I am glad to hear that you expect soon to publish the second edition.

(Prof.) F. E. STEWART, M. D., PHAR. D.

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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE CALEDONIAN IS \$1.50 A YEAR, if paid in advance, with postage prepaid in the United States and Canada. For all other countries in the Postal Union, add 25 cents for postage. Single copies, 15 cents. Receipt of subscription is indicated on the wrapper. No other receipt sent except by request.

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"I am kind of slack at renewing my CALEDONIAN at times, but enjoy it very much and could not get along without it.

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"The magazine certainly improves with age. Among the many interesting articles contained in several of your last issues, those on 'Men Worth Remembering' touched me deeply. Chalmers and Irving were before my day. Norman MacLeod and Thomas Guthrie I can never forget. Something like the old thrill came over me as I read your sketches of the two men. 'A wee sigh stirred by bosom and a sma' tear blind my ee.' I have heard no such preachers since, and now I do not expect to hear their like again. Your covenanting worthies brought back to me the lang fore nights wi' erranie at her shank telling us stories of Claverhouse, Sandy Feden and John Brown the Carrier, etc.

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"Allow me to thank you for sending the six extra copies of The CALEDONIAN. Now, if you can send me another package of one dozen copies, I will appreciate it.

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THE CALEDONIAN

(An American Magazine, Founded 1901)

THE ALLIES' MAGAZINE

THE CALEDONIAN, now in its nineteenth year, has its subscribers not only in America, Canada, Newfoundland and Great Britain, but in South Africa, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and India; in fact, among all English-speaking people.

To enlarge the scope of the magazine, we are arranging with representative men in these countries to contribute regularly to THE CALEDONIAN—this department to be called *The Allies' Magazine*. These contributions will in no way change or take the place of the regular features of THE CALEDONIAN, but will furnish additional matter of deep interest to our subscribers, and authentic information of what these countries are doing.

Subscription price \$1.50 a year, in advance. Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express Order, or Post Office Order. (Checks from outside New York require 10 cents additional for collection charges).

Current Events

Domestic

Lady Mackenzie, the African hunter and explorer, will sail from New York in November at the head of an expedition to East Africa, the purpose of which, in addition to securing specimens of big game, is to explore the unknown Tana River. Lady Mackenzie recently presented the trophies of two previous hunting trips in Africa, consisting of many rare skins and heads to the Bronx Zoological Museum and American Museum of National History (New York) and the Smithsonian Institution (Washington).

Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada, who has been spending several weeks at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, is recovering rapidly from his recent illness.

Cash aggregating about \$95,000,000 was contributed by the American Red Cross for relief work in France, and about \$75,000,000 was contributed for similar work in twenty other countries, during the war period of twenty months ending last February 28, according to a report of the war activities of the organization.

One of the finest scenic sections of the Adirondacks has recently been added to the New York State Forest Preserve. It comprises 18,000 acres of wild forest land, and includes the whole of Mount Seward and Mount Seymour.

The oldest Methodist Church in America, the old John Street Church, New York city, was 153 years old on October 24. A six days' celebration was held in honor of the anniversary.

Prof. H. Grant Robertson, formerly of Toronto, is now a member of the faculty of Chicago University.

The United States Senate passed a bill, October 22, extending war-time restrictions on passports for one year so as to exclude from the country radicals and other undesirable aliens.

Of the \$15,000,000 which Princeton is raising for an endowment fund, the first million will be used to found 137 scholarships, each one of which will be a permanent memorial to a Princeton graduate who died in the war.

The United States Senate voted an appropriation of \$17,000,000, October 21, to be used for the completion of the Alaska Railway.

Frederick Cunliffe-Owen, of New York, has been promoted by the President of France to be an officer of the Order of the Legion of Honor, of which he has been a Knight since 1880. Mr. Cunliffe-Owen is vice president of the Pilgrims (New York), and chairman of the France-American Society and the American-Hellenic Society.

King Albert of Belgium has conferred upon President John Grier Hibben, of Princeton, the order of Commander of the Order of the Crown, in recognition of the services rendered by Dr. Hibben and the University to Belgium in the war. Dr. Hibben's decoration is the fifth conferred on members of Princeton's Faculty by the Belgian Government. Dean Howard McClenahan and Professors Harper, Munro, and Crowell having been previously honored.

President Wilson is slowly recovering from the serious breakdown which overtook him while on his speaking tour through the Western States in behalf of the League of Nations. However, it will probably be a few weeks before his physicians will permit him to return to his work.

On October 22, Harvard had reached the halfway mark in its drive to raise \$15,250,000 for the university endowment.

Roosevelt Week, designated by the Roosevelt Memorial Association for a membership campaign to raise funds for suitable memorials to Theodore Roosevelt, began October 20, and met with results far exceeding the expectations of the promoters. Roosevelt's birthday, October 27, was generally observed as a

holiday by the schools throughout the country with appropriate exercises. Sunday, October 26, was observed as memorial day in the churches, with many tributes to the great president.

Disappointed by the action of Congress in its defeat of the Daylight Saving bill, many localities have already taken measures to provide for continuance of Daylight Saving in 1920. The Board of Aldermen of New York city voted unanimously in its favor, and a bill will doubtless be presented to the next meeting of the State Legislature. A similar bill passed the Maine Legislature, October 22, almost without opposition.

Arthur Henderson, M.P., the British labor leader, who was to have headed the British delegation to the International Labor Conference in Washington, will not be able to join the other delegates now in this country, owing to the pressing claims of the industrial and political situation in Great Britain at the present time.

Brand Whitlock, who as minister to Belgium did such heroic work in that stricken country during the war, has been raised to the rank of Ambassador.

J. P. Morgan & Company, New York, have floated within the past month a new \$250,000,000 loan for the British Government. About \$135,000,000 will be used to retire outstanding British bonds; the balance to be made available to British merchants in America to whom the government may sell dollar exchange.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on October 20, voted a credit of 1,000,000 francs for national participation in the erection of the monument at Pointe de Grave, at the mouth of the Gironde River, in commemoration of American intervention in the great war.

Werner Horn, who confessed to the attempt to blow up the bridge over the St. Croix River, between Maine and New Brunswick, February 2, 1915, and who has been under confinement in the United States since that time, was turned over to Canadian officials for trial, October 15.



KING ALBERT

King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, who have been touring the United States since their arrival in New York, October 2, returned to New York October 25, in time to participate in the Roosevelt Memorial program; and then went to Washington, where they were to have been the personal guests of President and Mrs. Wilson at the White House. Though somewhat marred by the President's illness, their visit to America has been a personal triumph. The heart of the country had gone out to suffering Belgium, its brave and womanly queen and stalwart and heroic sovereign long before there had been an expectation of being able to pay to them a tribute in person, and everywhere the welcome bestowed upon them was most cordial. They sailed from Newport News, October 31.

Several large hotel projects are under way in Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company will spend more than \$2,000,000 for extending the Chateau Frontenac Hotel at Quebec; and a company, known as the United Inns of Canada, with a capital of \$1,000,000 was recently organized in Montreal, for the purpose of erecting inns at select spots throughout the Dominion.

The Granby Consolidated Company have opened a large coking plant of 32 ovens at Anyox, British Columbia, the only one of its kind on the Pacific Coast. Coal is supplied from the Granby mines at Cassidy, Vancouver Island. The by-products include toluol, benzol, sulphate of ammonia and coal tar (afterward separated into pitch and cresote).

Canadian

The apple crop of British Columbia is from 15 to 30 per cent. higher than last year. Both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have largely increased crops, and Ontario about normal. In Canada as a whole the cost of labor for packing has gone up enormously, while the price of barrels is four times what it was before the war. This, with a large export demand will preclude any possibility of cheap prices.

The Department of Agriculture estimates the 1919 wheat crop of Canada at 166,225,000 bushels; oats, 268,885,000 bushels; barley, 46,961,095 bushels; and rye, 8,470,000 bushels.

The Royal Bank of Canada celebrated its fiftieth anniversary October 17. The bank, with assets of \$470,870,450, maintains 606 branches located in all parts of Canada, with foreign branches in the United States, the West Indies, and Central and South America.

The Canadian Government has expended nearly \$1,250,000 in bringing back soldiers' dependents from Europe: 17,112 before the armistice and 34,426 since the armistice was signed.

The Prince of Wales closed his tour of Western Canada, October 12. At a luncheon in Winnipeg on that date, he announced that he had become so enamoured of the West that he had purchased a ranch in Alberta, where he could "come sometimes and live for awhile," and which he should look forward to developing and making his own.

The University of British Columbia, Vancouver, though one of the youngest in the Dominion, opened the year with an enrollment of 800.

Norman A. Yarrow, head of Yarrows, Ltd., has offered a prize of \$50,000 for the first non-stop flight across the Pacific from Vancouver Island to Japan in a lighter-than-air machine, to be made in Canada and navigated by Canadians.

Immigrants to Canada from the United States for the first eight months of 1919, numbered 38,222, an increase of 7,079 over the same period last year.

As previously announced, the campaign for the Canadian Victory Loan of 1919 began on October 27. The amount asked is \$300,000,000. United States investors may purchase the bonds through any Canadian bank in the United States.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada (1918), had 343,433 Communicants and 190,535 families in 4,563 churches and missions. It had 2,015 ministers, 11,668 elders; and of the 4,563 congregations, 1,855 were self supporting, 638 augmented, and 2,070 home mission stations. The church property was valued at \$24,274,043, and the Presbyterian population of the Dominion estimated at 1,200,000, an increase of 32.39 per cent. in ten years.

British

An offer has been made to the United States by the Dover Patrol Fund of \$30,000 for the erection of a memorial to commemorate the co-operation of the American and British navies in the war. The money is offered without conditions, and the United States officials may decide where the memorial is to be erected. The fund is made up of contributions from all parts of the United Kingdom.

Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty, on his elevation to the peerage, becomes Baron Beatty of the North Sea and of Brooksby, according to a London dispatch of October 22. General Sir Julian Byng takes the title of Baron Byng of Vimy.

It is officially announced that Sir David Beatty will shortly succeed Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss as First Sea Lord. Though not officially confirmed, it is expected that Admiral Beatty will soon pay a visit to the United States.

The Mansion House of Auchinleck, Ayrshire, was announced for sale, October 14. The house is historic as the home and birthplace of James Boswell, the famous biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Mrs. Lloyd George presided at a great meeting in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, on the evening of October 13, for the purpose of inaugurating a prohibition campaign in Scotland. Among the speakers were the Rt. Hon. Robert Munro, M.P., Secretary for Scotland, and the Rev. S. A. Henry, of Ohio.

Coal in workable quantities, and near the surface, has been discovered in the Wirksworth district of Derbyshire, England.

General Sir James Wolfe Murray, Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1914, and later Commander-in-Chief of the eastern command, one of the most distinguished soldiers of the older generation, died October 18, at his home at Cringletie, Peebles, Scotland, in his 67th year.

President Poincare of France, visited Glasgow October 15-16, where he was given the freedom of the city and installed as Lord Rector of the University.

A story is told of what was perhaps the greatest assemblage of pipers the world ever has heard. A Canadian Division which boasted many pipe bands was holding a great gathering. Hard by were the 15th (Scottish) Division of glorious memory. The Canadian Division invited the 15th to be their guests at the Gathering, and the 15th accepting brought their pipes with them. Then some one had a great inspiration. All the pipe bands of both divisions were massed, and the "Hundred pipers and a' and a'" straightway faded into insignificance. For the two divisions mustered no less than 800 pipers between them, and when at a given signal they all struck up together, the effect was exhilarating in the extreme.

A remarkable shortage of sheep is disclosed by the latest report of the Board of Agriculture for Scotland, the number being 500,000 below last year's figures and the lowest recorded since the returns were first collected fifty years ago. Cattle, however, have increased by 18,000, or $1\frac{1}{2}\%$, 2,000 of this increase being in dairy cattle and 16,000 other cattle.

The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred by Edinburgh University upon Cardinal Mercier on the eve of his departure for America, the presentation being made at Malines, Belgium, by Dr. Sarolea, Professor of French in the University.

Field Marshal and Viscount E. H. H. Allenby, former Commander in Chief of the victorious British forces in Palestine, was appointed British High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan, on October 17. Viscount Allenby succeeds General Sir E. Reginald Wingate.

King George complete Great Britain's ratification of the German Peace Treaty, October 10. The French Senate ratified the Peace Treaty and also the Franco-American and Franco-British defense treaties, October 11. While the King of Italy has decreed peace between Italy and both Germany and Austria, full ratification depends upon the vote of the Italian Parliament. Japan has already given her assent to the treaty.

Rights have been acquired by the Inter-Continental Ry. Co. (Ltd.) for the establishment of a train-ferry service between the British port Newhaven and the French port Dieppe. The company also plans to inaugurate a similar service between Harwich and Ostend.

New crushing plants and the most modern machinery will be installed at the Clogau and Vigra gold mines, Bontddu, near Barmouth, Wales, owing to recent important discoveries. A new mill for the working of gold and copper is also to be erected.

British merchant vessels lost through enemy action during the war totalled 7,759,090 gross tons. Submarine action was responsible for the loss of 6,635,059 tons. The loss of 14,257 lives was involved in these sinkings.

France lost three battleships—the *Danton*, the *Gaulois*, and the *Suffren*—and twenty-four smaller warcraft during the war.

Sir William Sutherland, M.P., who is deeply interested in the land question as affecting the settlement of many questions now confronting the country, is co-operating with a committee of the North Argyll Liberal Association in pressing a vigorous land settlement policy. The committee has solicited the co-operation of representatives from all parts of the North Argyll District, with a view to unity of action and mutual assistance in obtaining new small holdings and enlargement of existing holdings, also to deal with other questions affecting land in these parts.

The present session of Parliament, which opened October 22, promises to be one of the most important in the history of the empire. Many intricate questions of financial and industrial policy await decision; and the perennial Irish situation demands, more insistent than ever, immediate and final disposal.

Captain George Mathews, a sailor aviator, set out from Hounslow, England, October 21, for an airplane flight to Australia, in an effort to win the prize of £10,000 offered by the Commonwealth. He was last reported safe in Albania.

Australian and New Zealand

A Melbourne inventor has perfected a method of separating the fiber of a large variety of eucalyptus trees, which is suitable for the manufacture of twine, rope and bagging of a quality equal to, and at half the cost of the best bax and Indian jute goods.

A great irrigation dam is being built at the junction of the Murray and Mitta Mitta rivers, 94 feet in height. The total surface of the reservoir will be 30,300 acres, and the water will bring under cultivation a large area of fertile land.

Prices of necessities in Australia such as groceries, meat and clothing, show an average advance of 75% since the beginning of the war, and for many commodities the advance has been 100, 150 and even 200%. Clothing has advanced more than 200%.

Sir Joseph Ward, leader of the former Liberal Party in New Zealand, has resigned as Minister for Finance and Postmaster General in the Nationalist Government, and organized a new Liberal Party. He carries with him 31 votes in the House, while Mr. Massey, the Premier, has 39; labor has 8 representatives.

Harbor improvements are planned for Whangarei, New Zealand, 81 miles north of Auckland, to cost \$562,567. These include dredging and the erection of a 500-foot concrete wharf and railway extension. About 1,000 acres will also be reclaimed for commercial sites.

The wheat and oat crops of New Zealand are the largest for seven years: Wheat, 4,972,791 bushels; and oats, 4,463,021 bushels.

New Zealand is suffering from a shortage of coal. Strikes and war conditions have greatly reduced the normal home production, which is about equal. There is a shortage of other commodities, notably lumber, the railways refusing to carry timber during the coal shortage, and construction work and the erection of homes for returned soldiers is much delayed.

A new technical school is to be constructed in Wellington, New Zealand, to cost \$340,655. A new seven-story State fire insurance building is also being built on the corner of Lambton-Quay and Waring-Taylor street, at a cost of \$389,320.

Our Glasgow Letter

A most interesting function took place on the 24th September, when the officers and crew of the Clyde-built airship R-34 were entertained at a luncheon in the Glasgow Municipal Buildings. The company was a distinguished one, and the speeches delivered were brilliant and interesting. Only one member of the crew was absent, that being the stowaway, who, owing to sickness on the famous trip, was compelled to make himself known on the outward voyage. He was not allowed to return with the airship, but had to come back by the less romantic steamer. We hear he is now on his way to Egypt, but his presence at the luncheon would certainly have added still further to the atmosphere of novelty and romance that is inevitably associated with such a gathering.

Major Herbert Scott, C. B. E., A. F. C., made himself popular by his extremely modest remarks. He said he thought too much had been made of a feat which was comparatively simple, given an airship of the stability and strength of that supplied by Messrs. Beardmore. However, no matter how much we may agree with his modest point of view, we cannot and do not wish to forget that he is one of the pioneers of the Air Service, and without the pioneers, in every advance movement, there would be no progress.

Professor Trail, who occupied the Chair of Botany at Aberdeen University for forty-two years, has just died at the age of sixty-eight. He was born at Orkney, and was the youngest son of the late Very Rev. Samuel Trail, D. D., LL. D., who was Professor of Systematic Theology at Aberdeen from 1867 till 1887, and was Moderator of the Church of Scotland in 1874.

We have before remarked on Birmingham's laudable appreciation of "our" James Watt and his scientific contributions to the world's progress. We now notice that the University of Birmingham, on the 18th September, identified itself with the James Watt Centenary by conferring the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws upon the American Ambassador and

a number of distinguished engineers. In the course of his address, the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Gilbert Barling, described James Watt as of a type which had been one of the glories of the country. In him there was a real love of science for its own sake, joined with a constant desire to apply his scientific knowledge for the benefit of mankind.

A meeting was held in Glasgow City Chambers on 18th September, presided over by the Lord Provost, to consider the institution of a War Memorial for Glasgow. The Lord Provost addressed the meeting, after which it was decided that it was desirable to mark, in fitting and permanent form, the heroism and self-sacrifice of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Navy, Army and Air Forces belonging to Glasgow. It was also agreed that a public meeting of the citizens of Glasgow should be held on a date, to be fixed by the Lord Provost, to consider suggestions as to the form the memorial should take, and to appoint a committee to inaugurate the scheme. It would seem that Glasgow, the second city of the Empire, is lagging far behind in this scheme of a memorial, and that before it reaches a working stage public sympathy may have somewhat abated, especially in these days of labor unrest and general uncertainty. However, we would be glad to see them get on with the job now that some move has been made.

Mr. J. Harry Jones has just been appointed Professor of Economics in the University of Leeds. He has been a Lecturer in Social Economics at Glasgow University since 1909, and has been closely associated for some years with the Glasgow School of Social Study and Training, of which he is an Honorary Director. During the war he has done good service, being first associated with the wages section of the Ministry of Munitions, and later with the Intelligence Department of the Ministry of Labor. He was one of the witnesses who gave evidence before the Coal Enquiry Commission on the question of nationalization.

It is quite evident, from the various reports one sees, that Lord Leverhulme is not going to have his sorrows to seek in the handling of the Island of Lewis, or rather the people thereon. The natives seem to be under the impression that they are being imposed upon in some way or another, whereas they could scarcely be in better hands than those of the Port-Sunlight magnate, whose workers there can testify to his never-failing consideration. However, the Lewis people will no doubt live and learn and profit thereby, all in good time.

In connection with Stornoway, Lord Leverhulme's proposals are most generous. It is his wish that it should grow to such an extent that it will have shops and streets equal to Edinburgh or Glasgow. To this end he suggests the acquiring of properties, and if these properties can be secured at a reasonable price, he offers to finance the scheme. If, when the sites on the new streets come to be sold, and any profit was made, then he thought that profit must go to the providing of some public building in Stornoway that would be for the use of the whole people. He would try to finance the scheme so that not a single penny of profit could come to himself, and if there was a loss he would bear it. The Provost thanked Lord Leverhulme for the opportunity of discussing this matter, and for his very generous offer. The Stornoway people seem to be in luck's way.

The first lady diver, a Miss Naylor, made her second adventure of the kind at Tobermory, recently, equipped and attended by Diver Mackenzie. She went down 6½ fathoms at high water, taking the keenest interest in the undertaking. After being down for some time, she was directed to walk out and search for relics, cannon balls and a ship's anchor lost lately, but coming upon a sloping bank and a trench, she had some difficulty in extricating herself. However, she remained down the stipulated half-hour and ascended without mishap, amid great enthusiasm. Miss Naylor has taken up deep sea diving as a profession, and is very keen on it.

Sir Keith Fraser is the next landowner to part with his Scottish estates. His property is called "Inverinate," and is situated

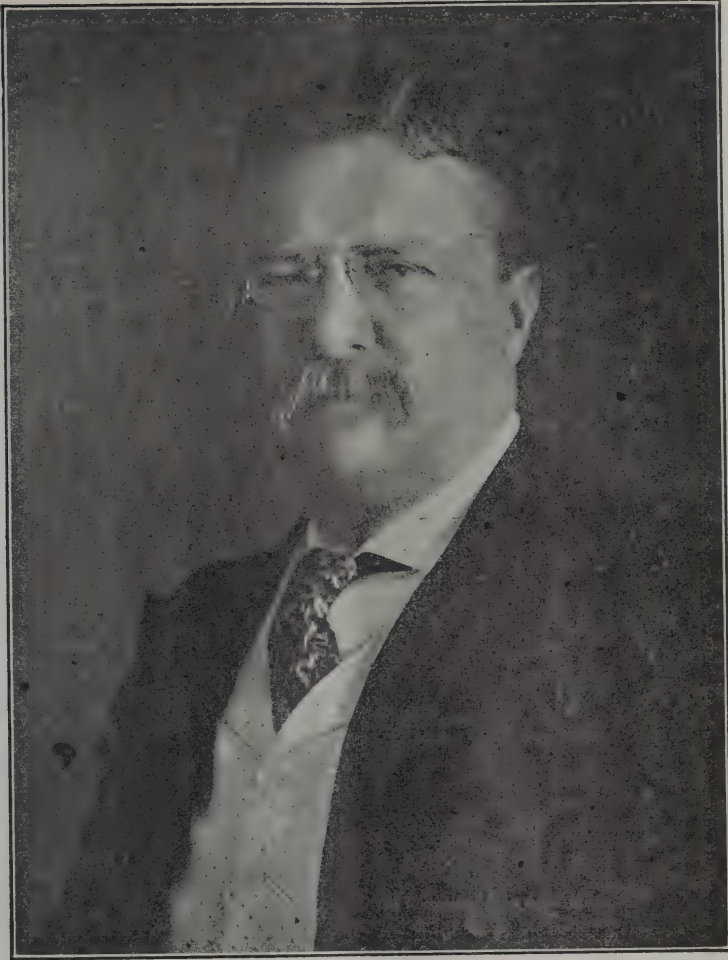
on the shores of beautiful Loch Duich, in the Kintail country. Sir Keith during his career has twice attempted to enter Parliament, but without success. He married Lady Dorothy Coventry, a daughter of the Earl of Coventry, and has one son.

Rapid progress is being made with the American monument on the Mull of Ca, Mull, which is now nearly completed, and is a most imposing structure. It will be remembered this is in commemoration of those who lost their lives in the disasters to the troopships *Tuscania* and *Otranto*. The monument is in the form of a tower, and rises to a height of sixty feet, and will be visible from the sea for many miles. It is expected the opening ceremony will take place about the middle of October.

The railway strike is the topic of the moment, and while its effects are far-reaching and disastrous, the general public in Glasgow are facing it with quick determination to "stand fast," and for once let the strikers do their worst. There is very little sympathy for the railway men, not because they are railway men, but because we are heartily sick of the everlasting howl of the working man, whose appetite cannot be satisfied. There might be some excuse for a combined strike of the middle classes, who, as a whole, have suffered most during the war, but who have accepted with at least resignation increased rental and taxation (including one tax for "RIOTS," forsooth!) But the working man has long since overreached himself, and the sooner he applies a little more intelligence to his selfish outlook the better will it be for himself and for the country as a whole. The *Bulletin* tersely sums it up thus: "A resentment strike is at the present day the Anarchist's opportunity. It is also the hooligan's chance, as Liverpool and Cardiff showed the other day. That fact warrants the Government in taking the utmost precautions in defense of law and order, just as the terrible menace of starvation employed in the strike warrants the employment of all the force at the command of the state to defeat the railway men's effort to coerce the Cabinet by holding up the community.

GRACE D. WILSON,

64 Terragles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Born October 27, 1858.

Died January 6, 1919.

It is fitting that tribute should be rendered to Theodore Roosevelt, the great American patriot, on the 61st Anniversary of his birth, October 27, 1919. The date takes special significance this year as marking the appeal to the American people for voluntary contributions to establish suitable memorials to one who always put first the welfare of the people and his country.

On his father's side, he was the seventh generation from Klaes Martensen van Roosevelt, who came to New Amsterdam from Holland, in 1664; on his mother's side, from Archibald Bulloch, the first Revolutionary "President" of Georgia, whose ancestor came from the Scottish Hebrides to South Carolina about 200 years ago. Mingled with these predominant strains were several Scottish strains and Huguenot and English blood.

Born in New York city, he was educated by his mother and by private tutors and at Harvard University and entered the political arena, as minority leader in the New York State Legislature, 1882-1884. In 1886, he was a defeated candidate for Mayor of New York

city, in the historic campaign in which the late Henry George laid down his life. In 1889, he was made a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, resigning in 1895 to become president of the New York City Police Board. In 1897-1898, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he was largely responsible for the high state of preparedness of the American Navy in the Spanish-American War, in which he served with distinction as Colonel of the Rough Riders. In 1898, he was elected Governor of the State of New York; in 1900, Vice President of the United States; and upon the death of President McKinley, September 14, 1901, succeeded to the Presidency. In 1904, he was elected President by the largest popular majority in the history of the country. From the beginning of the World War, he saw with unflinching vision the outcome of the struggle and the great issues involved, often times standing alone in his fight for the ideals that had moulded his great life and laboring to the last with pen and voice to lead his countrymen in the path of national righteousness.

Highland Life and Character

The Highlanders are frequently twitted for what is called "Hieland pride." Burns in a moment of anger gave vent to the only unkind word he uttered about the Highlands when he was inhospitably treated at Inveraray by saying

"There's neathing here but Hielan's pride,
And Hielan's scab and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in His anger."

There was some great feast on at Inveraray, and poor Burns did not realize that bright as was his genius, he was only a small star in the firmament of Inveraray in comparison to the Duke of Argyle.

The breaking up of the Clan system was in the first instance the means of scattering the tacksman and tenant farmers, but many of the chiefs soon followed. So long as they were content to live quietly among their people they got on well enough on the small incomes derived from their estates, but when, lured by the promise of large rents, they took to rear sheep in place of men their expenses grew out of all proportion to their incomes. The time hung heavily on their hands now that the administration of the Clan ceased, and they betook themselves to London and began to put on airs in presence of their English acquaintances, to boast of the antiquity and rank of their families and their power and influence over their clansmen, and to generally make themselves ridiculous in the estimation of their friends. You all know the story of the MacLean, or was it a MacNeill? who when boasting of the antiquity of his family was asked if his ancestor was in the Ark with Noah, answered with scorn, "Who ever heard of a MacNeill that hadn't a boat of his own?" These latter-day chiefs, of whom the last Glengarry and Laird of MacNab were prominent examples, just like the last flickering of an expiring candle, and made a bigger flash than usual before being finally extinguished.

Francis, the last Chief of MacNab to occupy the Clan property, was a most eccentric and extravagant individual. His obtrusive peculiarities were pride of family, antiquity, and rank, and a withering scorn for the trousered Sassenach. He left the property so hopelessly burdened that his successor had to clear out and go to America, followed by the majority of his Clan, the only instance of the chief and people going away together. On arriving in America he lost no time in calling on a cousin of his who had gone before him, and who was in comfortable circumstances. MacNab sent in his card, bearing the legend "The MacNab." His cousin received him kindly, and in due course returned the visit, and not to be outdone sent in his card with the legend "The other MacNab."

These cranks aside, however, there was a noble and stately dignity of manner in the old Highlanders, and if in their latter days many of them kept up a style they could ill afford, and pinched themselves in order to make an appearance before the public to keep up the respectability of the family, we who can appreciate those feelings, must make an allowance.

THE "MEN"

This is a type of character which is distinctly native of the Highlands, and which deserves an important place in any sketch of Highland life and character. I refer to the "Men," or lay preachers. This class could only be the product of sparsely populated districts, where their services were specially required. They came to be called the "men," in order to distinguish them from the ministers. They took part in Fellowship meetings, and many of them acted as lay preachers and catechists in parishes where the minister could not overtake the work. They make their first appearance in Highland history about fifty years before the Disruption, at a time when the clergy, as a rule, were not better than they should be. Ministers of evangelical zeal were few and far between. The many took their benefices as the gifts of Providence, and troubled their parishioners as little as possible about their present or future lot. The minister, who spent his time more as the companion of the laird or tacksman than in ministering to his flock, was usually a good hand at the bottle, and in a hard-drinking bout seldom was vanquished, and Presbytery meetings of those days usually lasted from two to three, or sometimes four days, and as the fathers and brethren were seldom disposed to stint themselves in their potations, the meetings were for the most part, scenes of riot and frolic.

My namesake Rob Donn very graphically describes them in a poem, of which the following is a free translation:—

"Join their clubs and society,
You'll find most of the pack of them
Fit for pedlars or sailors,
Fit for drovers or factors,
Fit for active, shrewd farmers,
Fit for stewards, not wasteful;
Their sworn calling excepted,
Fit for everything excellent.

I find that in the south of Scotland at the same time, things were not much better. From an interesting account of an ordination dinner at Newmilns in Ayrshire in 1793 the following will give an idea of the capacity of the Presbyteries of those days. There were consumed 1 side of beef, 3 sheep, 14 ducks, 2½ dozen partridges, 2 plovers, 2½ dozen poultry, 10 dozen eggs, 4 geese, while the amount of liquor consumed was appalling. Of beer there were 3½ dozen quarts; porter, 2¼ dozen; wine, 4 dozen and 11 bottles,

brandy, 2 pints Scotch, of rum for punch, 4 pints Scotch, and 1 chopin whiskey. Who says that they were not spiritually inclined?

It must have been a company as this that *Donnachadh Ban* met at Cuilful Inn, when he said:—

"Tha mi cor is tri fichead bliadhna,
Dh' fhasmiliath an deigh 'bhi ban;
Cha 'n fhaca mi 'n sealladh gus an raoir,
Triuir, mhaor an tigh *Chuilful*.
D'a mhinisteir 's triuir mhaoir,
Sud na fir a bh'air a mhisg;
A Rìgh nan Flaitheas as nan speur;
Na leig mo charaid fhein 'na measg."

"I am more than sixty years,
I am grey after being fair,
And the sight I saw yestreen,
The like was never seen at Culfail.
Two ministers and three bailiffs,
These were the men that were fou;
Oh King of Heaven and on High,
Keep my friend from among such."

Though such are examples of many of the clergy of the time, it is a good thing, and to the credit of the cloth and a blessing to the country they were not all alike. There were a few good men among them, men of truly evangelical spirit, who by their teaching and example partially leavened the whole lump of barbarism and indifference which surrounded them. These ministers gathered around them a number of earnest and godly laymen, who, having themselves seen and felt the blessings of the Gospel, dedicated their lives to the service. The unfortunate thing is that some of them were illiterate, and though they learned a good deal of the Word of God by heart, they naturally through their ignorance became bigotted and narrow in their teaching.

Usually the more sulphuric portions of Scripture fixed on their memories most, and these they hurled at their hearers with all the vehemence at their command. They sought to terrorise their hearers to repentance rather than to win them by the love of Christ. The annual Communion season was, of course, the time when the "Men" shone with special effulgence, where the Friday following the Fast was specially set apart for their benefit. I will not, however, enter into a discussion of this subject. These meetings are still to the fore in our midst, and possibly my views upon them might not accord with those of some of you. A word or two on the catechisings might not, however, be amiss. These public catechisings are now nearly gone out of date. They were not peculiarly a Highland institution, being held in the Lowlands as well, though, of course, not continued till so late a date. The people usually met in the church, or for the convenience of those residing at a distance, in the largest and most convenient house in the district. The meeting began with prayer and praise, after which the minister or catechist, as the case might be, put questions from the Shorter Catechism or from Scripture to each individual present in their order. It was considered a great disgrace not to be able to answer the questions, and there are some amusing tales of the tricks played to get easy questions. Though usually very

solemn occasions, a good deal of humor was sometimes introduced into the proceedings by the answers given. The following is an example from a Lowland parish. The minister asked Walter Simpson how long Adam continued in a state of innocence. ANSWER: "Oh ay sir, jist till he got a wife: but can ye tell me, minister, how long he remained innocent after that?" "Sit down, Walter," said the discomfited minister, and he proceeded to examine another. Now for a Highland one. At a catechising in Ross-shire the minister asked, "Farquhar MacLennan, can you tell me where God is?" "Well, minister, I will tell you that if you tell me where He is not." "Oh Farquhar, Farquhar?" exclaimed the minister, "don't you know that God is everywhere? There can be no place where He is not." "Oh no," said Farquhar, "that is not the case. I will tell you two places where He is not, and these are, the hard and stoney hearts of the minister and of the miller." The latter, though an elder in the kirk and a leading light in the parish, was no favorite of Farquhar's. At Snizort, on one occasion, a local worthy was asked, "How many persons are there in the Godhead?" ANSWER: "Oh, many a one that; there are so many of them I cannot tell you them right off." "Oh Ewan, you are wrong," said the catechist. "Oh no," said Ewan, "I am not wrong. Stop till I count them. There are Mr. Rory, Donald Munro, Ronald Macdonald, Donald MacQueen in Bracadale, and two or three at Glenmire; and Chirsty, my own wife, if she continues as she is doing, she will soon be as good as any of them."

CHRISTENINGS

were frequently the occasion for a good deal of unconscious humor. You have all heard of the man, who, when the minister said to him, "I am afraid you are not in a fit state to hold up your child for baptism," replied in astonishment, "No fit to haud him up, me! Man, I could haud him up though he was as heavy as a bull stirk." But the following, which is a true bill, is, I think, as good as anything of the kind I ever heard. A Skyeman resident in Lochalsh had occasion to go to the late Mr. Sinclair, Plockton, to ask for baptism. Mr. Sinclair, who was at the time a comparatively young man, was delving in the garden, and poor Neil, mistaking him for the servant lad, addressed him thus: "Hey, man, did you see the minister?" Mr. S.—"Would you know him if you saw him?" "Is it I? I would not know him should I get him in my brochan." Mr. S.—"What do you want him for?" "Oh, I have a child yonder, and I want him to put a drop of water on it." Mr. S.—"Have you got the questions?" "Is it I? No, they weren't in it in my day, but Chirsty can say every one of them like a Christmas rhyme." Mr. S.—"Do you not come to church at all?" "To church! Man, that is not what I have to do. If you had to work as hard as I have, carrying hods of lime and stone up these scaffolds there would be very little church in your mind." Mr. S.—"Oh Neil, Neil! I am sorry

for you. You better send Chirsty here." "Oh, confound you, man," said poor Neil, "are you the minister?" and he bolted like a deer, and couldn't face the minister for many a day.

But to return to the "Men." Great as was their influence for good, at a time when the country was sunk in indifference, they cannot be said to have been an unmixed blessing.

Being, as I have said, for the most part unlettered, and with highly imaginative minds, they soon developed the most uncompromising system of theology, and their Heaven became a very narrow place indeed. Come upon the scene when frivolity of every description enjoyed an undue amount of licence, they set about putting down all kinds of amusement whatever, frowning with equal severity upon sinful and innocent alike, and to them more than to any other influence

belongs the credit of having destroyed the natural spirit of poetry and music in the people. I knew myself a man who boasted of having broken six fiddles and cut the bags of eleven bagpipes, but such is the irony of fate, that the same man lived to hear his three sons playing the pipes.

I knew a minister who was equally diligent in terrorizing local musical talent, and when he got married, his wife brought home a piano. They had to get the assistance of two men working close by to carry it in to the manse. Curiously, one of them was a piper and the other a fiddler, both of whom had been prohibited from playing, on pain of of excommunication. Said the one to the other as they were carrying in the piano, "Be careful of this, Finlay; this must be a righteous instrument, different from your pipes and my fiddle."—*Exchange*.

Commerce vs. Sentiment

BY JUDGE W. C. BENET

Grimshawes, N. C.

(*For The Caledonian*)

The October CALEDONIAN contained an article entitled "Commerce Versus Sentiment," quoted from *The Scots' Pictorial*, Glasgow. It told of the decision of a Parliamentary Commission authorizing the Town Council of Greenock to demolish the Old West Kirk and desecrate the kirkyard; for what purpose? That the ship-building yards of Caird & Co. may be extended by utilizing the hallowed ground. The venerable church has stood there for three centuries. What does that matter? In the kirkyard is the grave of Highland Mary. What does commerce care for Burns or his sacred song? Pull the old church down; it blocks the progress of business. Remove the old tombstones; cart away as best you can the dust of the dead to a new graveyard; they can't object—and the ship-building company needs the ground in their business. It is very true that when Burns's Highland Mary was buried here it was expected that she would rest in her grave till the resurrection; but times have changed since then, and sentiment must now yield to business.

To read that article was, I have no doubt, pain and grief to all Scotsmen and

lovers of Burns. The destruction of cathedrals and churches and the desecration of graveyards by the Huns horrified and shocked us. But that was during dreadful war, and claimed to be a necessary war measure. This Greenock iconoclasm shocks us still more, for it is perpetrated not in the heat and passion and excitement of cruel war, but in cold blood, in the heartless, calculating counting room of commerce. If it had been possible to submit the proposal to a referendum, Scotsmen and lovers of Burns everywhere would have voted "No."

This heartless, soul-less commercialism and disregard of sentiment is no new thing. A striking illustration is given by Dean Ramsay in his *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*. Let me quote it:

"Viscountess Glenorchy built and endowed a church for two ministers, who were provided with very handsome incomes. She died 17th July, 1786, and was buried on the 24th July, aged 44. Her interment took place, by her own direction, in the church she had founded, immediately in front of the pulpit, and she fixed upon that spot as a place of security and safety, where her mortal remains might rest in peace till the morning

of the resurrection. But alas for the uncertainty of all earthly plans and projects for the future. The iron road came on its reckless course and swept the church away. The site was required for the North British Railway, which passed directly over the spot where Lady Glenorchy had been buried. Her remains were accordingly disinterred 24th December, 1844, and the trustees of the church, not having yet erected a new one, deposited the body of their foundress in the vaults beneath St. John's Episcopal Church; and after resting there for fifteen years, they were, in 1859, removed to the building which is now Lady Glenorchy's Church."

(14th edition: note on pp. 290-1.)

The beauties of Nature, as well as churches and graves, have to give way to the demands of business and money-making. As a native of the lovely Devon Valley, I have a personal controversy with commercialism. There is no lovelier valley in Scotland. Burns after seeing it on his visit to Harvieston Castle, sang of "the green valley where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows." The links of the river were the chief beauty of the valley, as Burns saw it, and as it was in my boyhood. In another song, composed just nine days before his death, Burns again refers to the lovely links—

"Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon."

Winding, alas! no longer. Those picturesque meanderings, hallowed for all worshippers of Burns and lovers of the beautiful, were destroyed when the railroad was constructed in 1869. To save the expense of building bridges, the channel of the Devon was made straight. I heartily sympathize with the local rhymers who wrote:

"The links o' Devon wind nae mair;
Eh man, it maks me heart grow sair;
Nae mair we'll view their beauty rare
That Burns enjoyed.
For railroad trains to travel there
A' were destroyed.

"Foul fa' the ruthless Vandal race,
To their Maker's image a disgrace;
Wha nature's beauties will deface
For sake o' gain.
Deil tak them to the ugliest place
In's het domain."

That ruthless spirit carries on its destructive work in America as well as in Europe. The electrical engineer measures the horsepower of the waterfall, condemns it to work, like Samson at the mill, and all of its beauty is gone. Two of the finest

waterfalls that I have ever beheld have thus been destroyed. They were known by their Indian names, Tuccoa and Tallulah, meaning the Beautiful and the Terrible. Stripped of their beauty and their grandeur, they are now the slaves of man, busy in their native Georgia mountains, supplying motor-power for the needs of commerce. Even Niagara has been partially harnessed, and would be wholly so, I understand, if Canada did not resist the demands and plans of New York State.

Rambling through a virgin forest with a friend, who had retired from business with an ample fortune, I pointed out to him a splendid specimen of a poplar tree, a magnificent giant. He looked intently at the grand old tree and then said: "I have been calculating the value of that tree." And he stated how many feet of lumber it it would yield, and what it would be worth. I had no more to say.

India and South Africa

The report of Sir Charles Monro on India's part in the war, shows that India furnished 1,500,000 men, of whom nearly 1,000,000 served overseas. Combatants numbered nearly 1,000,000, of whom more than 500,000 were overseas. The average output of all manufactures was about trebled. The railway material sent out by the Railway Department comprised 4,855 miles of track, 229 locomotives, and 5,989 vehicles. Sir Charles pays a tribute to the work of the Royal Indian Marine, and writes in terms of high praise of the work of the voluntary workers, including ladies, who in various spheres of activity have contributed toward India's part in the war.

An industrial exhibition is planned for Pretoria, South Africa, during March and April, 1920. There will be a large and representative display of the agricultural, mining, and industrial products of South Africa, including Rhodesia and Mozambique. Special features will be made of mechanical transport and machinery. American and British motor vehicles and agricultural machinery will occupy a prominent place.

American motion pictures are very popular in British India and represent about 95% of the total film productions. The American cowboy drama is a particular favorite with the audiences.

Cape Town has appropriated £250,000 to assist municipal employes in building homes, and the South African Government is planning some 40,000 houses for railway workers, etc., in an effort to meet the serious shortage of dwelling houses in the Union.

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Celtic Notes

"Breacan" is the Gaelic for tartan, and comes from "breac," spotted. There is a curious reference in an old Gaelic tale in the Scottish Collection of Gaelic MSS. in the Advocates' Library to tartan. Professor MacKinnon is of opinion that the MS. belongs to the end of the 14th century.

The Gaelic Psalms could not have been used in the church service till some time after 1659, when the Synod of Argyll published the first 50 Psalms called—An Ceud Chaogad do Shalmaibh Dhaibh idh.

GAELIC COINAGE.—The word *tasdan* comes from the *testan* which is of French origin, from French *teste*, now *tete*, head. The first *testons* had Louis XII's head on; the Scotch ones had Queen Mary's. *Turn odhar* was the 12th part of a penny, and *bonn a h-ochd* was an eight penny (Scots) piece, just as *bonnasia* was a six penny piece, sterling value only $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

TERRITORIAL NAMES.—Lairds or landholders were often named after their estates, as Stewart of Grandtully, Stewart of Garth, &c., all others being distinguished by some personal mark which might be either an accidental defect, any natural advantage, or any singularity of color, figure, or features. The second Marquis of Atholl was known by the name of "Iain a' bheul mhoir"—John with the large mouth; John, the first Duke of Atholl, being blind of an eye, "Iain Cam"; the first Earl of Breadalbane having a pale countenance; "Iain Glas"; the second earl, "Iain Bacach," from his being lame. If a man had no personal mark, or patrimonial distinction, he was known by adding the name of his father, as the son of John.

The MacHARDYS are a sept of the famous "Sìol Torcul," who early in the dawn of Scottish history are found, hardy Norsemen as they were, holding by their swords large portions of lands in the North and West and the islands of Scotland; and long ere the entry of their sept of MacGillechalum to Raasay, others of their kith had held that isle and other lands pertaining to it.

CLAN GREGOR.—After the name of MacGregor was suppressed by Act of Parliament in 1622, individuals of the clan assumed the names of the chiefs or landlords on whose estate they lived, or adopted the names of such men of rank and power as could afford them protection. Thus, Rob Roy took the name of his friend and protector the Duke of Argyll. This cruel and degrading Act was repealed in 1775. Now the Clan MacGregor may assume and sign their own names to bonds and deeds; formerly no document signed by a MacGregor was legal.

CAMERONS.—The chief of the Camerons is known as "Domhnall Dubh." The first "Domhnall Dubh," from whom the Cameron chiefs take their patronymic, was XI. of Lochiel, and was present at the battle of Harlaw, 1411.

Gaelic Proverbs

Am fear a's luaithe iamh's leis an gadhar ban's am fiadh.

To the man with the swiftest hand belongs the white hound and the deer.

Am fear a ghleidheas a long gheibh e latha g'a seoladh.

He who keeps his ship will get a day to sail her.

Am fear a gheibh gach latha bas 's e a's fearr a bhitheas beo.

He who dies daily, lives the best.

Am fear a gheibh bean, gheibh e dragh.

He who findeth a wife, findeth trouble.

Am fear a theid do'n mhuileann bheir e sadach as.

He who goes to the mill will bring mill-dust back.

They that work in the mill maun wear the livery—Scotch.

Am fear a bhios fada gun eirigh, bidh e 'na leum fad an latha.

He who is long of rising will be hurrying all day.

Am fear a bhios carach 's a' bhaile so, bithidh e carach 's a' bhaile ud thall.

The man who is cunning in this town will be cunning in yonder town.

Am fear a bheir bean a'frinn bheir i ris ann e.

The man who takes a wife frae hell, she'll take him back that gate herself.

Am fear a bheir 'se a gheibh.

The man that gives is the man that gets.

(There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.—Prov. xi. 24).

Am bodach a bha 'n Lathurna 'nuair nach b' aithne dha bruidhinn dh' fhanadh e samhach.

The old man of Lorn, when he knew not how to speak, he remained silent.

This proverb also takes the form—"Am bodach a bha 'n Lathurna 'nuair nach robh ni aige ri radh dh' fhanadh e samhach."—*The old man of Lorn, when he had nothing to say, he remained silent.*

Aithnichidh an cat dar gheibh bean-an-tighe gras.

The cat knows when the house-wife gets grace.

Aithnichear craobh ni's fearr air a toradh na air a diulleadh.

A tree is known better by its fruit than by leaves.

Aithnichear fear air a' chuideachd.

A man is known by the company he keeps.

Martin Martin who wrote the interesting description of the Western Isles, died in 1719. The date of his visit is given as 1695, eight years before he published his book. He was a native of Skye, and graduated as an M.D. at Leyden.

Men Worth Remembering—X

MUNGO PARK

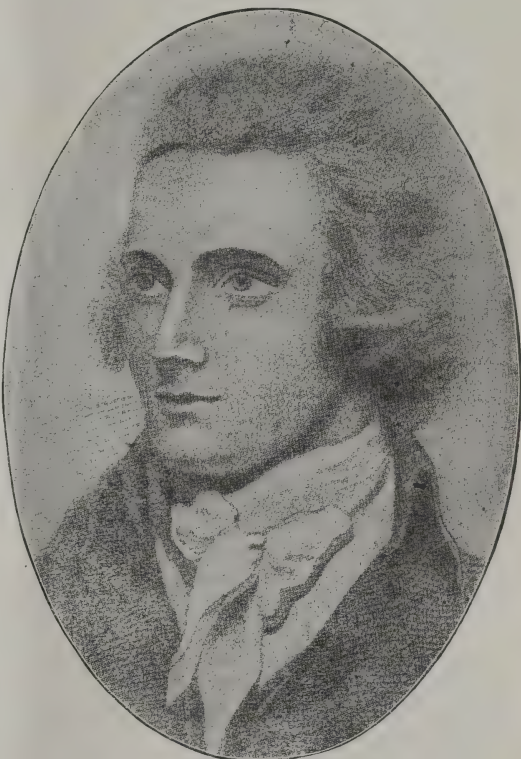
(1771—1805)

Mungo Park, the African traveler, was the seventh son of a family of thirteen of a farmer named Mungo Park, of Fowlshiels, five miles west of Selkirk, Scotland. He was born on September 10, 1771, in a little cottage. He received his elementary education along with his brothers and sisters, from a private teacher in the house. Later he was sent to the grammar school at Selkirk, making the journey daily back and forward for a number of years. His father was anxious to give one of his sons a university education, and Mungo, being of a serious mind, was selected for that position. But he was more inclined towards medicine than for the church. At the age of fifteen he became apprentice to Dr. Thomas Anderson, a surgeon in Selkirk. For three years he pursued his studies with the doctor, and at the age of eighteen he went to Edinburgh University, and after three years' studies he completed his medical course. His favorite study was botany. He went to London to visit Mr. James Dickson, his brother-in-law, who introduced him to Sir Joseph Banks, who recommended him as assistant surgeon to one of the East Indian Company's vessels. "Mungo Park was now twenty-one, strong, hopeful and ambitious, ready to do anything or to go anywhere."

On the eve of sailing for the East, he wrote to his trusted master, Dr. Anderson: "I have now reached the heights that I can behold the tumults of nations with indifference, confident that the reins of events are in our Father's hands. May you and I (not like the stubborn mule, but like the weaning child) obey His hands that after all the troubles of this dark world, in which we are truly strangers, we may, through the wonders of atonement, reach a far greater and exceeding weight of glory. I wish you may be able to look upon the day of your departure with the same resignation that I do on mine. May the Holy Spirit dwell in your heart, my dear friend, and if I never see my native land again, may I rather see the

green sod on your grave than see you anything but a Christian."

The voyage to Sumatra, which took a year, was uneventful. Upon his return he read a paper before the Linnæan Society



MUNGO PARK

on eight new fishes he had discovered during his stay on the coasts of Sumatra.

The African Association was organized for the purpose of promoting discovery in Africa, under the direction of a company of learned men. Research was made into the history and condition of the North of Africa, and much valuable information was collected. Later, the company turned its attention to the discovery of the source of the Niger. Several explorers, one after another, were sent out in search of the origin of the river, with instructions to penetrate into the interior by the way of Egypt, but failed to accomplish their object. The association afterward decided

to approach the search by Gambia on the west, the old route of the pioneer explorers. In 1790 a Major Houghton, who was considered well qualified for such an enterprise, was sent out, but after being away four years, returned in May, 1794.

Mungo Park had an absorbing passion for travel. He was invited in May, 1794, through his friend, Sir Joseph Banks, a member of the African Association, to go and explore the Niger, in the direction of Major Houghton. Sir Joseph, who had followed with interest the career of the young Scotsman, was confident that he was a man suitable for the difficult mission. Park accepted the perilous adventure.

On May 22, 1795, at the age of twenty-four, he sailed from Portsmouth, on the *Endeavor*, an African trader, bound for Gambia, which was reached on June 21. On July 5 he arrived at Pisaania, a British trading settlement on the Gambia River, where he remained five months, where he was hospitably entertained by a Dr. John Laidley, the agent in charge. During the time he diligently studied the Mandingo language. On December 5, Park started his journey of exploration. His equipment consisted of a negro servant, a boy, a horse, and two asses. Thus poorly equipped, the little cavalcade set out on a journey of many hundreds of miles, through a country utterly unknown to Europeans, and inhabited by people of whom rumor had nothing to tell but deeds of craft, treachery and cruelty. Dr. Laidley and two other white traders accompanied Park on the first two days, but with forebodings that he would never see his face again, Park wrote in his journal: "I had now before me a boundless forest and a country the inhabitants of which were strangers to civilized life, and to most of whom a white man was the object of curiosity or plunder. I reflected that I had parted from the last European, and perhaps quitted forever the comforts of Christian society." Park had only gone three miles after parting with Dr. Laidley, when a mob of natives rushed upon him, stopped the caravan, and demanded payment of customs, which he was forced to give, and went on his way. This was only the first of countless experiences of similar kind. He found the African a shameless

and irrepressible beggar. The more he gets, the more he asks.

On his arrival at Kaarta, he found that war had broken out between the states of Bamborra and Kaarta, and was obliged to give up the idea of reaching the Niger through these states. He therefore turned turned northwest to travel through the Moorish Kingdom of Ludamar, with the hope of getting to the river without passing the war region. After a week's journey among the Moors, he was taken captive by them, and for months suffered great hardship, until he managed to make his escape from captivity.

"It is impossible," he wrote, "to describe the joy that arose in my mind when I looked around and concluded that I was out of danger."

Once more Mungo Park was free to pursue his mission, but, unfortunately, he was destitute—without food or money to buy it. He was left without a guide or interpreter, and the rainy season was about to begin. But he was determined to go ahead till human endurance could go no further.

He pulled himself together, and started in a southeasterly direction towards Bambarra and the Niger, faint, yet pursuing, hungry and thirsty, and almost unable to ride his horse. Later his hunger was appeased by an old woman, who gave him some food to eat.

For three weeks, Park held steadily on in the direction in which he thought to find the river. He fell in with a small party of natives journeying to Bamborra, and attached himself to the caravan. On the morning of July 20, 1796, they saw the smoke of Sego, and he was told that he would see the river next day—too good to be true. "We rode together through some marshy ground, where, as I was anxiously looking around for the river, one of the party (an attendant) called out, '*Geo affili*'—'See the water'—and looking forward I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission, the long sought for, majestic Niger, glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward. I hastened to the brink, and having drank of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavors with success."

For three days Park remained at Sego, the capital of Bambarra, a city of 30,000 persons. The river was full of trading canoes, and the surrounding country was well cultivated. The natives watched the stranger with suspicion. They looked at him with wonder—a rag-clad, famine-worn man, with long, unkempt hair and beard, sitting on the river bank. No one spoke to him or gave him to eat. The news of his arrival came to Mansong, the king. A chief was sent to him to say that the king refused to see him and requested him to leave the country. A woman had compassion on him to bring him to her house, and gave him lodgings for the night and something to eat. There was now no alternative but to return back to Gambia.

On the morning of July 30, 1796, eight months from the day on which he started from Gambia, Park set on his return journey. First he began his journey by canoe, afterwards making his way westward along the Niger, to find how far the river was navigable in that direction. He had many narrow escapes from being drowned in the river and killed by the natives. His stolen horse and clothes were returned to him. He had strange experiences all along his return journey to the British settlement. On his arrival there, he was hailed as one risen from the dead. All hope of his return had long been relinquished.

Within three days after Mungo Park had reached Gambia, he was on board an American slave-ship, which came up the river Gambia, and though he wanted to take a double voyage across the Atlantic, first to America and then to England, he was so eager to return home, after landing in St. John's, that he took passage in a British mail boat, and landed at Falmouth on December 22, 1797, having been absent from England two years and seven months. He was enthusiastically received as the first great African traveler.

Park returned to his home on the banks of the Yarrow and passed the summer of 1798 in writing an account of his travels for a curious public. The *Travels* appeared in the spring of 1799, in a quarto volume. The book had an immense circulation. It took London society by storm, and for a time the thrilling experiences of Mungo

Park, the renowned African traveler, were talked about and recounted everywhere. The Duchess of Devonshire was so fascinated by a pathetic episode in the *Travels* that she composed a song about it, and, when set to music by Ferrari, it became very popular.

Meanwhile Park was quietly preparing for a period of domesticity at his Border home. In the summer of 1799, he married the eldest daughter of his old master, Thomas Anderson, of Selkirk, whose mother and aunt were, it is interesting to recall, the prototypes of Minna and Brenda in Scott's *Pirate*. After spending the first two years of his married life at Fowlshiels, he removed to Peebles in October, 1801, where he set up as a surgeon.

It was about this time that Park made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. The latter was then residing at Ashiestiel, and frequently rode across the hills which separate the Tweed from the Yarrow to spend a day with Park at Fowlshiels. The traveler loved the Muses, and found much enjoyment in the pages of *The Border Minstrelsy*. There was, in short, a strong bond of sympathy between the two men, and several happy days did they spend together.

A good Mungo Park story is embedded in the pages of Lockhart. Scott, on one occasion, called at Fowlshiels, and not finding his friend at home, went to seek him by the banks of the Yarrow. In a short time he came upon Park, who was busy throwing large stones into the river, and watching the bubbles as they rose to the surface. Scott asked the reason of this rather singular amusement, and got for reply: "This was the manner in which I used to ascertain the depth of a river in Africa before I ventured to cross it, judging whether the attempt would be safe by the time which the bubbles of air took to ascend."

A man of action, with a strong love of adventure, Park soon grew tired of the tranquil life at Peebles. He told his friends that he would rather brave Africa and all its horrors than wear his life out riding about the hills as a country surgeon. Again his thoughts turned to Africa, and his ambitions were soon realized. Towards the close of 1804 he was appointed leader of another expedition to investigate the

course of the Niger, which the Government equipped. The sum of £5,000 was placed at his disposal, and he was empowered to enlist a party of thirty-six Europeans and nine negroes. The expedition left Portsmouth on January 30, 1805, Park's companions being his brother-in-law, Alexander Anderson, a surgeon, and George Scott, a draughtsman, of Selkirk. Three months later the expedition set foot on African soil. Park addressed a remarkable letter to Lord Camden, who had put him in charge of the enterprise. "I have changed," he wrote on November 10, "a large canoe into a tolerably good schooner, on board of which I this day hoisted the British flag, and I shall set sail to the east with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger or perish in the attempt. I have heard nothing that I can depend on respecting the remote course of this mighty stream, but I am more inclined to think that it can end nowhere

but in the sea. My dear friends, Mr. Anderson and likewise Mr. Scott, are both dead, but though all Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere; and, if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at least die on the Niger."

And die Park did on the great African river, November 19, 1805. The little company descended the stream as far as Bouss, when they were attacked by a band of natives. Unable to oppose the force, which was posted on a cleft of rock overlooking the stream, which at this point becomes very narrow, Park and his followers are believed to have jumped into the river and been drowned in an attempt to escape. And so, in the words of Joseph Thomson, his biographer, "the Niger claimed him as its own, and since to unlock its secret was not to be his, what more fitting for him than death beneath its rushing waters?"—EDITOR.

The Pentland Neighborhood

The Pentland neighborhood is altogether beautiful. There on an autumn morning, one of these whereof the poets loved to sing, you could not wish for a more tranquil retreat. Sunshine and shadow everywhere before you. The air comes briskly and sweetly from the uplands—that "old huddle of grey hills" beloved by R. L. Stevenson, so quiet, so pensive, so full of historic and literary associations. They attract by their spell of their very loneliness, their rounded heights and solitary places still with the stillness of nature's calm. You look through the opening boughs of peaceful glades and across deep shaded hollows to sheltered alcoves, silent as a city of the dead. Here nothing moves save the leaves of the trees as they rustle in the breeze, and the fleeting clouds in the heavens above. You pass up the hills to familiar scenes where association takes possession of you. Old-world drove roads, and sunny moorlands with their features of grandeur and gloom, oscillate with the hushed life of other days. Every aspect seems humanized and is sacred with memories of auld lang syne, for the Pentlands have been the poet's way from time immemorial. They hold within their shadows a motley array of echoes of those vagabond souls who loved to wander from off the beaten track of everyday things, and whose hearts were tuned to the song of the open road. And sitting on some quiet knove within their midst, it is a pleasant play of

fancy to dream out the gathered story of the long gone years.

FAMOUS PILGRIMS

"I never saw a finer series than Pentland, considering that it is neither rocky nor highly elevated," wrote Sir Walter Scott, who, with his unerring eye for the picturesque, was a frequent visitor to the famous range; and one likes to think of Lord Cockburn's many rambles, and of that early morning walk of Burns from an Edinburgh tavern, in company with Nasmyth the artist, when he came down the hillside and breakfasted at Roslin inn. But to name all who have come wandering to this elysian neighborhood, would be to name all the literati of Edinburgh. Nevertheless, you retain in the memory a silent gallery of the figures you hold most dear, and with the "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude," watch them steal from out the hollows of seclusion. They take possession of you, these ghostly creations of the imagination, recalling as they go the voices of days that have been. And as they glide before your delighted vision, one shadowy figure, the dearest outline of all, detaches from the others and stands aloof like a thread of silver against a background of darkest hue. The Pentlands called irresistibly to R. L. Stevenson.—

Come with me over the hill so free,
Where the winds are blowing,
And the streams are flowing.

was ever the message they whispered to him, and from the elusive little hamlet of Swanston, or that sweet spot of even more tender recollections, Colinton, he would saunter far away over their green sward to some treasured haunt to spend the day in dreamy reverie, wholly forgetful of the passing hours. You see him by Cauldstane Slap, at Fairmilehead, the "Hunter's Tryst," or "steep Caerketton, dreaming gaze again," and a hundred and one other spots all monuments of his wanderings. Every inch of the Pentlands he knew and loved. Their glamourie fascinated him. And there is a world of pathos, a heartbreaking yearning in his letter to Crockett from Samoa: "I shall never take that walk by the Fisher's Tryst and Glencorse. I shall never see Auld Reekie. I shall never set my foot again upon the heather. Here I am until I die, and here will I be buried. The word is out and the doom is written. Or, if I do come, it will be a voyage to a further goal."

A STORIED REGION

You look down from afar, "like Jupiter upon Olympus," upon one of the most storied landscapes in all broad Scotland. The Esk winds, a streak of silver, through ancient foliage, murmuring as it goes; Edinburgh and the estuary of the Forth with its background panorama of the "Kingdom of Fife," loom a fascinating study, limned in the richest of hues; in the veiled distance a e the Lammermuirs and Moorfoots. A plethora of literary landmarks are all around you. Dimly visible is Corstorphine Hill with its turf-clad seat where Jeffrey of "Edinburgh Review" fame sat talking for hours one summer afternoon with the great Macaulay and Christopher North. Morningside, whither came Sydney Dobell, the poet, in search of health and quiet, and the Braids with their memories of Scott, Burns, and Dugald Stewart lie almost at your feet. And prominent amid its woods, towers gaunt, and grey, the old-world place of Bonaly, where Lord Cockburn and Professor Blackie spent many happy hours.

LORD COCKBURN AND BONALY

To Lord Cockburn, human nature was incapable of enjoying more happiness than was his at Bonaly, "where the glories of the prospects, and the luxury of the wild retirement, have been all enhanced by the progress of my improvements, of my children, and of myself." There is not a recess in the valleys of the Pentlands, he tells us, nor an eminence on their summits, that is not familiar to his solitude. Bonaly is full of his footprints. You can linger in the sheltered crevice of "My Seat" where he was wont to retire with his favorite "Tacitus," by that paradise of greenery where "everything except the two burns and the few old trees, is my own work, and to a great extent the work of my own hands." You may follow the route of "the faithful" to the semi-circular hollow on the hillside where the wild thyme blows freely, and where they all sat down and admired the

view. His silent it is now; so silent, in fact, that you can hear the nibbling of the sheep! It is a spot to be loved, and well the poets have sung its praises. It was a favorite resort of James Grahame, the author of "The Sabbath." Professor Blackie, and David Macbeth Moir are all about it. And James Balantyne unquestionably caught the charms of the scene when he penned those delightful lines:—

Pentland's high hills raise their heather-crowned crest,

Peerless Edina expands her white breast,
Beauty and grandeur are blent in the scene;
Bonnie Bonaly lies smiling between,
Nature and art, like fair twins, wander gaily;
Friendship and love dwell in bonnie Bonaly.

Nor can you linger in this fair region without bringing to mind that whimsical anecdote of Lord Cockburn and the shepherd. The two were seated on the hillside watching the sheep as Lord Cockburn thought, reposing in the coldest situation. Turning to his companion, the advocate, remarked, "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." "Ay, my lord," was the shepherd's reply, "but if ye had been a sheep, ye wad hae had mair sense."

GLENCORSE MEMORIES

You pass from Bonaly along the old bridle road towards Glencorse, where "the dearest burn in the world" to R. L. Stevenson, ripples behind the quaint and picturesque old kirk, and where the novelist when exiled in far away Samoa requested Crockett to say a prayer for him. "Do you know where the road crosses the burn under Glencorse Church?" he writes, "Go there and say a prayer for me. See that it's a sunny day; I would like it to be a Sunday, but that's not possible in the premises; and stand on the right-hand bank just where the road goes down into the water, and shut your eyes, and if I don't appear to you! well, it can't be helped, and will be extremely funny." It is all there to-day as Stevenson saw it—the ancient church, the wimpling burn, and the everlasting hills; and as you tarry here with the sweet little scene before you—especially if it be evening with the shades of twilight beginning to fall—you will tell yourself that here indeed is a fitting place to offer prayer. Another litterateur who had a warm heart for Glencorse, was Hugh Miller who was often a stroller to Castle'aw, the rese'voir, and the vicinity of the Logan Burn.

"HAUNTED WOODHOUSELEE"

In the immediate neighborhood lie

"Auchendinny's hazel glade,
And haunted Woodhouselee."

The old place still stands in lonely grandeur as if in vexed memory of the time when the historian, Tytler, passed his days in lettered ease within its walls, entertaining at his festive board such literary lions as Dugald Stewart, Henry Temple, Russell of the "Scotsman," Lord Jeffrey, Henry Mackenzie, Sydney Smith, and a host of others. Hither, too, came Allan Ramsay, and it was on the window pane of his bedroom here,

looking north on the Pentlands, and where you may still read the lines, that John Leyden, en route for his Indian grave, wrote with a diamond, that beautiful sonnet:—

Sweet rivulet! as in pensive mood reclined,
Thy lone voice talking to the night I hear,
Now swelling loud and louder on the ear.
Now sinking in the pauses of the wind,
A still sadness overspreads my mind,
To think how oft the whirling gale shall strew
O'er thy bright stream the leaves of fallow hue,
Ere next this classic haunt my wanderings find.
That lulling harmony resounds again,
That soothes the slumbering leaves on every tree,
And seems to say, "Wilt thou remember me?"
The stream that listened oft to Ramsay's strain,
Though Ramsay's pastoral reed he heard no more,
Yet taste and fancy long shall linger on thy shore.

REMINISCENCES OF SCOTT

Scott has lent an added lustre to Woodhouselee by his "Cadzow Castle," a ballad which takes you back along the pathway of time to the distant past of the simple old harpers. During his Lasswade days, the "Wizard" was a frequent visitor at the mansion, where, says Miss Ann Fraser-Tytler, after breakfast, he commonly proposed a walk.

"With his joyous look and vigorous step, he would take his way towards what was called the Green Hill of Castlelaw. It was rugged of ascent, but the summer wind as it blew upon us came laden with the fragrance of the wild thyme and purple heather, with which it was covered to the very top."

There he would tell one of his fascinating stories in his own fascinating way, or discourse on the legends and tales of the Covenanters, as his eye greeted the historic field of Rullion Green, where in the winter sunset of many years back the soldiers of the Covenant suffered defeat. But let us wend our way to the old Biggar coaching road, an admirably vantage ground in our quest for literary lore.

OLD BIGGAR ROAD

Pleasant, calm, and pastoral, this fine old highway offers a very arcadia of charm in the warm sunshine of an Autumn afternoon. There is so much about it to arrest the attention. In the golden days of long ago this was a busy thoroughfare, but fleeting time has sped swiftly since then, and to-day a deep seclusion permeates it. It is a place for dreams and reveries. One can lie here undisturbed for hours, enjoying a quiet pipe, or listening to the singing of the birds, and the rustle of the leaves in the breeze. Through the trees you catch pleasant glimpses of hill and dale, of flowing streams singing on through foliaged glades. It was along this road that Thomas Carlyle hied him to Edinburgh University, musing as he went of future fame and conquest. In fancy, too, you can meet with the happy shades of Thomas the poet, hovering to the Capital, and of Christopher North en route for Tweedside and an angling expedition. It is good to think of these "mighty spirits" in a spot so fragrant with their memories, for though they have long since passed into the great silence, they have left a halo behind which can never pass away.

ALLAN RAMSAY

Allan Ramsay must have been a familiar figure on the Biggar Road in his day, especially that part of it which winds along the south side of the Pentlands. If you would follow him in his peregrinations, go past Penicuik with its recollections of Crockett, Henry Mackenzie, and Dr. John Brown of "Rab and His Friends," fame, to Carlops. Here associations of the shoemaker minstrel cluster thick. Somewhere hereabouts—Newhall has the strongest claim—the pawky Ramsay laid the scenes of his delightful pastoral, "The Gentle Shepherd," and it would certainly be difficult to find scenery according more exactly to the poet's descriptions than that at Newhall. Look round and you will see the poem visualized for you. There is the "trottin' burnie wimplin thro' the ground." Yonder, the laverlocks chant to their hearts' content, and the westlin' winds sough thro' the reeds. About you gathers all the charms of Pentland's gentle moods, with the green hillside where Patie and Roger sang their simple loves. And if you

Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's Howe,
Where a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow:

You will come to "Patie's Mill," "Peggy's Lea," and "Jennie's Brae," all imperishable landmarks of the immortal Ramsay. And from here you may wander further round the green hills to that solitary pathway which leads through the Lang Whang of which James Ballantyne sings. Thence along the old Lanark Road with its romance of ballad story and reminiscences of Christopher North's winsome Margaret Lyndsay, to Edinburgh which opens out before you in the haze of smoke and sunshine,

A scene for poet's song, or painter's eye,
As e'er was painted on our summer sky.

K., in *Inverness Courier*.

During the past four years the town and naval base of Rosyth has been one of the most important places in Scotland and the chief seat and center of British naval activity. While the town of Rosyth contains but 5,000 inhabitants, it is safe to say that with the officials, workmen, and sailors living in the dockyard or aboard the ships at the basins and docks, the number will probably exceed 30,000. This added to the 30,000 living in Dunfermline, some five miles distant, makes a total population, transient though it may be, of about 60,000 people. Officially, the permanent population of Dunfermline, with Rosyth included, is given at 35,700. It is announced that the splendid facilities developed during the war will be utilized for merchant shipbuilding and repair work. Rosyth is already linked by electric tramcar with Dunfermline, Cowdenbeath, Lochgelly and Kelty, all teeming mining towns, and the future promises its establishment as the important shipbuilding center.

Clan MacIvor and Its Chiefs

According to Highland record and tradition, the great Clan Campbell took its origin about the beginning of the twelfth century with the marriage of Gillespie Campbell with Eva, daughter of the Treasurer of Scotland, Paul O'Duin, Chief of the race of the famous Diarmid. This marriage made the Campbells lords of Lochow. Half a century later, in the reign of Malcolm IV, Duncan Campbell of Lochow had a younger son, Ivor, who became the ancestor of the separate clan of that name. This was a hundred years before the birth of the great Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow, knighted by Alexander III, and slain on the Sraing of Lorne, from whom the Campbell chiefs to-day take the patronymic of MacCaillein Mor. The MacIvors, however, maintained allegiance to the House of Argyll. In turn they were regarded with high affection, and were entrusted with such posts as the Keepership of Inveraray Castle, after that stronghold was built, in the middle of the fifteenth century.

In 1564, Archibald, fifth Earl of Argyle, he who commanded Queen Mary's forces at the Battle of Langside, recognized the separate authority of the MacIvor chiefs. By formal deed, the Earl resigned all direct claims upon the MacIvor dependents. The document declared that the Earl relinquished for ever to his cousin, Ivor MacIvor, and his successors, of "his awin frie motife, uncompellit, and for special cause and favors," all "ryght, title and kyndnes, quhatsomever, we, or our predecessoris had, has, or in any manner of way may claim, of the calpis aucht and wont to come to our house, of the surname of MacEver, with power to use, uplift, intromit, and uptak the said calpis to thair awin utilitie and profite, and to dispoine thairupon as they sall think expedient, as anie uther freehalder, and as we was wont to do of before, providing that haif the said Ever's calpe."

The "calpe," it should perhaps be mentioned, was a death duty, in the shape of a horse, cow, ox or other chattel, payable to a chief out of the possessions of a deceased clansman. The fact that the calpe of Mac-

Ivor himself remained to be paid to Argyll was an acknowledgment that the MacIvors were a branch or sept of the Campbell clan.

The original possessions of the MacIvors were Lergachonzie, Ashnish on Loch Melfort, and certain lands in Cowal. To these they made great additions, while branches of the family settled as far afield as Caithness, Inverness-shire and the Lewis. The Chiefs also held the honorable office of Crowner within a certain district. In the middle of the seventeenth century, however, the properties of the MacIvors suffered considerable alienation. A chief of that time, Gillespie Ban MacIvor, had an only daughter, whom he married to Campbell of Barchbeyan, ancestor of the Campbells of Craignish, and by way of dowrie he bestowed on her the lands of Lergachonzie and others. From that date the MacIvor Chiefs were known as of Ashnish only. At the same time, Gillespie Ban, having no male heir, resigned the rest of the family possessions to his cousin, "a man of remarkable courage and intrepidity." The latter was heir-male to Duncan MacIvor of Stronshira, and so the two estates of Stronshira and Ashnish came into the same hands.

In the latter part of the same century the MacIvors suffered a still more serious eclipse. It was the time of the Solemn League and Covenant. The Marquess of Argyll, as head of the Covenanters and opponent of King Charles I, had misused his powers for the extinction of the hereditary rivals of his house, such as the MacDonalds of Kintyre, the Macdougalls of Gylen and Dunolly, and the Lamonts of Cowal, and at the Restoration he had been brought to trial and executed. His son, Archibald, the ninth Earl, who was restored to the family estates and honors in 1663, got into similar trouble eighteen years later. In 1681 he refused to sign the Test Act, was found guilty of treason, and sentenced to death. While awaiting execution in Edinburgh Castle he contrived to escape, disguised as a page, holding up the train of his step-daughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay,



THE OLD KEEP—ROCHESTER CASTLE, ENGLAND

and fled to Holland. Four years later, simultaneously with the rising of the Duke of Monmouth in the south of England, Argyll landed in the Kyles of Bute and raised the standard of rebellion against James VII and II. He was promptly joined by Ivor MacIvor, chief of that clan, at the head of a hundred men. After crossing the Water of Levin, however, the expedition went to pieces in a night march over Dunbarton Muir, and the Earl was captured at Inchinnan, and carried to Edinburgh, to sleep the "last sleep of Argyll." The Argyll estates were then forfeited to the Crown, and MacIvor's possessions suffered the same fate. After the Revolution in 1689, however, the Argyll forfeiture was rescinded, and MacIvor obtained a new grant of his lands from Archibald, the tenth Earl and first Duke of Argyll. This grant contained a serious stipulation. In the deed of 1564 by which the fifth Earl recognized the chiefship, it had been stipulated that the heads of the house should be known, not as Campbells, but as MacIvors. The new grant changed this. For his favor the Duke imposed the condition that Mac-

Ivor's son, Duncan, and his heirs, should assume the name of Campbell, and should quarter the Campbell arms with their own.

This Duncan MacIvor or Campbell of Ashnish, who was the eighth chief, married a daughter of MacAlastair of Loup, and distinguished himself in the early years of the eighteenth century by his well-directed exertions to "civilize" the Highlanders. His second son and successor married Catherine Campbell, daughter of the Captain of Dunstaffnage, and his son and heir, again, Angus Campbell of Ashnish, the tenth Chief, who was spoken of for a century afterwards with great respect, married Elizabeth, daughter of MacLachlan of Craigentary, and had six sons, all of whom attained honorable positions in life, as well as four daughters, who married well, and all had families. The eldest of these sons, Robert Campbell of Ashnish, attained an excellent reputation as an advocate in the Court of Session. He married in 1769 a daughter of Mail of Maghide in Lancashire, but had only one daughter.

Meanwhile, apart from the main body of



THE CATHEDRAL—ROCHESTER, ENGLAND

the clan, a branch which had settled in Lochaber had attached itself to the following of Macdonald of Keppoch. From the patrimony of its progenitors in Argyll, it was often referred to as the race of MacIvor Glasrich, which name in time was shortened to MacGlasrich. In the keen spirit of clan-ship this race maintained its separate identity, and at the battle of Culloden, though acting under Keppoch, they insisted on being drawn up as a separate clan, under their own officers. They, also, mindful of their origin, and of the fact that they wore the Campbell tartan and carried the Campbell colors, refused to be marshaled in such a position that they would have to engage the Argyll militia.

In his first great romance of *Waverley* Sir Walter Scott introduced as a tragic figure the handsome young Fergus MacIvor, who looked to a success of the Jacobite cause to enable him to realize certain dreams of setting up an independent chief-ship and founding a clan. It is usually supposed that Scott's model for this personage was the handsome young Glen-garry, whose visits to the Scottish capital, in full Highland panoply, and with a for-

midable "tail" of clansmen, created something of a sensation at that time. But Scott could not have been unaware of the existence of an actual MacIvor Chief, and of the disabilities under which he lay in being compelled to use the name of Campbell. This seems a much more likely suggestion for the character of Fergus MacIvor than that which has been commonly accepted.—By *Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

"New York Scottish" Festival

Preparations are well advanced for the great Scottish Festival of the "New York Scottish," Colonel Walter Scott commanding, to be held in the 71st Regiment Armory, Thanksgiving Eve, November 26, 1919. (See page 202). An unusually large attendance is assured, and it is hoped that Lord Gray, the British Ambassador, and other British officials will be present. The program offers many interesting features and several surprises are hinted at. In addition to giving a rousing welcome to the many members of the organization safely returned from the war, it is planned that this great gathering shall be in the nature of a recruiting rally, with the aim of maintaining a kilted regiment, at full strength, in New York. The regiment maintains a fund for any of its members needing help.

The History of Scottish Song

BY CHARLES MACKAY

The music and the poetry of Scotland, like the Scottish people, have a two-fold origin, and must be viewed under a double aspect. The first and oldest music of Scotland is that of the Highlands, a music that has come down from the dim and shadowy period of early tradition rather than from that of authentic history—from the vague, remote times when Fingal fought and Ossian sang, and when the druidical priesthood chanted their sacred hymns to the accompaniment of the harp as they marched in solemn procession round their stone circles or clachans. The great bulk of Highland song and ballad music, mostly composed in the melancholy minor key, is more adapted to be sung to the harp than to any other instrument except to its legitimate successor, the modern piano-forte. Few of the old melodies are available for performance on the bagpipe, which is now considered the national instrument of the Gael, though it only became general in the Highlands in the Sixteenth Century, and such tunes as are performed on that instrument are but little adapted to the human voice. For the pibroch or battle-march, for the coronach or death-wail, or for reel and strathspey, nothing can be finer than the music of the pipe, and—despite the dislike or contempt of superfine musicians and those who ignorantly affect to consider the instrument a barbarous one—it is capable of melting the Highlanders to tears of genuine emotion or of provoking them either to the combat or to the dance, as it suits the pleasure or purpose of the player. As a warlike instrument, the bagpipe has no equal.

There still survive many beautiful Highland melodies—unprinted and unknown to the Lowlands—which are sometimes heard in remote glens and straths at sheep-shearing and harvest, when they are sung in chorus by the work-people with a fine effect. In the introduction to Patrick MacDonald's *Collection of Highland Vocal Airs*, published toward the close of the 18th Century, which contains many of the best of these melodies, never yet adapted to English words, and of which for the most part even the Gaelic poetry has been lost, the singing of the *luinigs* by the women and of *iorrums* by the men—once common in the Hebrides and over all the West and North Highlands—are thus described: "Over all the Highlands there are various songs which are sung to airs suited to the nature of the subject. But on the western coast, and in all the Hebrides, the *luinigs* are most in request. These are in general very short and of a plaintive cast—analogueous to their best poetry—and they are sung by the women, not only at their diver-

sions, but also during almost every kind of work where more than one person is employed, in milking cows, and watching the folds, fulling the cloth, grinding of grain with the quern, or handmill, hay making, and cutting down corn. The men, too, have *iorrums*, or songs for rowing, to which they keep time with their oars, as the women likewise do in their operations whenever their work admits of it. When the same airs are sung in their hours of relaxation, the time is marked by the motions of napkins, or pocket-handkerchiefs, which the performers lay hold of. In singing, one person leads the band; but in a certain part of the tune he stops to take breath, while the rest strike in and complete the air, pronouncing to it a chorus of words and syllables generally of no signification. These songs greatly animate every person present, and hence, when the laborers appear to flag, a *luinig* is called for, which makes them for a time forget their toil and work with redoubled ardor."

The music of the Lowlands is that of a people who are more largely descended from Saxon, Danish and Scandinavian than from Celtic ancestors. It differs from that of the Highlands, and is of another order of beauty. The Highlanders borrowed none of their melodies from the Lowlanders, but the Lowlanders, borrowed so many from the Highlanders that perhaps as many as one-half of the Scottish tunes now current in the world had their origin among the Gael.

The very earliest mention of any Scottish songs written in the Scottish dialect—which is in reality old English—dates from the year 1286, when Alexander III, King of Scotland, was killed by a fall from his horse, to the great grief of the nation—inasmuch as the fatality opened up the gloomy prospect of a disputed succession and a civil war. Portions of this song are preserved in Wintoun's *Chronicle of Scottish History*, written about the year 1420. Another early song dates from the year 1296, when King Edward I of England, surnamed "Longshanks," invaded Scotland, and attempted to capture Berwick-on-Tweed. The victory of Robert Bruce at Bannockburn also gave rise to many songs of triumph. The Scottish and English historians of those early times had no interest except in the ballads that were inspired by historical events, and took no account of the many love-songs and bacchanalian ditties that must have been current among a people so fond of music and lyrical poetry as the Scots then were, and always have been. The names of a few of these compositions have come down to our time in a comic poem, written in the broadest

vernacular, in the reign of James I of Scotland, between 1424 and 1437, and entitled "Cockelby's Sow." Among the titles are, "My deir Derling," "Joly Leman, dawes it not day," "Perdolly," "Trolly Lolly," "By yon woodside," "Late, late in the evening," "Most make revel," etc. The words of these compositions have all been lost, and it is no longer possible to trace the music, though possibly some of the ancient melodies to which they were adapted survive in our day under different names.

It was in the reign of the accomplished and unfortunate James I of Scotland that Scottish music and poetry received a new development, and a character which has remained impressed upon them both until this day. That monarch, when a young lad, was taken prisoner by an English vessel of war, when on his way to France to be instructed in the learning and accomplishments of the time. The circumstances of his capture by the enemies of his country, and his residence in England from the age of twelve to that of thirty, were highly interesting and romantic. While in England, the young prince, with the exception of loss of liberty, had nothing to complain of: he was provided with the best masters, every luxury was his, and every indulgence. He became well versed in all the literature of his age, and matured into an excellent musician and a sweet poet, and was expert in all the manly accomplishments that befitted a prince. He studied Chaucer, then recently deceased, and made him his model, and produced poems little inferior to those of his master. He returned to Scotland with his bride, Lady Jane Beaufort, in 1428.

The amiable King was not alone an excellent poet, but an accomplished musician, and was the first known composer of melodies in the peculiar style that is now described as Scottish. Doubtless many Scottish melodies of the same character existed before his time, but their names are unknown. Fordun, his contemporary, who wrote from personal knowledge, says of the King: "He excelled in music, and not only in the vocal kind, but also in instrumental, which is the perfection of the art; in tabor and choir, in psalter and organ. Nature, apparently having calculated upon his requiring something more than the ordinary qualifications of men, had implanted in him a force and power of divine genius above all human estimation; and this genius showed itself most particularly in music. His touch upon the harp produced a sound so utterly sweet, and so truly delightful to the hearers, that he seemed to be born a second Orpheus, or, as it were, the prince and prelate of all harpers." Nor was the King's fame confined to his own country. Alessandro Tassoni, author of "Pensieri Diversi," published in the 17th Century, says in his tenth book: "We may reckon among us moderns, James, King of Scotland, who not only composed many pieces of sacred music, but also of himself invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy,

different from all others; in which he has been imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who in our age has improved music with many new and admirable inventions." Although there exists at the present time no Scottish melody which can with certainty be attributed to James, it is justifiable to believe after what his contemporaries and foreign nations said of him that he left his mark upon the song and music of his country, or he would not have been, two centuries after his death, in enjoyment of a European reputation as a musician. It is also probable that the melodies of the most northern parts of his dominions, the *luinigs* and the *iorrams*, were not unfamiliar to him and tinged the character of his compositions, giving them the melancholy tone that pervaded them.

King James V was also a poet and writer of songs and ballads in the Scottish vernacular, but there is no evidence that he was a musician, like James I, or that he exercised any appreciable influence over the lyrical literature of his time. It is probable that he wrote the ballads, "Pebilis to the Play," the "Gaberlunzie Man," and the "Jolly Beggar," the latter narrating an incident of which he was the hero in the days of his wild youth. In the reign of his daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, music and song enjoyed especial favor at the Scottish court, especially during the brief happy days before she wedded Lord Darnley. The Queen herself was an accomplished performer on the harp and other instruments, wrote poetry in French, and sang with taste and feeling. She does not appear, however, to have known much of the music of her native land, but preferred the music of France, the country in which her best years had been passed. The handsome and infatuated Chatelar in all probability introduced to the acceptance and favor of fashionable society many sweet melodies, notably the air now known as "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon," which has been found in a collection of French airs published early in the Seventeenth Century. Whatever the politician, the philosopher, and the lover of liberty may say of the Stewarts, no lover of poetry and music can speak of them without affectionate regret.

The Reformation during the reign of Queen Mary, and under the immediate auspices of John Knox, swept with devastating fury over the splendid churches of the ancient faith. In putting the monks to flight, and abolishing the Roman Catholic Church services, the reformers, with grim irony, took possession of the music of many beautiful cathedral chants, and wedded them to coarsely satirical and comic ballads. In this metamorphosis, their original solemn and tender spirit was destroyed. "John Anderson my jo", an indecently humorous song, was adapted to a fine church melody—the composition perhaps of some nameless monk—and "John come kiss me now," "We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin'," and many other tunes worthy of a better fate, ran a course of popularity through the land, and debased

the minds of the people; not by the music, which never can debase—for all music in itself is pure and holy—but by the poetry, or rather “words,” without poetry, to which it was unnaturally linked; until an after generation—wiser grown—rescued the old tunes from desecration and associated them with such real gold of poetry as Robert Burns with the fine alchemy of genius made out of the dross of the original “John Anderson.”

Subsequent to this period, the royal writers of song and music in Scotland were wholly superseded by men and women of the people. What princes had formerly done was left to the farm laborers, the shepherds, the tinkers, the excisemen, the gardeners, the sailors, and the handicraftmen of all kinds, who in the course of two centuries created a perfect anthology of song and music of a beauty and excellence that have never been equalled in any country in the world. The fame of Scottish music and song reached England with the Stewarts, but was little known until the time of Charles II, who was fond of music generally, but more especially of the music of his ancestors. Tom D’Urfey, the chief song-writer of his day, though an Englishman, wrote many songs in imitation of the Scottish manner, to please his royal master, the best known of which still survives as a popular favorite under the title of “Within a mile of Edinburgh town.” Queen Anne, the last of the direct line of the Stewarts who reigned in Great Britain, was partial to the songs of her native country, and preferred the old Scotch tune of “Cold and raw, the wind does blow,” to the finest compositions of the English composer, Henry Purcell. When John Gay wrote his once famous “Beggars Opera,” he laid the music of Scotland under a heavy contribution, and familiarized the English public with many admirable melodies previously unknown south of the Tweed.

About the same period Allan Ramsay published his “Tea-table Miscellany,” which marks an era in the history of Scottish song. In the preface of the eleventh edition, dated 1724, he says: “Although it be acknowledged that our Scots tunes have not lengthened variety of music, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweetness that makes them acceptable wherever known, not only among ourselves, but in other countries . . . My being well assured how acceptable new words to known good tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses for above sixty of them; about thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking that they generously lent me their assistance, and to them the lovers of song and music are obliged for some of the best songs in the collection. The rest are such old verses as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the dross of blundering transcribers and printers.”

This book continued for about sixty years to be the vade mecum of the lovers of Scottish song, and might have remained so for

a longer period had not one far greater than Ramsay appeared upon the scene and extinguished the pale glimmer of his light amid the overpowering refulgence of a grander star. There was, however, an interval between Ramsay and Burns which was filled by the songs and ballads, dedicated to the lost cause of the Jacobites. The losing cause always inspires truer poetry than the winning one; and the prosperous House of Hanover never excited a poet worth of the name to write a good song in its praise. Even “God Save the King,” which has been the National Anthem, and the noble expression of loyalty to the reigning house for a century and a half, was originally a song which it was treason to sing, and was inspired by the hopes and memories, the rights and wrongs of the exiled “House of Stewart.” It was wisely adopted as their own by the partisans of the Hanoverian King, on the final collapse of the Jacobite cause in 1745, by which wise audacity the reigning house carried off as it were a trophy from the enemy’s camp, and converted a taunt into a glorification. The Jacobite songs of Scotland are favorites at this day at the Court of Britain; as if to prove once again that the whirligig of time brings its revenges. The Jacobite songs of Scotland are of various degrees of poetical and musical merit; they are tender, pathetic, indignant, satirical, or humorous, as accords best with the momentary feelings of the writers, and the temper of the times, and form a body of literature which as time rolls on will become more and more valuable to future historians, when they have to treat, as they must, of the passions and manners of a bygone era.

Jacobitism was hardly dead—and was certainly not buried either in or out of the hearts of the people—when Robert Burns arose upon the poetical horizon of Scotland, the greatest poet that up to his time Scotland had ever seen. The publication of “Percy’s Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,” and the wide influence which that work exercised upon the popular mind, had prepared the way for the simple, direct and unaffected poetry of nature, as distinguished from the artificial and quasi-classical poetry which had been popular since the death of Milton; a poetry in which the Muses and Graces—Cupid and Hymen, and all the Gods and Goddesses of the Greek and Roman pantheon—had been made to masquerade in the guise of reality, and when simple Jane, Ann, or Mary could not be represented in song, except under the more pretentious names of Chloe, Lesbia or Sylvia.

Robert Burns was one of the earliest of the poets, at the close of the Eighteenth Century, to throw off the slavery of so-called classicality of the period, and abandoning the parrot-like mimicry of the artificial school drew his inspiration from living nature, and not from dead antiquity and books. Sprung from the ranks of a sturdy, independent and educated peasantry and possessing all the virtues of his class, with

many of their vices and defects—vices which, at the time were not peculiar to the lowly, but were fully shared by the lordly and high in place; endowed with strong common sense, a lively imagination, a playful fancy, an enquiring mind, a correct taste, a susceptible heart, and a keen sympathy with the beautiful in nature, whether the beauty were animated in the female form, or impressed upon the physical features of the landscapes of his native land, and blessed moreover with a finely musical ear, he was the very incarnation of all that was necessary to form a real and true poet of the people. He burst like a meteor upon the vision of his astonished contemporaries, not so much astonished at his gifts as that those gifts should have been showered in such profusion upon a ploughman, and speedily dwarfed by the superiority of his genius all the lyrical poets who had preceded him in Scotland. Burns did not invent or wholly compose all the songs which appear in his name, though those that were entirely the inspiration of his own fancy and feelings are the best; but like Shakespeare before him, he adopted the old stories and fragments that came in his way, pruned off the redundances and excrescences of indecency or silliness, which but too often disfigured them, and sent them anew into the world, no longer dross and rubbish, but the purest gold.

As in England, whenever the author of a fine poetical passage is unknown to the company in which it is quoted, it is in nine cases out of ten attributed to Shakespeare; so, in Scotland, whenever a Scottish song is sung or mentioned—of which the paternity is doubtful or wholly unknown—it is generally accredited to Robert Burns, as a safer supposition than any other. In this manner the songs of Caroline Oliphant, Lady Nairne, who began to write soon after the sweet, clear note of Burns was hushed in death, such songs as "The Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," "The Lass o' Gowrie," and others of equal merit and beauty were attributed to the people's favorite.

Since the death of Burns, many Scottish poets have written songs in the mellifluous Doric of the Lowlands, though none have attained his excellence, unless it be Walter Scott. But Scott, though a great romancer and poet, and a man of the highest order of genius, had not the lyrical power and variety of musical expression possessed by Burns, and wrote but few songs in the dialect of his country; and James Hogg, Allan Cunningham, Lady Nairn, Alexander Rodger, and the multitudinous contributors to the "Whistle Binkie," and others whose names are mentioned in the "Modern Scottish Minstrel," are but tyros and apprentices compared with the great master.

Andrew McAuley Trokes for Jamie Williamson

BY WILLIAM LAURIE HILL

(For The Caledonian)

The vein of humor in a Scotchman often lies deep, but it is *there*, and is often of a rare and eccentric character. No one enjoys a joke more than a Scotchman, but he much prefers that it should be "on the other fellow."

A joke is sometimes slow in penetrating, but it would do your heart good to hear the laugh when really the joke gets through.

In the earlier part of the last century there dwelt in the sandhills of North Carolina—some hundred miles apart—two old Scotch merchants, and although three days' journey from each other, they called themselves neighbors, and were great chums.

It was the custom of Jamie Williamson, who lived farthest away, to drive by Andrew McAuley's, spend the night, and the two in their old-fashioned stick-gigs would drive the dirt road to Petersburg, Va., to purchase goods.

The time-honored firm of McIlwain & Company, was well known throughout the Carolinas, and the head of the firm, Archie McIlwain, was a Scotch-Irishman, true to type, and a real friend to his customers. He was particularly fond of McAuley and Williamson, and when through with business, enjoyed "many a crack wi' 'em." It was at McIlwain & Company's that these old Scotch merchants made their headquarters.

McAuley was an early riser, and although he had waited a day overtime for Williamson, he had come on to Petersburg without him—a thing that had not happened for years.

Now this was a chance for a joke on Jamie, and McAuley was very fond of a joke, and a joke on himself was Jamie's aversion.

Early on the morning after his arrival, McAuley walked into McIlwain's, finding

he was none too early for Archie, for the old gentleman was there awaiting customers. With a hearty grip and broad smile, he exclaimed, "Why, Andrew, I'm glad to see ye—I thought 'twas about time; what's become of Jamie Williamson?"

With a rather doleful voice, Andrew replied: "I ha' not seen Williamson lately. I waited for him a bit, but he did not come, and I dinna ken that he's comin'."

"Jamie Williamson not coming? Why, Andrew, is anything the matter?"

"No, naething that I ken. Does he owe ye anything?"

"Oh! Jamie's debt is a mere trifle. It can stand until he comes."

"Weel, Archie, I'm a little full handed, and if ye like, I'll take up Jamie's note. How much is it?"

"Oh, it's only a matter of two hundred dollars—never mind."

"But Archie! I'm nearer to Jamie than ye are, and can spare the money. Gi' me the note."

Being thus urged, Archie produced the note, and the money was forthcoming.

Scarcely had this transaction been completed when the never-to-be-forgotten, squeaky voice of Jamie Williamson was to be heard in the front of the store: "Is Mr. McIlwain in?"

"Let me get out of sight, Archie," exclaimed Andrew, and he immediately stepped into the private office.

Meanwhile Mr. McIlwain walked out to meet Jamie, extending his hand and exclaiming, "Why, Mr. Williamson, I am delighted to see ye. I was afraid ye would not be here."

"An' what for would I no be here, Mr. McIlwain? Do I not always come?"

"Yes, yes, but Andrew McAuley told me he had not heard from ye, and that perhaps ye would not be here."

"Weel, I'm here—an' now, first, let me pay my debt."

At this, Archie McIlwain was evidently embarrassed, and stepped into the private office. "Andrew," he exclaimed, "you have got me into a scrape. Jamie wants his note."

"Weel, look for it, and hold him off a while."

Presently Mr. McIlwain returned, saying, "I haven't found it yet, Jamie; but it

will turn up, I am sure. Never mind about the note now; it will keep."

"Aye, an' I'm the keeper. Gi' me me note, man! I deal not a farthing worth until I get me note."

Just then there was heard a voice in the private office, singing in tones loud but not melodious: "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be."

"That's Andrew McAuley now," shouted Jamie: "He's up to some trick, the rascal! Come out here and show yer sel'."

"The fact is, Mr. Williamson," said Archie, "Andrew McAuley seemed to doubt about your coming, and insisted so on buying your note that I let him have it."

"And ye traded awa' me note! Archie McIlwain, I'd not thought it o' ye. Come, Andrew, gi' me me note. I thought ye were up to some o' yer tricks."

"Come, come, old neighbor, don't fash yer sel'. Archie McIlwain is no to blame awa'," said Andrew. "Ye didna come as I expected ye would, and I told McIlwain I wad take up the note. If ye came, 'twould be a' right, and if ye didna, ye could pay me easier nor ye could him, bein' neighbors. Now I call that a neighborly act, McIlwain, don't you?"

"Certainly! Certainly! No harm done, friend Williamson. Your credit is not hurt one bit. I would have done the same thing by either one of ye."

The wrinkled face of Jamie Williamson began to get smooth as he said: "Weel, here's yer money, Andrew. A joke's a joke, but I dinna' like trokin' in me paper. So next time I fail to come on time, let me note be. I could not help my nag's goin' lame."

"I'm sorry about the horse, and if I'd only known ye were kept back by that, I'd waited and furnished you another horse," said Andrew.

"Weel, old Dobbin is better. He had a pebble in the frog of his right forefoot. I got a blacksmith to get it out, and he's all right now. Excuse me, friends, for being ill-tempered, but it's hard for a Scotchman to pay a note to any mon but the one to whom it is given."

"Weel, it's all right, my friends. We will now proceed with the day's business, and at three o'clock ye will both go home with me to dinner, said McIlwaine."

Maxton, N. C.

"That I May Know Him."

Where and how we can acquire this knowledge of Christ

BY REV. ANDREW BURROWS, D. D.

In the October CALEDONIAN, we pointed out to the readers the "valuableness and desirableness" of this knowledge, essential to the salvation of man's soul, while in this article we wish to direct some reader's mind, who may be ardently panting after it, to where he can obtain it. In the acquisition of secular knowledge, means are to be used, books are to be read and studied, diligence applied, perseverance exercised, and attention practised. And is it not the same in regard to the means of obtaining spiritual knowledge? God has provided and appointed the means by which all can come to a spiritual knowledge of Him, Whom to know is eternal life. We should remember that God wishes us to know His Son, Whom He sent into the world not to condemn, but to save it. And is it not for this purpose He makes Himself known not only in the way of natural religion, but also of revealed religion? He desires the present and the future happiness of mankind, and declares that their happiness consists in knowing Him, in enjoying fellowship with Him. Was not this the very end of our being, that we might find our happiness in Him? He might, had He pleased, have confined His creative energies to the production of the unfading glories of this material universe, and gazed unceasingly on worlds of sinless beauty moving in their heaven-appointed paths in perfect harmony, without one inharmonious note and discordant sound to disturb the music of the spheres; but apart from all this, He created a multitude of beings for His own glory and their happiness—to be eternally happy in knowing Him, in serving and loving Him.

God now makes Himself known to His creatures in various ways. Does He not speak to man's conscience in the mysterious workings of His providence in the outward world of matter, and the inward world of mind, but above and beyond all in the Gospel of His Son, Jesus Christ?

The principal place where we can obtain this knowledge, which the Apostle valued when he could say, "I count *all things* but loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. (*Philip. III: 8*). What a supreme value Paul placed on the knowledge of Christ! He could count *all things* but loss for its excellency: not any one thing, but "*all things*"; and in this respect he differed widely from many professing Christians of the present time. How many of them cannot count a particle of their character, or a portion of their time, or a portion of their substance loss for Christ?

The principal means of obtaining this knowledge of Jesus is "God's Holy Word." Our Lord has confirmed this, when He uttered these words: "Search the Scrip-

tures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me" (*John V: 39*). All this should lead us to see the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures to impart a knowledge of Jesus, and consequently the necessity of making them our daily and prayerful study, which reveals to us Christ in His divine and human natures. Is it not impossible for any man to know Christ, who neglects the reading and hearing of God's Word, which is able to make him wise unto salvation? For instance, what can we know regarding foreign lands, as to their salubrious climate and mild temperature, their early history and present progress, if we read not books containing the information respecting them? And what can we know about those renowned warriors past and present, if we read not those histories giving an account of their valorous deeds? And what can we know about those distinguished Reformers, as Calvin, and Knox, and Wicliffe, Whitfield, Wesley, and many others, who counted not their lives dear unto them, in order to preserve God's Word in its original purity and to transmit it to posterity; men who bade defiance to impious nobles and despotic monarchs, that strenuously opposed the glorious Reformation; if you read not, and study not the biographies of these men of whom the world was not worthy?

Is it not the same in regard to Jesus Christ? What can we know of Him—of His holy life, of His atoning death, of His wonderful work of redemption, if we read not diligently and prayerfully study the Book that tells of Jesus and His everlasting love to poor, perishing sinners? If then, like Paul, we desire to know Jesus, we must learn of Him from the Book, which we should open in the early morning, even before we open the morning paper, or our morning mail.

The Word of God is the primary means, but there are secondary means which should be used: such as the ordinances of His appointment, the Holy Sacraments, and in a special sense the preaching of His blessed gospel. We should take advantage of all these, and not live in the neglect of them, and then we shall be found from Sabbath to Sabbath growing in the grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ (*II Titus III: 10*).

We would humbly exhort any reader who knows Christ not to rest satisfied with his present attainments, but to follow on to know Him. This will strengthen your faith, brighten your hope, and cause you to pass onward and heavenward till you shall see Him as He is, and you shall know even as you are known.

Hamilton, Bermuda.

Holy Passion

I do most profoundly believe that the great and crying need in the world to-day is holy passion. I want you to mark both the adjective and the noun. Holy passion! I do not want the noun without the adjective, nor do I want the adjective without the noun. Passion without holiness is an unclean bonfire that only blackens and blinds, and we have more than enough of that. On the other hand, holiness without passion is an atmosphere which is cold and chilling, and which freezes all the genial currents of the soul. Holiness without passion is a fine fire-grate without any fire. It is just frosty propriety; it is richly regular, faultily faultless, and splendidly null." But when we combine the adjective and the noun, we have a mighty combination. Holy passion! Clean fire! Flame that burns the false and preserves the true! Incandescence that destroys the filth and refines the beautiful! Holy passion is just a deep, clean, healthy sensitiveness, which can express itself in noble indignation or in equally noble acclamation. It can speak in rapturous alleluias or in menacing indictment. It can utter itself in anger when tyranny is rampant, and in songs when tyranny is overthrown. Holy passion! That is our crying need to-day. And where are we to find that holy passion? Where but here:—"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." That appears to be exactly what we need. A holy spirit and fire! The holy passion we need is born in a devoted communion with the Lord Jesus Christ, and the measure of our devotion to the Lord will be in proportion to the degree and splendor of our own emancipation. What have we let the Lord Jesus Christ do for our lives? And what has He done which kindles our fervent devotion? Has He raised us from moral and spiritual death? Has He freed our powers and made them like slaves who have dropped their chains? Has He given us wings, and can we leave the lower plains and flee as a bird to the mountains? Do we know what Paul meant when he sang of the glorious liberty of the children of God? If we know these things there will be no fear about our devotion, for it is in these things that a great devotion is born. If we have been much forgiven we shall love much, and it will express itself in strong devotion. "We love Him because he first loved us."

DR. JOWETT.

Dare To Look Up

The sacrifice of the Cross has taught you the majesty of God's righteousness; it teaches you no less the glory of His mercy. What may you not look for, what may you not hope for, from a Father, Who has vouchsafed to you this transcendent manifestation of His loving-kindness? "He that spared not His own Son . . . how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Is any one here burdened with the consciousness of a shameful past? Does the memory of some

ugly sin dog your path, haunting and paralyzing you with its importunity? You feel sometimes as if your whole life were poisoned by that one cruel retrospect. Brother, behold, and dare to look up. I would not have you think your sin one whit less heinous. But if God's righteousness is infinite, so also is His mercy. The Cross is reared before your eyes in this moral wilderness, where you are dying, where all are dying around you. Dare to look up. The bite of the serpent's fang is healed; the venom coursing through your veins is quelled; and health returns to the poisoned soul. Yes, and by God's grace it may happen that through your very fall you will rise to a higher life; that the thanksgiving for the sin forgiven will consecrate you with a fuller consecration; and that the acute moral agony, through which you have passed, will endow you with a more helpful, more sympathetic, more loving spirit, than if you had never fallen. (*Lightfoot.*)

Thought

BY HUGH W. BARNES

(For The Caledonian)

"In the quick forge and working house of the thought,"

Where giant minds their miracles have wrought;

Where all the progress of the human race,
Was first conceived, then hammered into place;

Where equal rights of freemen was evolved,
And love of country—minus kings—was solved;

The only place where scientists know retreat
Or statesmen's measures ever pass complete.

This forge of statesmen and the world's inventors,

Is where our sum of knowledge truly centers;

Where delving habits prove beyond dispute,
That God made man superior to the brute.

An over-heated forge makes Bolsheviks,
Who, from their work-house, send out mental blisters

Which stir the mob, who Heaven's first law assails,

And, while the madness lasts, the brute prevails.

"In the quick forge and working house of thought,"

Oppression shrivels in its melting pot;

And only wise control of pot and heat,

The Bolshevik doctrine can defeat.

Only the experts can prevent corrosion,
Which culminates in uncurbed thought's explosion.

We need the forge controlled to save humanity,

From the crazed aftermath of war's insanity.

Somerville, Mass.

Annie Laurie

BY J. C. HADDEN

The majority of people regard the heroes and heroines (the latter especially) of popular songs as purely imaginary creations. They often are, but not always. "My Pretty Jane" was a girl far gone in consumption whom Edward Fitzball met in a country lane. "The Lass of Richmond Hill" became the wife of the man who sang her praises. "Sally In Our Alley" was a Cockney girl whom Henry Carey encountered on Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. And Annie Laurie was as truly flesh and blood as the writer of these lines and the readers who may now be looking over them.

Leaving the story of the world-famous song in abeyance for the moment, let us concentrate our attention on Annie Laurie herself. Some time very early in the seventeenth century, Stephen Laurie was a flourishing merchant in Dumfries. About the year 1620 he bought the estate of Maxwellton, beautifully situated on the banks of the valley of the Cairn, in Dumfriesshire. When he died he left the lands to his eldest son, John, who, in 1630, married a daughter of Sir Robert Grierson, of Lag.

The next head of the house, Robert, was created a baronet in 1695. He was active in support of the King and Claverhouse, and was made baronet "for his merits." Sir Robert was the father of "bonnie Annie Laurie." He was thrice married, and it was his second wife who was the mother of the song heroine. Here is what the family register tells about her advent: "At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Anna Laurie, was born upon the 16th day of December, 1683, about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George Hunter." This was the "little stranger" who grew up to be one of the most beautiful Dumfriesians of her day.

We hear nothing more of her until that ardent lover laid at her feet, so to speak, the poetical tribute which makes the basis of the popular song. He was a Douglas—William Douglas of Fingland, in Kirkcudbright. In old records he is celebrated as one of the best swordsmen of his time, and his son, Archibald, rose to the rank of Lieu-

tenant-Colonel in the Army. Annie Laurie's beauty had captivated poor Fingland, but, unfortunately, he was unsuccessful in his wooing. If she really gave him "her promise true," it seems more than a poetic injustice that he did not have her.



ANNIE LAURIE

At any rate, Annie Laurie married another—an Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch, Dumfriesshire. Of her married life we have no record whatever. But we know something of her husband. He was one of the country gentlemen who actively supported King William against the Stuarts. He also represented the Dumfries Burghs in Parliament from 1715 to 1722. The date of his marriage was 1717, when Annie Laurie was twenty-five. In Dunscore churchyard there is an old tombstone which reads: "Here lies entombed ane honest and verteous man. Alexander Fergusone." This, no doubt, refers to the husband of Annie Laurie, and we may reasonably assume that she lies beside him. Her death took place in 1764, and her "last will and testament" was exhibited some years ago in an antiquarian col-

lection at Dumfries. From these dates it is clear that Fingland's song must be about two hundred years old. He, it is consoling to know, did not break his heart over the lady's refusal. Instead, he made a run-away match with one Betty Clark, of Glenboig, in Galloway, who bore him four sons and two daughters. His poetic frenzy must have died out (or we have no lyric descriptive of the swan-like neck and dark blue eye for their equivalents of Betty Clark). Perhaps Betty could not compete in beauty

it may possess not from its antiquity, for there are many older houses even in this part of Scotland; not from any peculiarity of structure; not from any part it has played in history, but simply from its association with the name of Annie Laurie. And that lady owes her fame, not to an accident of birth, or to anything remarkable in her character or career, but simply to the song composed by the man she threw over, and more particularly to the air to which in later days that song has been sung."



MAXWELTON HOUSE,
THE EARLY HOME OF
ANNIE LAURIE

with her former rival; perhaps the braes of Glenboig were not so "bonnie" as the braes of Maxwellton.

That Annie Laurie was a beauty there is no doubt. Portraits of her are preserved at Maxwellton. She is described as "slender and graceful, with large blue eyes and brown hair, which was never powdered, in spite of the fashion of the times. Her face seems to be rather long, and her features followed the Grecian type." The portrait given here is from an oil-painting at Maxwellton, and is supposed to be the work of William Aikman. It almost shocks one to learn that this fascinating creature took snuff, but the shock is lessened if we remember that many fashionable ladies of that period primed their noses with the titillating powder. A living representative of Annie Laurie's family, the Rev. Sir Emilius Laurie, a retired Church of England clergyman, now occupies the old home at Maxwellton. A year or two back he was good enough to send me some notes that will interest readers. He says: "The home of Annie Laurie enjoys any notoriety

Sir Emilius goes on to say that no band ever comes within reach of Maxwellton House that does not strike up "Annie Laurie," either in arriving or departing, or both. "It is a kind of family air which is played whenever any member of the family is present; and even the street bands of London, when they play within sound of our house, are pretty sure to give it a place among the music-hall melodies of the day." Sir Emilius says he is "a little tired" of the tune, but it lives on, and shows as yet no symptoms of being consigned to the land of forgetfulness.

And now as to the history of the song itself. What Douglas of Fingland wrote was this—

Maxwelton banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true,
Made up the promise true,
And ne'er forget will I;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

She's backit like the peacock,
She's briestit like the swan,

She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel might span,
Her waist ye weel might span,
And she has a rolling eye;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

These verses were not printed until Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe took them down from the recitation of Miss Margaret Laurie, and included them in his *Ballad Book of Songs*, of 1824. Next year Allan Cunningham transcribed them, with trifling alterations for his *Songs of Scotland*. Still, nobody seems to have paid much attention to them.

It was not until the late Lady John Scott, who died at Spottiswoode in the spring of 1900, conceived a fancy for Douglas's verses and remodeled them, that "Annie Laurie" started on her career of world-famous popularity. It will be well to give the account of the matter in Lady John's own words. The following is from a letter dated from Spottiswoode in 1899, the year before her death, and addressed to a relation:

"My Dear Lizzie,—It is no trouble to me to tell you of my share in 'Annie Laurie.' I wrote the music originally to another old ballad. I was staying at Marchmont (when my sister, Lady H. Campbell, was alive) and one day in the library I took Allan Cunningham's poetry and I thought my tune would suit his ballad of 'Annie Laurie.' I did not like his second verse, which begins, 'She's backit like a peacock,' so I altered it to what it is at present. I added the third verse, 'Like dew on the gowan lying,' of my own composition, and then I sang it to poor Sir Hugh and my sister to hear if they thought it worth writing down. After the Crimean War I gave it to Lonsdale to publish for a bazaar for the widows and orphans of the soldiers who had been killed.—Yours sincerely, A. A. John Scott."

Lady John does not give the date of her recasting of the song, but it was in 1835. Three years later, the new version, with the now familiar tune, appeared for the first time in *The Vocal Melodies of Scotland*, edited by Finlay Dun and John Thompson, and published by the old Edinburgh firm of Paterson & Roy. But no name of author or composer was given, and it was not until 1854, when Lady John included "Annie Laurie" in a series of six songs published by her for the benefit of the wives and families of the soldiers ordered to the East that the name was publicly divulged. Old-time ladies had a fancy



ALEXANDER FERGUSON
Annie Laurie's Husband

for mysteries of this kind. We know how long Lady Nairne baffled all inquiry as to the authorship of "The Land o' the Leal" and other songs; and Lady Lindsay took such pains to conceal her authorship of "Auld Robin Gray" that a pecuniary reward was actually offered for proof of the writer's identity! Ladies are not so shrinkingly modest nowadays.

A word or two may be added about Lady John Scott herself. She was descended from two of the oldest families in the south of Scotland, and was born in June, 1810. In 1836 she married Lord John Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's only brother, and her first married home was that same Cowdenknowes which is celebrated in the old Scots song, "The Broom of the Cowdenknowes." Lord John died in 1860, and forty years of widowhood remained for Lady John. In her younger days she had a fine contralto voice, which had been trained by the famous Garcia, the teacher of Jenny Lind. She loved accompanying herself on the harp, which she said was the most delightful instrument to which to sing. The complete collection of her songs, as recently published, includes thirty numbers, and in the majority of cases she is both author and composer. None of the twenty-nine is ever likely to be so popular as "Annie Laurie," but "Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True" (words by Mrs. Craik, the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*), may yet come pretty near it.

A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

(Continued from October Caledonian)

"Oh, no," said Sheila. "You must work very hard; and I will see if you remember all that I taught you in the Lewis. And if we can have some long lines, we might get some fish."

By fair means of foul, Ingram managed to secure a pretty little sailing vessel which lay at anchor out near the West Pier; and when the pecuniary negotiations were over, Sheila was invited to walk down over the loose stones of the beach, and take command of the craft. The boatman was still very doubtful. When he had pulled them out to the boat, however, and put them on board, he speedily perceived that this handsome young lady not only knew everything that had to be done in the way of getting the small vessel ready, but had a very smart and business-like way of doing it. The man eventually put off for shore again, much relieved in mind, but not a little puzzled to understand where the young lady had picked up, not merely her knowledge of boats, but the ready way in which she put her delicate hands to hard work, and the prompt and effectual fashion in which she accomplished it.

"Shall I belay the jib, or reef the upper hatchways?" Ingram called out to Sheila, when they had fairly got under way.

She did not answer for a moment; she was still watching, with a critical eye, the manner in which the boat answered to her wishes; and then, everything promised well, and she was quite satisfied, she said,—

"If you will take my place for a moment, and keep a good lookout, I will put on my gloves."

She surrendered the tiller and the mainsheet into his care; and with another glance ahead, pulled out her gloves.

"You did not use to fear the salt water or the sun on your hands, Sheila," said her companion.

"I do not now," she said; "but Frank would be displeased to see my hands brown. He has himself such pretty hands."

And so they ran lightly through the curling and dashing water on this brilliant day, caring little indeed for the great town that lay away to leeward, with its shining terraces surmounted by a faint cloud of smoke. Here all the roar of carriages and people was unheard; the only sound that accompanied their talk was the splashing of the waves at the prow and the hissing and gurgling of the water along the boat.

"Well, Sheila, how do you like to be on the sea again?" said Ingram, getting out his pipe.

"Oh, very well. But you must not smoke, Mr. Ingram; you must attend to the boat."

"Don't you feel at home in her yet?" he asked.

"I am not afraid of her," said Sheila, regarding the lines of the small craft with the eye of a shipbuilder, "but she is very narrow in the beam, and she carries too much sail for so small a thing. I suppose they have not any squalls on this coast, where you have no hills, and no Narrows to go through."

"It doesn't remind you of Lewis, does it?" he said, filling his pipe all the same.

"A little—out there it does," she said, turning to the broad plain of the sea; "but it is not much that is in this country that is like the Lewis. Sometimes I think I shall be a stranger when I go back to the Lewis, and the people will scarcely know me, and everything will be changed."

He looked at her for a second or two. Then he laid down his pipe, which had not been lit, and said to her, gravely,—

"I want you to tell me, Sheila, why you have got into a habit lately of talking about many things, and especially about your home in the north, in that sad way. You did not do that when you came to London first. You had no homesickness for a long time—but is it home-sickness, Sheila?"

"Perhaps it is home-sickness," she said, in a low voice, while she pretended to be busy tightening up the mainsail sheet. "I should like to see Borva again."

"But you don't want to live there all your life?" he said. "You know that would be unreasonable, Sheila, even if your husband could manage it, and I don't suppose he can. Surely your papa does not expect you to go and live in Lewis always?"

"Oh no," she said, eagerly. "You must not think my papa wishes anything like that. It will be much less than that he was thinking of when he used to speak to Mr. Lavender about it."

"Come, Sheila," he said, in the quiet, paternal way to which she had been accustomed to yield up all her own wishes in the old days of their friendship, "I want you to be frank with me, and tell me what is the matter. I know there is something wrong; I have seen it for some time back. Now you know I took the responsibility of your marriage on my shoulders; and I am responsible to you, and to your papa and to myself, for your comfort and happiness. Do you understand?"

She still hesitated—grateful in her inmost heart; but still doubtful as to what she should do.

"You look on me as an intermeddler," he said, with a smile.

"No, no!" she said. "You have always been my good friend."

"But I have intermeddled none the less—don't you remember when I told you I was prepared to accept the consequences? And once having begun to intermeddle, I can't stop, don't you see? Now, Sheila, you'll be a good little girl, and do what I tell you. You'll take the boat a long way out, we'll put her head round, take down the sails, and let her tumble about and drift for a time, till you tell me all about your troubles, and then we'll see what can be done."

She obeyed in silence, with her face grown grave enough in anticipation of the coming disclosures. She knew that the first plunge into them would be keenly painful to her; but there was a feeling at her heart that, this penance over, a great relief would be at hand. She trusted this man as she would have trusted her own father. She knew that there was nothing on earth he would not attempt, if he fancied it would help her. And she knew, too, that having experienced so much of his great unselfishness and kindness and thoughtfulness, she was ready to obey him implicitly, in anything that he could assure her was right for her to do.

Ingram took his seat by Sheila's side, so that he should not have to look in her downcast face; and then, with some little preliminary nervousness and hesitation, the girl told her story. He let her talk in her own simple and artless way; and the girl spoke to him, after a little while, with an earnestness which showed how deeply she felt her position. At the very outset she told him that her love for her husband had never altered for a moment—that all the prayer and desire of her heart was that they two might be to each other as she had at one time hoped they would be, when he got to know her better. She spoke of the people to whom he devoted his life; of the way in which he passed his time; and of the impossibility of her showing him, so long as he thus remained apart from her, the love she had in her heart for him, and the longing for sympathy which that love involved. And then she came to the question of Mrs. Lorraine; and here it seemed to Ingram she was trying at once to put her husband's conduct in the most favorable light, and to blame herself for her unreasonableness. Mrs. Lorraine was a pleasant companion to him; she could talk cleverly and brightly; she was pretty, and she knew a large number of his acquaintances. Sheila was anxious to show that it was the most natural thing in the world that her husband, finding her so out of communion with his ordinary surroundings, should make an especial friend of this graceful and fascinating woman. And if, at times, it hurt her to be left alone—but here the girl broke down somewhat, and Ingram pretended not to know that she was sobbing.

These were strange things to be told to a man; and they were difficult to answer. He knew the hidden force of character that underlay all her submissive gentleness. He knew the keen sense of pride her Highland birth had given her; and he feared what

might happen if this sensitive and proud heart of hers were driven into rebellion by some—possibly unintentional—wrong. Ingram had never seen Mrs. Lorraine; but he had formed his own opinion of her. The opinion, based upon nothing, was wholly wrong; but it served to increase, if that were possible, his sympathy with Sheila, and his resolve to interfere on her behalf at whatever cost.

"Sheila," he said, gravely, putting his hand on her shoulder, "you are a good woman."

He added to himself that Lavender knew little of the value of the wife he had got; but he dared not say that to Sheila who would suffer no imputation against her husband to be uttered in her presence, however true it might be, or however much she had cause to know, is to be true.

"And after all," he said, in a lighter voice, "I think I can do something to mend all this. I will say for Frank Lavender that he is a thoroughly good fellow at heart; and that when you appeal to him, and put things fairly before him, and show him what he ought to do, there is not a more honorable and straightforward man in the world. He is not selfish, Sheila, but he is thoughtless. He has been led away by these people, you know, and has not been aware of what you were suffering. When I put the matter before him, you will see it will be all right; and I hope to persuade him to give up this constant idling, and take to his work, and have something to live for. I wish you and I together could get him to go away from London altogether—get him to take to serious landscape painting on some wild coast—the Galway coast for example."

"Why not the Lewis?" said Sheila.

"Or to the Lewis. And I should like you and him to live away from hotels, and luxuries, and all such things; and he would work all day, and you would do the cooking, in some small cottage you could rent, you know—"

"You make me so happy in thinking of that," she said, with her eyes growing wet again.

"And why should he not do so? There is nothing romantic or idyllic about it; but a good, wholesome, plain sort of life, that is likely to make an honest painter of him, and bring both of you well-earned money. And you might have a boat like this—"

"We are drifting too far in," said Sheila, suddenly rising. "Shall we go back now?"

"By all means," he said; and so the small boat was put under canvas again, and was soon making way through the lapping waves.

"Well, all this seems simple enough, doesn't it?" said Ingram.

"Yes," said the girl, with her face full of hope.

"And then of course, when you are quite comfortable together, and making heaps of money, you can turn round and abuse me, and say I made all the mischief to begin with. I wonder what you will say when you

(Continued on page 333)



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Mrs. Magna at Clan Graham Concert



MRS. EDITH SCOTT MAGNA

Clan Graham and Lady Hamilton Graham Lodge, New York, held their 22nd annual concert on Friday evening, October 17th, in the Amsterdam Opera House. A large and enthusiastic audience filled the auditorium from many societies in the city and out of town. The program was excellent; the artists were Theodore Martin, tenor; Florence Mulholland, contralto and Mrs. Edith Scott

Magna, soprano, singers, with Miss Foster accompanist, the Elder troupe of dancers, Piper Murdoch Mackenzie and Nell Paterson, humorist. All did remarkably well.

The great feature of the evening was the debut on the concert stage of Mrs. Edith Scott Magna, the talented daughter of Colonel Walter Scott. She is a graduate of Smith College, and is president of the Massachusetts

Smith Alumnae Association. She was a pupil of Professor Hammond, and has recently studied voice culture under Theodore Martin, at whose advice she consented to take up concert work. She does this for the pleasure she derives from it, and will devote the proceeds to educational and charitable work. Her first song was, "Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town," which was enthusiastically received. She gave as her first encore, "The Last Rose of Summer," and for the second, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," into which she introduced a few surprising and delightful changes. In the second part of the program she sang, "Scottish Blue Bells," with great sweetness and fine expression. She was called back three times, and as her final encore sang, "Annie Laurie," which was the climax of the evening.

"Maxwellton braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true.
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee."

Mrs. Magna also sang a charming duet, "The Hameness," with Mr. Theodore Martin.

Mrs. Magna's voice is sweet, rich and clear, and every word is rendered with charming distinctness. Her manner on the stage is most pleasing and natural. The appreciation of the audience was expressed by a profuse floral offering; more than twenty large bouquets were brought to the platform by the kilties and Boy Scouts. Mr. Scott received many congratulations on behalf of his daughter.

Mrs. Magna is already booked for a number of concerts, among them the New York Scottish Festival at the 71st Regiment Armory on Thanksgiving eve, where thousands are expected to be present; Clan Mac Donald, Brooklyn; Detroit, Boston, Springfield and Holyoke.

Theodore Martin was in fine voice, and as usual captivated the audience. His "MacGregor's Gathering" was an unusually fine treat. Miss Mulholland is a great favorite with New York Scottish audiences, and received a hearty reception.

The grand march which included more than 300 couples, was led by Chief Reid and Chief Daughter Mrs. MacKinnon.

We congratulate Chief Edward Reid and Clan Graham, and the Lady Hamilton Graham Lodge on their exceptional entertainment, and especially the members of the joint committee in charge of arrangements.

New York Caledonian Club

Large attendance has been the rule at recent meetings of the New York Caledonian Club, and the meeting held Tuesday evening, October 7th, was no exception. Chief Alexander Caldwell presided. James McGilvary, Walter Scott, James Girvan, James H. Elder and John Brawley were elected members. Six more names were submitted for membership. New committees elected were, Excursion, Burns Celebration, By Laws and Entertainment. The final report on the 63rd annual games held on Labor Day at Washington Park, was received with great satisfaction, the financial return being the largest in years.

Ladies of the New York Caledonians

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies of the New York Caledonians, was held Monday evening, October 13, Mrs. John Stark, presiding. The business part of the evening was devoted to arranging for the reception to be held in the club hall on Election Eve in honor of the club members and members' sons who served in the European war. The first of the bowling contests for the fall and winter season was rolled on the club alleys and was won by a visitor, Miss Nellie Dugan with Mrs. Alexander McIntosh second. Miss Jean Don, who for two years was a hard working secretary, resigned her office as she was leaving the city. Miss Vera Lusher was elected to fill the vacancy.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Rhode Island Letter

The planting of three Scottish firs in Slater Park to commemorate the three members of Clan Fraser of Pawtucket who made the supreme sacrifice was an impressive feature of the Welcome Home Celebration to do honor to the sixty-nine members of the Clan who had seen service on land or sea during the war. A parade of the Clan in regalia and its heroes in uniform, accompanied by the Daughters of the Heather and headed by the Fore River Highland Pipe Band, marched through the city to the park. On reaching the park entrance, the music changed to a slow funeral march, and to the strains of *Lord Lovat's Lament* the company assembled at the spot selected for the memorial, a triangular plot in a prominent place in front of the Rest House presented to the city by Clansman James Potter. Here, a platform had been erected and decorated with flowers. The soldiers and Clansmen stood at "attention" on two sides of the triangle, while the third provided seating accommodation for the Daughters of the Heather and lady friends. The service began with the invocation by Rev. W. B. Barr, of Central Falls Presbyterian Church, after which Past Chiefs James W. Holburn, Archibald G. Adam and Andrew Forrester each planted a tree with a special spade on which was engraved the names of the deceased Clansmen. The large audience remaining uncovered while the pipe-

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major played *The Land O' The Leal* and a quartette sang *Lead Kindly Light*. The dedicatory address was by the Rev. Joseph L. Peacock, of Westerly. The Rev. John Thompson also addressed the audience, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Thomas J. Stewart. Each tree will bear a memorial tablet containing the name of one of the three deceased: George M. Ross, Robert Johnston and James Sargent.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY

After the solemn function of the afternoon, the tone of the Welcome Home changed to that of rejoicing over the safe return of sixty-six of the sixty-nine members of the Clan who had donned the uniform. Each of the boys, accompanied by wife, sweetheart or mother, was invited to a banquet in Hutcheson Hall, where a typical Scottish dinner was served, including the customary Haggis. It was one of the finest functions in the history of the Clan. Chief John Richardson presided. The toast, "The Service Clansmen Returned," was proposed by William Meiklejohn, who paid a high tribute to the bravery, self sacrifice and patriotism of the men in the service. A special feature was the presentation by Chief Richardson to each of the men of a neatly designed mahogany clock with his name and Clan engraved thereon, as a memorial souvenir. Past Tanist John Burt responded on behalf of the men and thanked the donors for their kindness. "The Mothers of the Laddies Who Fought and Won," was proposed by Rev. Thomas J. Stewart and responded to by Mrs. J. W. Little; "The Ladies," by Robert Johnston, was responded to by the president of The Daughters of the Heather, Mrs. Dixon; "Bonnie Scotland," proposed by Thomas H. Walker, and "The Donors," by William Meiklejohn, completed the speaking program. The committee of arrangements certainly deserved the hearty endorsement of all participating for having provided a "Perfect day and night."

28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

JOHN BALDWIN,
Representative.

Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES' AUXILIARY OF CALEDONIAN CLUB

At our monthly meeting, October 9, we had a large turnout of members; and now that the holidays are over and bleak nights are drawing near, we hope to have a good attendance all winter, as we are looking forward to pleasant times.

So far we have accepted two invitations from the Caledonian Club, one to installation of officers and one to banquet in honor of the boys that came home—so ladies come out and participate.

We had pleasure in welcoming four new members to our midst in the last two months.

Congratulations to our treasurer who has just been elected Grand Treasurer to the D. O. S.

E. ARKMAN,
Correspondent.

Boston Notes

Colonel Percy A. Guthrie, former commanding officer of the MacLean Highlanders, has moved from New Brunswick, Canada to Boston, Mass. He has declared his intentions of becoming a citizen of the United States by signing his first papers. Colonel Guthrie is an attorney-at-law by profession.

Clan MacKinlay, O. S. C., of Dorchester, Mass., held a banner meeting on Thursday, October 16th, when Colonel Percy A. Guthrie of the MacLean Kilties was initiated into membership.

The moot hall was crowded beyond its capacity and representatives were present from all the various clans in Boston and vicinity, as well as from Haverhill, Andover, Beverley and other neighboring towns. The Grand Clan was represented by Royal Tanist Colonel Walter Scott, of New York; Secretary Thomas R. P. Gibb and Physician Dr. Johnston. There were nine new members initiated in addition to Colonel Guthrie. Many members of Clan MacKinlay were recruited into the MacLean Kilties and several paid the supreme sacrifice.

SCOTS' CHARITABLE SOCIETY

The quarterly meeting of this venerable society was held at Gilbert Hall, Tremont Temple, on Thursday, October 23, President Sutherland presiding. Eight new members were elected.

Since the last quarterly meeting three active members—James Henderson, Alexander Montgomery, Frederick J. Stewart, and honorary member, Andrew Carnegie, have passed away. Appropriate notice was taken of their demise, especially in the case of James Henderson, who took such great interest in the society during his life time.

A nominating committee of seven members—Messrs. Stuart Miller, James Pottinger, Lawson Reid, Earle May, Dalgleish, Fletcher and Brackett—was elected to name candidates for officers for the ensuing year.

The society will celebrate St. Andrew's Day by holding a banquet at the City Club, Somerset street, on Monday, December 1st. The celebration this year will be in the nature of a reception to the members and members' sons who were in the service, numbering over seventy, who will be the guests of the society.

The St. Andrew's Day committee reported all arrangements perfected, interesting speakers, among whom will be Colonel Guthrie and the Rev. William Van Allen, and excellent talent obtained, giving promise of a most enjoyable evening.

The officers of the Woman's Auxiliary Board called on the meeting to announce that they would hold a Scottish Charity Ball on Friday evening, November 14, at Paul Revere Hall, Huntington avenue, requesting the co-operation of the society which was heartily given, and many tickets were disposed of there and then. A grand concert will precede the dancing, the artists who will take part being the Boston Scottish Quartette, Margaret Alexander Daniels, soprano;

Jeanne Hunter Tanner, contralto; John E. Daniels, tenor, and James Singer, baritone; Highland and toe dancing by pupils of Nellie Ferguson. The ceremony of demobilization of Service Flag will be under the direction of a nurse decorated for services in the war.

W. LAWSON REID,
Representative.
71 Simpson Avenue,
West Somerville, Mass.

THE CALEDONIAN is fortunate in having secured Mr. W. Lawson Reid as its representative in Boston and vicinity. Mr. Reid is a man of high culture, a graduate of a Scottish University, and deeply interested in Scottish and other British affairs. Any notices sent him will be appreciated, and will be included in his monthly letter to THE CALEDONIAN; also subscriptions and advertising.—Ed.

Farewell to Henderson

BY HUGH W. BARNES
(For The Caledonian)

To Florida he bade farewell
Then turned his foot-steps East;
Buoyed up with hope from ills of life,
He was at last released.
The Sunny South he praised in song:
The Mecca of the sick,
Where miracles of healing greet
The invalid anemic.
Poor Jim! Your debt to Florida
No judge would deem it valid.
The Reaper grim was on thy trail,
Altho' for weeks he dallied.
He knew that this "new lease of life"
Had but short time to run,
Just time to bid thy friends farewell;
Then the long lease begun
Of that Great House not built by hands,
Eternal in the skies,
Where earthly singers join in song:
The choir that never dies.
In hall or home your voice was raised,
Always for harmony.
And, in the hearts of those you loved,
You left "sweet memory."
A Scot in every breath you drew;
Loyal to kith and clan;
But big enough to grasp the hand
Of any ace-high man.
Farewell!! Thou buddy of my choice,
My kindred spirit; chum!
Thou Death has robbed me of your face,
Your voice will ne'er be dumb,
But ring forever in my ears,
This consolation bringing
That Jim is now where he fits best,
And that is—where he's singing.

Somerville, Mass.

Rev. Dr. John Kelman, pastor-elect of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, has arrived. He will preach on November 9th. Dr. Kelman has been for the last twelve years pastor of St. George's, Edinburgh. He comes to New York as successor to Rev. Dr. Henry Jowett.

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Cardinal Mercier, the hero of Belgium, was a guest in Toronto during the third week of October and received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Toronto University.

Lady Gordon Lodge, D. O. S. Philadelphia

Although an account of our activities has not appeared in print for some time, Lady Gordon Lodge has not, by any means, been idle, and the lodge room in the Lighthouse has been the scene of a number of very pleasant evenings. Each month we have had something special. In June it was an invitation to visit Clan Gordon, No. 190, who had arranged a social evening for Lady Gordons exclusively. In July, we held our annual picnic at Blackwood, N. J., in conjunction with the Clan Gordon. In August we had our deputy's official visit, called "official" merely as a matter of form, as we have had the pleasure of her company quite a few times during her term of office. September was the convention month, and as our "Birthday" is September 16th, at which time most of our officers and a fair number of members would be at the convention, we postponed our anniversary celebration until September 30. Our party was graced by several distinguished visitors, among whom were Grand Treasurer Anna Leslie, our Deputy Sister Dalzell, Past Chief Daughter Sister Mitchell, of Newport News, Va., Past Chief Daughter Sister Smith, of Manchester, New Hampshire, as well as several Past Chief Daughters of our own and sister lodges. A goodly number of Clan members and visitors also helped us to celebrate. The social committee, as is their usual custom, served very tasty refreshments, followed by a dance. Thus readers will see that our lodge is still very active and a steadily increasing membership gives satisfactory evidence that the good work is still going on.

MILLIE M. CARVER.
General Correspondent.

Amsterdam, Ohio

A new clan in the Order of Scottish Clans, Clan Scott, was instituted here Saturday night, October 18th. Royal Deputy Hugh W. Best, who represents THE CALEDONIAN in Youngstown and vicinity, was active in its organization. Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, sent a telegram wishing the new clan success and through Mr. Best presented a large Scottish flag and the "Stars and Stripes."

Clan Bruce

Clan Bruce, New Rochelle, N. Y., gave a Welcome Home to the boys who had returned from service, Saturday evening, October 25th. The Scottish pipers of New York and vicinity clans, led by Major Piper James Hoey, composed of the New York, New Rochelle and Yonkers pipers of twenty men, paraded through the city. A supper was served to the boys. Colonel Walter Scott gave the Welcome Home address.

The official population of Japan (exclusive of Korea and Formosa) was 57,784,935 at the close of 1918.

"Bull of Sale" Transferring Ireland to England in 1156

The Irish, while engaged in so much agitation concerning Ireland, conceal the fact that two popes bargained, sold, and conveyed Ireland with its adjacent islands to the British Crown. All right, title, and estate of the British government in, and to, Ireland and its people, originated in that sordid papal treachery.

The papacy, when at the zenith of its power and grasping for universal political sway, reduced the land to the position of a papal fief, whose rulers did homage to the pope as his vassals. Having thus acquired title to the island, Pope Adrian IV. (the only English pope), in 1156, made a bargain with King Henry II. of England, whereby the pope sold and delivered Ireland to the British monarch in consideration of Peter's pence, which the king promised to levy and collect from every family in both Britain and Ireland for the papal coffers.

Agitators keep insisting that the public should study the glorious history of Ireland. The Bull wherein the pope delivered the island to a British king for money might well form the opening chapter in such a course of study. Following is a complete English translation from the original Latin of this remarkable Bull, which Roman prelates in recent years have sought with great diligence to suppress:—

"Bull, 'Laudabiliter' et Fructose. Adrian bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his dearest son in Christ, the illustrious King of English, greeting, and apostolical benediction:

"Laudably and profitably hath your magnificence conceived the design of propagating your glorious renown on earth and completing the reward of your eternal happiness in Heaven; while as a (R.) Catholic prince, you are intent on enlarging the borders of the Church, teaching the truth of the Christian faith to the ignorant and rude, extirpating the roots of vice from the field of the Lord, and for the more convenient execution of this purpose, requiring the counsel and favor of the Apostolic See, in which the maturer your deliberation and greater the discretion of your procedure, by so much the happier we trust will be your progress, with the assistance of the Lord, as all things are used to come to a prosperous end and issue, which take their beginning from the ardor of faith and the love of religion.

"There is, indeed, no doubt but that Ireland, and all the islands on which Christ, the son of righteousness, hath shone, and which have received the doctrine of the Christian faith, do belong to the jurisdiction of St. Peter and the Holy Roman church as your excellency also doth acknowledge; and, therefore, we are the more solicitous to propagate the righteous plantation of faith in this land, and the branch acceptable to God, as we have the secret conviction of a conscience, that this is more especially our bounden duty. You then, my dear son in Christ,

have signified to us your desire to enter into the island of Ireland, in order to reduce the people to obedience under the laws, and to extirpate the plants of vice; and that you are willing to pay from each house a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter, and that you will preserve the rights of the churches of the land whole and inviolable. We, therefore, with that grace and acceptance suited to your pious and laudable design, and favorable assenting to your petition, do hold it good and acceptable, that, for extending the borders of the church, restraining the progress of vice, for the correction of manners, the planting of virtue, and the increase of religion, you enter this island, and execute therein whatever shall pertain to the honor of God and the welfare of the land: and that the people of this land receive you honorably, and reverence you as their lord: the rights of their churches still remaining sacred and inviolate, and saving to St. Peter the annual pension of one penny from each house.

"If, then, you be resolved to carry the design you have conceived into effectual execution, study to form this nation to virtue and manners, and labor by yourselves and others you shall judge meet for this work, in faith, word and life, that the Church may be there adorned; that the religion of the Christian faith may be planted and grow up, and that all things pertaining to the honor of God; and salvation of souls, be so ordered that you may be entitled to the fulness of heavenly reward from God, and obtain a glorious renown on earth through all ages.

"Given at Rome, in the year of salvation, 1156."—*Bullarium Magnum Romanum*, Tomus II, p. 627.

King Henry was so occupied with other affairs that he did not take possession of the island till an Irish ruler fled to England to escape the wrath of a husband whose wife he had taken, and treacherously assisted Henry in the subjugation of Ireland pursuant to the papal Bull. Meantime Pope Alexander III. had become pope, and Henry prudently bought from him a confirmation and renewal of his right and title to Ireland, which Alexander granted in the following Bull:—

"Bull of Alexander III. Alexander, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his most dear son in Christ, the illustrious King of England, health and apostolical benediction:

"For as much as these things, which have been on good reasons granted by our predecessors, deserve to be confirmed in the fullest manner, and considering the grant of the dominion of the realm of Ireland by the Venerable Pope Adrian, we, pursuing his footsteps, do ratify and confirm the same (reserving to St. Peter and to the Holy Roman church, as well in England as in Ireland, the yearly pension of one penny from every house), provided that the abominations of the land being removed, that barbarous people, Christians only in name, may, by your means, be reformed, and their lives and conversation mended, so that their disordered church being thus reduced to regular discipline, that nation may, with the name of Christians, be so in act and deed.

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cipline, that nation may, with the name of Christians, be so in act and deed.

"Given at Rome, in the year of salvation, 172."—*History of Ireland*, by Silvester O'Halloran, Vol. 2, p. 362.

Roman prelates and their apologists diligently seek to conceal all such documents as the foregoing Bulls. Not content with the burning of Protestant books and authors, the papal hierarchy spares no pains to hide its own incriminating literature. In pursuit of this policy, the immense literature of papal history and canon law is sedulously locked from the public in the secret archives of the Vatican and the difficult Latin of the Middle Ages. Such is the Roman honesty that the darkest chapters in the long record of papal venality and crime are expunged from school books, historical and other literature accessible to the public.

The fact remains, Rome sold Ireland for money and wants it back by subterfuge.—P. A. Magazine (London).

Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour

A well merited honor, and one which will give world-wide satisfaction, was the unopposed election, October 11, of the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as Chancellor of Cambridge University, to succeed Lord Rayleigh, who died last July. Mr. Balfour is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. The *Christian Science Monitor*, speaking of his honored and varied career, calls attention to the fact that, "For forty-five years he has sat in the House of Commons, and held in turn the greatest offices in the State. He has been Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary for Ireland. Of his ability as a speaker, an administrator, or a diplomatist, there is nothing to be added to what men have long known. But when the cry of 'Who goes home?' has been heard in the lobbies at Westminster, and the great doors have swung upon their hinges, and the lights in the roof have been lowered, there opens a new world to Mr. Balfour. He is a great lover of music, he is a brilliant natural scientist, he is a scholar of cyclopædic reading, he is what, perhaps, endears him most of all to Cambridge, an educationist of authority. Very early in his public career Mr. Balfour became vice president of the Committee of the Council on Education for Scotland, and from that moment his interest in the subject has never flagged. Home Rule and Free Trade, the House of Lords and the Great War, may have demanded his principal consideration, but education has occupied a relatively high place in his thought in spite of them all.

Mr. Balfour's interests are world-wide; and it is this fact, more than any other thing, which gives him his peculiar charm. Somehow or another this charm communicates itself through the columns even of the press, though to be properly experienced it is, obviously, necessary to meet him. It is a charm which is not commonly attributed to Scotsmen, but which is, nevertheless, possessed by Scotsmen in a very high degree; and it is just here where the universal thinker comes into his own."

It is now definitely known that the German revolution had its immediate beginning in the refusal of the 80,000 or more men of the German High Seas Fleet to obey the order of their Pan-German officers to make a sortie against the British Grand Fleet before the armistice was signed. Three times they were ordered out, and refused, before the final mutiny. In the words of the Berlin *Vorwaerts*, "this last devilish crime against the German people sealed the doom of the Pan-Germans. The certain death of these men did not concern these maniacs in whose reckonings human blood never themselves to be butchered rather than undergo the shame of defeat."

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Sir Edward Carson and Ulster

Sir Edward Carson, speaking before a large assembly of Ulster men in Belfast, recently said that, if there was any attempt made to take away one jot or tittle of the rights of Ulster Unionists as British citizens, he would call out the Ulster Volunteers. He would call upon those men to preserve alive the memory and sacrifices of those who, at their country's call, went out and gave their services to their King. Dominion government under present circumstances in Ireland, he said, was an Irish Republic camouflaged by another name. He told all whom it concerned that they would have nothing to do with Dominion Home Rule or any other Home Rule. No flag would fly over the people of Ulster but the Union Jack. As to their leader, he would keep his covenant to the day of his death.

"I will move," he declared, "that we repeal the Home Rule Act if nobody else does, and I will have behind me every loyal man and every loyal woman in Ulster."

When Sir E. Carson declared that at all consequences he would call out the Ulster Volunteers, there were cries of "We are ready" and "We will go."

Sir Gilbert Parker and the Haggis

Sir Gilbert Parker was lecturing in Scotland many years ago, and the following true story illustrates the ready wit of this charming and versatile man.

In one of the largest cities in Scotland a local club invited him to a supper, given in his honor at the conclusion of his lecture.

Sir Gilbert accepted, and a supper was prepared worthy of so distinguished a guest, and an excellent supper it was, including as a special course a large Haggis which was carried into the dining room with Highland honors.

Up to the arrival of the Haggis, Sir Gilbert's liquid refreshment had consisted of champagne, and the chairman saw to it that the winesteward paid special attention to the guest's glass.

After helping himself liberally to Haggis, in imitation of the chairman, Sir Gilbert noticed that a liqueur glass was placed before each of the party filled to the brim with old Scotch whiskey.

The combination was a startling one for a stranger, but he followed the chairman's lead, ate his haggis and drank his raw whiskey, and except for a slight convulsive shudder or two, gave no sign of his inward feelings, for every eye was upon him.

Shortly after this ceremony he began his speech, and his opening remarks consisted of a series of statements with regard to himself and his achievements and the places he had seen, until his hearers began to fidget in their seats and raise their eyebrows, in obvious criticism of his boastfulness.

Keeping them in this state of mind for a moment or two, Sir Gilbert's eyes began to twinkle and he said, "But to-night I have had an experience that will live in my memory

as long as I live; I have eaten Scotch Haggis at a Scotch board and I have kept it down."

The shout of laughter that greeted this sally proved that Scotchmen have a much greater sense of humor than they are credited with, even when, as in this case, the joke is on themselves. H. N. G.

The Glories of October

BY JOHN MCMASTER
(For The Caledonian)

Give me autumn and October,
With its crisp and mellow air;
When the rustle of the corn-stalks
Drives away our summer's care.
When the woods are red and ruddy,
And the skies a golden hue
At eventide are glowing
With enchantments ever new.

For our bins are filled with plenty,
And our hearts are free and light;
And we sing away our sorrows,
With a satisfied delight;
For in October's gloamin'
We open heaven's gates,
While the golden sunset shimmers
We think of what awaits.

So give me clear October,
When the sun is sinking low;
For then we near the glory
In the rich and golden glow;
We almost hear the singing
Within the golden gates,
Almost hear the joy-bells ringing,
From the glory that awaits.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Princess of Thule

(Continued from page 325)

are scolding me, Sheila, and bidding me get out of the house. I have never heard you scold. Is it Gaelic or English you prefer?"

"I prefer whichever can say the nicest things to my very good friends, and tell them how grateful I am for their kindness to me."

"Ah, well, we'll see."

When they got back to the shore it was half past one.

"You will come and have some luncheon with us," said Sheila, when they had gone up the steps and into the King's Road.

"Will that lady be there?"

Mrs. Lorraine? Yes."

"Then I'll come some other time."

He walked along to the hotel with her, meeting a considerable stream of fashionably dressed folks on the way; and neither he nor she seemed to remember that his costume was much more comfortable than elegant. He said to her, as he left her at the hotel,—

"Would you mind telling Lavender I shall drop in at half past three, and that I expect to see him in the coffee-room? I sha'n't keep him five minutes."

She looked at him for a moment; and he saw that she knew what his appointment

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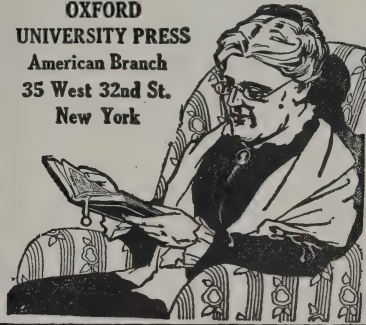
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meant, for her eyes were full of gladness and gratitude. He went away pleased at heart that she put so much trust in him. And in this case, he should be able to reward that confidence; for Lavender was really a good sort of fellow, and would at once be sorry for the wrong he had unintentionally done, and be only too anxious to set it right.

Ingram called at half past three, and went into the coffee-room. There was no one in the long, large room; and he sat down at one of the small table by the windows, from which a bit of lawn, the King's Road, and the sea beyond, were visible. He had scarcely taken his seat when Lavender came in.

"Hallo, Ingram, how are you?" he said, in his freest and friendliest way. "Won't you come up-stairs? Have you had lunch? Why did you go to the Old Ship?"

"I always go to the Old Ship," he said. "No, thank you, I won't go up-stairs."

"You are a most unsociable sort of brute!"

"You are a most unsociable sort of brute!" said Lavender, frankly. "I shall paint a portrait of you some day, in the character of Diogenes, or Apemantus, or some one like that. I should like to do a portrait of you for Sheila—how pleased she would be! Will you take a glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you."

"Will you have a game of billiards?"

"No, thank you. You don't mean to say you would play billiards on such a day as this?"

"It is a fine day, isn't it?" said Lavender, turning to look at the sunlit road and the blue sea. "By the way, Sheila tells me you and she were out sailing this morning. It must have been very pleasant—especially for her, for she is mad about such things. What a curious girl she is, to be sure—Don't you think so?"

"I don't know what you mean by curious," said Ingram, coldly.

"Well, you know, strange—odd—unlike other people in her ways and her fancies. Did I tell you about my aunt taking her to see some friends of hers at Norwood? No? Well, Sheila had got out of the house somehow (I suppose their talking did not interest her), and when they went in search of her, they found her in the cemetery, crying like a child."

"What about?"

"Why," said Lavender, with a smile, "merely because so many people had died. She had never seen anything like that before—you know the small churchyards up in Lewis, with their inscriptions in Norwegian, and Danish, and German. I suppose the first sight of all the white stones at Norwood was too much for her."

"Well, I don't see much of a joke in that," said Ingram.

"Who said there was any joke in it?" cried Lavender, impatiently. "I never knew such a cantankerous fellow as you are. You are always fancying I am finding fault with Sheila. And I never do anything of the kind. She is a very good girl indeed. I have every

James Hardie

James Hardie, head of the financial department of John Robertson & Company, hydraulic pump manufacturers in Brooklyn, and a former Justice of the Peace of the Town of Flatbush, died from Bright's disease October 23, at his home, 154 Eighth avenue, Brooklyn. Mr. Hardie was in early life in the wholesale drug business in New York. He was a charter member of the Manufacturers' Association of Brooklyn, for thirty years a member of the New York St. Andrew's Society, a patron of the Caledonian Hospital, and a member of the Brooklyn Club, the Crescent and Montauk Athletic Clubs, and of John D. Willard Lodge, 250, F. and A. M. He was born in Bathgate, Scotland, seventy-nine years ago. The funeral was held at his late residence, Sunday, October 26.

Obituaries

Rev. Dr. David Gregg, from 1890 to 1904 pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., died October 11, in his 74th year. Dr. Gregg was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., March 25, 1846, of Scotch Covenantant parentage, and was a graduate of Washington and Jefferson College and Allegheny Theological Seminary. He was pastor of Park Street Congregational Church, Boston from 1886 to 1890; president of Western Theological Seminary, 1904-1909; and President Emeritus since that date.

Alexander McCallum, president of the MacCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Mass., a member of the New York St. Andrew's Society, died suddenly in Albany, N. Y., October 3, while on a business trip to that city.

Henry Mills Alden, for 50 years editor of *Harper's Magazine* and dean of American magazine editors, died in New York city, October 7, in his 83rd year.

James Noyes Wallace, president of the Central Union Trust Company, New York, and one of the best known figures in American finance, died suddenly, Friday night, October 10, at his home in Palisade, N. Y., in his 56th year. Mr. Wallace was educated in the school of experience, having begun as an office boy when 15 years old. He was large hearted and it was said of him that no one ever came to him and went away empty-handed. Mr. Wallace had been for more than twenty years a member of the New York St. Andrew's Society.

reason to be satisfied with the way our marriage has turned out."

"Has she?"

The word were not important: but there was something in the tone in which they were spoken that suddenly checked Frank Lavender's careless flow of speech. He looked at Ingram for a moment, with some surprise, and then he said,—

"What do you mean?"

(To be continued)



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New Publications

The Sword of Deborah, by F. Tennyson Jesse.
George H. Doran Company, New York,
\$1.00.

This book records "first-hand impressions of the British Women's Army in France," and gives a very accurate and instructive account of the work of the women in winning the war. It was written at the request of the Ministry of Information in the spring of 1918, but was not released for publication until after the signing of the armistice.

The Land They Loved, by G. D. Cummins.
The MacMillan Company, New York,
\$1.75.

This is a story of Ireland, and of the love of the land that drew the heroine back from America and a good position to her old home. The author shows the great affection that is felt for the home land. The tragedies of the war and of the Sinn Fein are portrayed and, while he neither commends nor condemns the latter, he emphasizes the sorrows of the strife between the factions. At the close of the book we find these true words: "Where there is division in a nation, the people perish both mentally and spiritually."

Just Jemima, by J. J. Bell. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, \$1.00.

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tinue all through "Just Jemima," for it is one of Mr. Bell's best works.

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"You're a mere child," she says, "How old are you?"

"I'll sune be three and twinty," says I.

"Oh, nonsense! Come, come tell the truth."

"I'm in ma eighteenth year, mem."

"When were you seventeen?"

"Last week, mem."

"And why did you say you would soon be twenty-three?"

"Time flies, mem."

This is a fair sample of what the reader will find through the book.

Lewis and Skye Concert

The 7th Annual Concert of the Lewis and Skye Associations of New York (See page 329) at the Amsterdam Opera House, November 14, will introduce several singers new to Scottish audiences. The Lovat Pipe and Drum Band, the Elder Highland Dancers, and Prof. James Knox's Scottish orchestra will also be features of the program.

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"Come on, Harry—gie us a song," they shouted. Let's have *Roamin' in the Gloamin'*, Harry! Gie us the *Bonnie Lassie*. We ha na heard *The Laddies Who Fought and Won*, Harry. They tell us that's a braw song."



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Rev. David R. Wylie, pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, New York, who has been acting as chaplain of the United States Navy, has recently returned to his congregation. The church extended to him a cordial welcome home. The reception was attended by many clergymen and friends.

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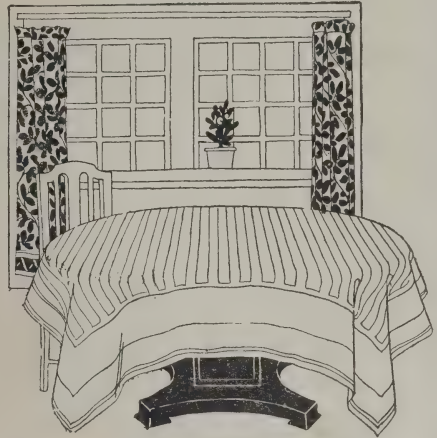
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Current Events

Domestic

The War Department at Washington, has announced that the war ended by the Armistice of November 11, 1918, shall be designated in all official communications and publications as "The World War."

The actual work of collecting information for the Fourteenth Decennial Census of the United States will begin January 2, 1920. In addition to population, the census compiles a vast amount of valuable statistics covering a wide range of industrial and other subjects.

William Coote, Member of Parliament for South Tyrone, Ireland, accompanied by six prominent clergymen representing the various Protestant Churches in Ireland, sailed from New York, November 22, for the purpose of "putting before their churches in America the true position and the dangers which threaten their churches in Ireland by the adoption of the Sinn Fein program."

The memorial to the co-operation of the British and American Navies in the war, the gift to the United States of the Dover Patrol Fund, raised by popular subscription in Great Britain will be a replica of the Dover Patrol Memorial, a shaft 100 feet high to be erected on Shakespeare Cliff, in Kent, England. A similar memorial has been gifted to France. It has not been determined whether the American monument will be erected in New York or Washington; but the sentiment seems to favor Battery Park, New York, or some point on Long Island where it will be visible to every vessel passing in or out of the harbor.

The United States army transport, *Lake Daraga*, arrived in Hoboken, November 12, from Archangel, bearing the bodies of 103 American soldiers who died in North Russia.

A report of the Carnegie Endowment for Internal Peace, issued in Washington, November 18, places the cost of the war at 337 billions. The economic loss from the death of 9,998,771 men is put at \$33,551,276,280; the sea loss of \$6,800,000,000; and the land property destroyed \$29,960,000,000 (one-third of which was lost by France).

The State of Missouri abolished capital punishment in 1917, but has found it necessary to restore the death penalty in order to check the reign of lawlessness which that State is experiencing.

Lord Leverhulme arrived in New York, November 24. The successful soap manufacturer, who is a large employer of labor in Great Britain and the recent purchaser of the islands of Lewis and Harris, is visiting the United States to study present labor conditions.

King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, of Belgium, arrived safely in Brussels, November 13. The U. S. transport *George Washington*, which carried the royal party, reached Brest, France, November 11, after making short stops at the Azores and Lisbon on the trip from the United States.

THE CALEDONIAN, in its 19th year, is the only publication in its field in the United States.

Canadian

Admiral Viscount Jellicoe arrived at Victoria, B. C., November 8, on his Empire-wide mission to consult with the overseas Dominions on questions of naval co-operation.

Canada's Victory Loan was a wonderful success. It was announced from Ottawa, November 16, that while the amount asked was \$300,000,000, more than \$600,000,000 had been subscribed, with the probability of \$50,000,000 more when all the returns are in.

The special session of Parliament, called primarily to ratify the Peace Treaty, came to a close November 10, with the usual ceremonies. The session was also notable in having added 8,000 miles to the government system of railways by the acquisition of the Grand Trunk Railway. According to the announcement of Hon. Arthur Sifton, Minister of Public Works, at the close of the session, the next session of the Canadian Parliament will be held in the new buildings, which are nearing completion.

Charles Joseph Leroy, credited with being the oldest man in Canada, died in Vancouver, B. C., November 11, at the age of 104.

A life-size marble bust of the Prince of Wales will be placed in the new Parliament building at Ottawa to commemorate his recent visit to the Dominion.

The Government shipbuilding program, inaugurated in 1918, has so far resulted in the delivery of fifteen ships, already in service under the direction of the Canadian National Railways. When the present program is completed sixty vessels will be in service. These will have a dead-weight tonnage of about 325,000.

Twelve demonstration farms are to be established by the Federal Department of Agriculture in New Brunswick with the idea of increasing interest in farming. A large percentage of tillable land in the Province is still awaiting cultivation.

Approximately 1,000,000 acres of free lands in the four western Provinces of Canada have been taken up by returned soldiers in the past year. About two-thirds of the 3,768 entries to August 1, have availed themselves of the privilege of taking up their additional 160 acres of homestead land.

Severe winter has set in unusually early in the Canadian west and northwest. The temperature on the Yukon reach zero on October 10, and Manitoba reports many settlements surrounded by great packs of wolves, an indication of an early and severe winter.

Surveys are being made in Alberta and western Saskatchewan for large Dominion irrigation projects. The largest of these are in the vicinity of Lethbridge and involve the improvement of some 600,000 acres of land.

British

Edinburgh University has the largest matriculation in its history. Up to October 10, 3,815 students have been enrolled, with the probability that before the session has closed the figures will reach 5,000. The largest previous enrollment was 3,602. Of the 3,815 students, 2,826 are men and 989 women.

Sir James M. Barrie succeeds Field Marshal Earl Haig as Rector of St. Andrew's University, the election having taken place November 1. Sir James received 283 votes, and his opponent, the Marquis of Bute, 144. Mr. Bonar Law (Coalition Unionist), has been elected to represent Glasgow University. The voting resulted: Mr. Bonar Law, 1,073; Prof. Gilbert Murray, 726; Hon. Bertram Russell (Socialist), 80.

The Marquis of Bredalbane, Lord Lieutenant of Argyll, has formed a local committee with the object of raising a Citizens' Guard. The movement is said to be meeting with great success.

Haddington Town Council passed resolutions welcoming home the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., who is a burghess and freeman of the royal and ancient burgh. The memorial expressed deep appreciation of his eminent services to the State during the World War and the ensuing peace negotiations.

A bronze tablet with medallion portrait is to be placed in the wall of the house in the village of Ochiltree, which was the early home of George Douglas Brown, author of "The House with the Green Shutters."

At the annual gathering of the Clan MacLean Association—the first held in six years—MacLean of Ardour (Major A. J. H. MacLean), who was for a time prisoner of war, was presented with his portrait on the occasion of his marriage. The ceremony took place in the Grand Hotel, Glasgow, and the presentation was made by Sir Fitzroy MacLean, chief of the clan. Painted by Mr. John Henderson, the portrait is a full-length one, with a background depicting an actual scene on the Ardour estate, of which Major MacLean is the sixteenth laird. In the course of his remarks, Sir Fitzroy stated that 3,600 clansmen, whose homes were in this country, had served in the war, and that the great majority of them had returned safely. An interesting event was the raising in Canada and the United States of the MacLean Highlanders, who landed at Liverpool 1,800 strong.

One of the best Scottish affairs held in London for a long time, was the concert arranged by the London Burns Club for Hallowe'en. The artists were the best, and the audience large and enthusiastic. The receipts were contributed to the fund for the London Scottish War Memorial.

The British War Office has announced the withdrawal of the last British troops in North Russia.

At the opening meeting for 1919-20 of the Edinburgh University Celtic Society, the principal address was delivered by Rev. Lauchlan MacLean Watt, on "The High'ands and Islands." The lecture took the form of a series of historical excursions and cast a vivid light upon social conditions in the periods involved. Prof. W. J. Watson, LL.D., presided and spoke briefly. Other speakers were Mr. D. Cameron and a representative of the American Y. M. C. A.

The recent fire, which completely destroyed Ardmillan Castle, three miles from Girvan, had its origin in the bedroom occupied by Mary Queen of Scots on her visit to the west country in 1563.

At a sale held in Inverness recently, the sword of Sir Francis Drake brought 240 guineas. The weapon is believed to be the one which Queen Elizabeth presented to Drake on the occasion of his being knighted after his voyage round the world.

Liverpool is still the leading shipping port in Great Britain. The values of the total imports and exports, excluding coastwise goods, of the six principal ports for the year ended December 31, 1918, were approximately as follows: United Kingdom, \$9,242,747,410; Liverpool, \$3,415,037,760; London, \$2,709,526,510; Hull, \$451,993,610; Manchester, \$535,413,795; Southampton, \$198,579,060; Glasgow, \$482,826,740. Last year the total for Liverpool was approximately \$2,984,887,755, and for London, \$2,529,002,625.

The new plan submitted to the London County Council for the extension and linking up of the tramway system calls for the construction of about 90 miles of single line, involving an expenditure of \$27,500,000 for tramway works and \$12,500,000 for street improvements.

The report of the Department of Civil Aviation made public November 17, shows that 21,000 flights have been made and 52,000 passengers carried, with only thirteen accidents, since the official opening of the service in Great Britain last May.

It has been officially announced, in reply to contrary rumors, that Field-Marshal Earl Haig will be known as Haig of Bemerseyde. A movement has been started to present Lord Haig with the Berwickshire seat of Bemerseyde, the ancestral home of the Haig family.

It will be a cause of gratification to Scotsmen throughout the world to learn that Sir Archibald Murray's Committee on the future clothing of the army has announced to the War Council that the kilt of the Scottish regiments must remain. There has been much talk of abolishing the kilt on the grounds of economy; but mere saving of a few dollars is a thousand times offset by the morale and esprit de corps it engenders in the Scottish regiments.

Mrs. John MacGregor, Stallikinnes, Fife, in her 99th year, retains all her faculties and works in the garden every day. She was born at Gibliston, near Carnbee, and as a girl was in the service of Lord-Advocate Muir. She was at one time matron of Gilmerton Institution, near Edinburgh.

Earl Brassey, the famous British naval authority, editor of the Naval Annual since 1900, died in London, November 12, as the result of injuries from being knocked down by a cab. He was in his 84th year, and in spite of his age served on a hospital ship during the war.

Australian exports for the year ending June 30, 1919, were valued at \$547,959,852; and imports for the same period, were \$480,757,956. The balance of trade for the Commonwealth was \$67,191,896.

Lord Chelmsford, Viceroy of India, in opening a conference of the ruling Indian Princes and Chiefs, November 3, announced that the Indian Government will create a permanent Chamber of Indian Princes as a consulting body.

It was announced in London, November 19, that the British Government will grant a constitution to Egypt and establish local self-government in Malta. Field-Marshal Allenby, High Commissioner in Egypt, seems to have the situation well in hand; but serious rioting has again occurred in Cairo.

The four years of war have had a remarkable influence upon industrial development in South Africa. The Union was thrown upon its own resources for many articles previously imported, with the result of a large increase in manufacturing establishments. The industrial production is now on a level with the mineral production of the country, which has always been looked upon as the preponderating economic factor in South Africa.

Now that the war is over, the Government of New Zealand has turned its attention to improving industrial conditions. During the last recess of Parliament an Industries Committee travelled throughout the country collecting data to be used in determining future legislation.

An official report presented to the French Chamber of Deputies that at the time of the Armistice on November 11, 1918, Belgium had lost 44,000 killed and missing; the United States, 114,000; Great Britain, 869,000; Greece, 12,000; Italy, 494,000; Rumania, 400,000; Serbia, 369,000; France, 1,393,515.

These losses amount to one man out of 27 inhabitants in the case of France one out of 32 in the case of Serbia, one out of 57 in the case of the United Kingdom, one out of 78 in the case of Italy, one out of 150 in that of Belgium, and one man out of 1,000 inhabitants in the case of the United States.

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The Visit of the Prince of Wales

Edward, Prince of Wales, who has been visiting in Newfoundland and Canada since early in August, entered the United States at Rouses' Point, New York, at eight p. m., November 10. He was greeted officially at the International Boundary by Secretary of State Lansing, Major-General John Biddle, representing the United States Army; Rear-Admiral Albert T. Niblick, representing the United States Navy; Major-General Charleton, of the British Army, representing the British Embassy, and officers of lesser rank belonging to the various staffs. The guard of honor was composed of one hundred and fifty picked men of the 63rd U. S. Infantry. More than two thousand citizens from the neighborhood of the little New York village gathered at the station to give the Royal visitor his first experience of American hospitality. The special train, after a short stop, immediately proceeded to Washington.

THE PRINCE IN WASHINGTON

The Prince arrived in Washington at noon on November 11, and was met at the Union Station by Vice-President Marshall, General Pershing, Lord Grey, the British Ambassador; General March, Chief of Staff; Admiral Coontz, Chief of Naval Operations, and other notables, and a marine guard of honor, and escorted to the Perry Belmont residence, which was the home of the Royal party during the Washington visit. After an informal luncheon with the members of his suite and the American officers attached to his party, the Prince made brief calls at the White House, and upon various diplomats and Cabinet members.

The feature of the first day in Washington was the formal dinner given by Vice-President Marshall, at the Belmont residence, Tuesday evening, November 11. Among the guests, besides the Prince's party, were the members of the Cabinet, representatives of the British Embassy, and the French, Belgian and Japanese Ambassadors, and other notable figures. Vice-President Marshall proposed the toast to the Prince, who, in responding, referred

feelingly to the illness of President Wilson and to the death of Theodore Roosevelt. In his address he said:

"As you know, I have recently been traveling in Canada, and I am the richer since that three months' journey by a wonderful experience. I come here, therefore, not only as an Englishman and as a representative of the British Empire, but also as a Canadian, who is as intimately and personally concerned as you yourselves in the life of this North American continent. The British Empire is held together by the common aims and the united sentiment of five sister nations, all of which are devoted to the same cause of democratic self government. But Canada shares with the United States the splendid territories of this rich continent.

"She is divided from you by no physical barrier, no military line, no frontier other than a boundary guaranteed by international law and good-will. North of that frontier we cherish our British institutions, our British form of freedom, our British allegiance to the King. South of it you cherish equally the institutions into which the American citizen is born. The forms are different, but the human aim of both systems of government is the same.

"It seems to me that this example of nations living side by side in a spirit of political tolerance and human liberty is entirely incompatible with the militarism which threatened Europe in the great war, and is thus a living example of the great principles for which we gave our best in that terrible ordeal. . . . As the representative here of the British Empire, and also—I hope I may say—as a friend and great admirer of the American people, I reflect with pride that our common victory was a victory for the ideal to which we, with our institutions and you with yours have given practical shape upon this continent for a hundred years."

In his greeting to the press, he said:

"What I want to say to you is easily said. It is to tell the American people through you with what pleasure I recall my visits to their gallant forces in Europe last winter, and how glad I am now to be making acquaintance with the great people from whom those forces came. I was able to visit several of your divisions in France and Germany, and also the very smart 6th Battle Squadron which you sent to join the Grand Fleet in the North Sea. The spirit of your soldiers and sailors, officers and men, appealed to me very strongly and made me wish to know their country and their kin. The rapidity of your organization, moreover, enabled me to realize with what devotion and

what strength this mighty nation can espouse a noble cause.

"Now that I am really here in the United States, I feel that my anticipations will be completely fulfilled. Your institutions, your ways of life, your aims are as democratic as ours, and the atmosphere in which I find myself is the same invigorating and familiar atmosphere which I have always noticed in my American friends."

The second day in Washington was taken up by visits to the Red Cross Headquarters, the Lincoln Memorial, and the Walter Reed Hospital, where he stopped to chat personally with several convalescent veterans of the world war; a call upon Mrs. George Dewey, widow of Admiral Dewey, a luncheon at the French Embassy, a dinner by Secretary of State Lansing, and a great reception at the Library of Congress in the evening. From ten o'clock until after midnight, the Prince stood at the head of the great marble stairs of the Library and received the long line of guests. With him was Vice-President Marshall, Mrs. Lansing and Lord Grey, the British Ambassador. Members of both houses of Congress and their wives, members of all the foreign embassies and a large number of others were presented.

On the morning of the 13th, the Prince bestowed decorations upon a large number of American officers, enlisted men and nurses. This was followed by a visit to Mount Vernon, where he laid a wreath upon the tomb of Washington, and a short call upon President Wilson in the afternoon. In the evening, a dinner and reception at the British Embassy was followed by a private dance at the Country Club, given by Speaker and Mrs. Gillette. Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada, who has been at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., recuperating from a recent illness, arrived in Washington during the day to greet the Prince. The Premier attended the dinner at the British Embassy and the reception which followed.

Friday, the Prince's last official day in Washington, was largely taken up by a visit to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was accompanied by Secretary Daniels, and was welcomed by Governor Harrington of Maryland and Admiral Scales, commandant of the Academy. As he entered the naval grounds, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. After reviewing the midshipmen and inspecting the school

PRINCE OF WALES



This latest photograph of the Prince of Wales shows him in the full uniform of a lieutenant of the royal navy.

buildings, the royal visitor was entertained at luncheon by Admiral Scales.

At the Naval Academy the Prince was introduced to the famous cheer of the academy. When he entered the great Memorial Hall where the 2,000 midshipmen were assembled, Mike Curley, the school's cheer leader, jumped to the platform and called for "four navies and three Princes." The big building shook with the roar that followed.

A tribute to the spirit and achievements of the American Navy was paid by the Prince of Wales in a brief address:

"I have had four years' training in the British Navy," he said, "and feel that I can speak to you as a comrade. I would like particularly to express my appreciation for the splendid services which the American Navy performed in the war, both in the North Sea and elsewhere.

"There was the most perfect co-operation and co-ordination between the American and British naval forces, and it was my privilege to learn to know and appreciate the magnificent spirit among your seamen. I am more

than glad to have been able to come here and meet you face to face."

Leaving Washington in the evening, the Prince and his staff went directly to White Sulphur Springs, Va., for a three days' rest, preparatory to his official appearance in New York, Tuesday, November 18.

Enroute, the train stopped for twelve minutes at Philadelphia, where a number of British veterans of the world war were lined up to greet him, and a great crowd filled the station to get a glimpse of the Prince.

THE GREAT RECEPTION IN NEW YORK

The Prince was welcomed in New York, Tuesday, November 18, with a heartiness that is a gratification to all well-wishers of American-British amity. As Justice Charles E. Hughes so aptly expressed it, at the dinner on Wednesday night, "New York, jealous of her independence, has capitulated to the Prince of Wales."

The Prince's special train arrived at Jersey City at eleven o'clock, where he was met by a reception committee headed by Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, and a guard of honor composed of 330 rank and file of the 13th U. S. Infantry. The trip to the Battery was made by launch, and at 11:15 the Prince had his first glimpse of the sympathetic crowds that were everywhere out to greet him during his progress through the city. The band of the superdreadnaught *Pennsylvania*, Admiral Wilson's flagship, and a guard of marines and sailors from the *Pennsylvania* and *Arizona* were waiting at the pier.

The trip to the City Hall was an ovation, accompanied with the showers of paper and swirling lines of ticker tape that have been a feature of recent celebrations in lower Broadway. The Prince entered wholeheartedly into the informal and enthusiastic greeting, which surpassed anything ever seen in the downtown district, and made a large part of the trip standing in the tonneau of his car, bowing and saluting to right and left.

At the City Hall, the Prince was escorted to the Aldermanic Chamber, where he was greeted by Secretary of State Francis M. Hugo and Mayor Hylan and staff, on behalf of the State and City of New York. The Mayor in a brief speech conferred upon the distinguished guest the free citizenship of the city, and Secretary Hugo

welcomed him as a comrade-in-arms of the American overseas soldiers. The Prince's reply, the first of the many speeches he was to make, from the first words captivated the audience. He said in part:

"Mr. Mayor, I am very proud indeed to have been made a freeman of the city of New York, and thank you most sincerely for the high honor which you have just conferred upon me.

"I already have the privilege of being a freeman of the city of London, and so it is a special privilege and pleasure for me to-day to become a freeman of the city of New York, because London and New York, both great business centres, both of them great seaports, are so closely connected in the financial business of the world.

"Upon the stability and upon the prosperity of these two great cities depends to an extraordinary degree the welfare of all continents. Were their intercommunication to cease for a single business day the affairs of the whole world would be upset.

"Mr. Mayor, I do not feel a stranger in the United States or in New York. I already had many American friends before I came to your country a week ago, and I learned to appreciate your American spirit from my association with officers and men of your splendid divisions in France, in Italy and on the Rhine, and your splendid battle squadron on the North Sea.

"I am very grateful for the kindness and hospitality that have been shown to me. Now that I am here, and I have looked forward to coming for a long time, I find that I like the United States even better than I have anticipated, and I knew that I was going to like it very much indeed."

Following the official ceremonies at the City Hall, the party traveled by automobiles to Grant's Tomb, where he placed a wreath upon the last resting-place of the great Civil War General. Another stop was made at the Joan of Arc statue in Riverside Drive, where the Prince deposited another wreath, and received a welcome from a party of girls from the Joan of Arc School. At the Columbia Yacht Club pier, at Eighty-sixth street, he reviewed a group of Boy Scouts, and then boarded the British battle-cruiser *Renown*, on board of which he made his home during his stay in the city.

Aboard the *Renown*, the Prince entertained a party at luncheon. Those present included: Mayor Hylan, Secretary of State Hugo, Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes, Grover A. Whalen, Police Commissioner Enright, Colonel Norman Thwaites, Rear-Admiral James H. Glennon, U. S. N.; Major-General David C. Shanks, U. S. A.; Rear-

Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, R. N.; Major-General Sir Henry Burstall, and the other members of the Prince's official retinue.

The afternoon was taken up in receiving a group of thirty-two representatives of the Inter-racial Council, which included men of practically every nation of Europe. Later he received from Bishop Charles Sumner Burch, on behalf of the New York Bible Society, a Bible identical with the one presented by the society to his grandfather, and stamped from the same dies.

In the evening the Prince was the honor guest at a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pomeroy Davison in behalf of the former War Council and their associates of the American Red Cross. Mr. Davison, General Pershing and Elihu Root delivered the speeches, and the Prince responded in a clear, unaffected, straightforward manner, thanking the American Red Cross and the other relief organizations for the work they had done in Belgium, France and Italy, and wishing them all success in their future work. Continuing, he said:

"You were good enough, Mr. Davison, to allude to my very modest services as a junior officer in the great war. I did very little, but I saw a great deal on three separate fronts—France and Belgium, Italy and Egypt—and I can therefore speak at first hand of American organization and American troops in the field. I visited many of your fine divisions in France and Germany last winter, and I saw your fine battle squadron in the North Sea.

"I was most deeply impressed by the rapidity of organization which threw those splendid forces into the balance at the crisis of the war, when our hope of victory seemed to hang by a thread. But what impressed me even more was the spirit of your troops, which so resembled the spirit of our own men at the front. Those of your formations which were attached to our own divisions on their first arrival overseas won golden opinions for the readiness with which they adapted themselves to the terribly exacting conditions of the western front. I hope you all realize how quickly British and American divisions assimilated each others atmosphere and what fast comrades in arms they became after the shortest association in the trenches and in billets."

Following the dinner, the Prince attended a gala performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, which assembled one of the most notable audiences in the history of the famous old building.

In a statement to the newspaper men,

whom he received on the *Renown* in the afternoon, he referred feelingly to the "warm and friendly welcome which followed me through my drive in the city." Continuing he said:

"New York's welcome to me this morning was so much warmer than I had any reason to expect that it took me entirely aback and I did not express my feelings at all adequately in the few words which I was able to speak at the City Hall.

"Greatly as I value the honor conferred on me this morning when I was made a Freeman of the City of New York, I was even more deeply touched by the speeches made in conferring it and more particularly by the much too kind things said about myself by the Secretary of State and by Mr. Wanamaker, the chairman of your reception committee.

"Both were good enough to allude to my own very modest services in the war. I do not pretend to have done as much as any other junior officer at the front, and no one realizes more clearly than I how little any such service as mine was worth by comparison with that of the splendid men who sacrificed life and health that the democracy of the world might be safe.

"But my four years at the front did teach me to know my brother officers and men in the allied forces on three different fronts, and I hope that our common service as comrades in arms in a splendid cause remains as valued a memory to them as it always will to myself. I shall value the beautiful flag presented to me to-day more particularly as a souvenir of what Mr. Hugo and Mr. Wanamaker said to me in that respect."

SIGHT-SEEING IN NEW YORK

When the Prince came ashore on Wednesday morning, he first reviewed three hundred members of the British Great War Veterans of America. Colonel V. M. Fitzhugh, formerly of the Royal Berkshires, was in command of the veterans' guard of honor, which had been escorted by a detachment from the Seventy-first Regiment of the New York Guard. Two flags were then presented. George Brokaw Compton, New York County Commander of the American Legion, presented the American colors to the British War Veterans, while Mrs. M. Betts Pescod of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the British Great War Veterans' Association presented the Prince with the British colors. A picturesque touch of color was given the review by the presence of twenty members of the New York Scottish Highlanders, in scarlet coats, plaid shawls, black shakos and bare knees. They were in command of Colonel Walter

Scott. James Hoey, pipe-major, blew weird tunes on his bagpipe, and Dave Long, properly named because of his seven foot height, beat the old drum without mercy. Long is a veteran of the Lancashire Fusileers, and played for King Edward in Ireland in 1885.

The day was largely devoted to sight-seeing. The Woolworth Building was visited, after which the Prince attended a service in Trinity Church, occupying the pew in which his royal grandfather sat during his historic visit to the city. This was followed by a visit to the Stock Exchange and the Sub-Treasury. He was entertained at luncheon by the New York Chamber of Commerce, and in the afternoon visited the Academy of Music and the Horse Show.

Business in Wall Street practically halted, and during the day, everywhere he went, the Prince was greeted by enthusiastic crowds. At the Academy of Music, he took one look at the stately armchair in which his grandfather had sat when he visited the Academy in 1860, then shook his head and relegated it to the back of the box, choosing for himself a little one that he could move close to the rail.

Another box was occupied by a dozen debutantes in the costumes appropriate to the period when the Prince's grandfather was a visitor. The Prince laughed heartily at the comedy pictures which had been provided for his amusement and at the movies of his own arrival, the day before. These afforded him an opportunity to view his entry from an opposite point of view, and gave to the audience a chance to show what sort of opinion they had formed during the moments they had been watching him. As a result, the picture had an unwonted touch of realism, for every time the screen showed a cheering throng, those inside supplied an appropriate volume of welcoming demonstration. At the close the Prince addressed a few words of thanks to the large audience.

THE SOCIETIES' DINNER

Wednesday evening, November 19, the Prince was the honor guest at a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, given by the British societies—St. Andrew's, St. David's, St. George's, the Sulgrave Institution, English-Speaking Union, Canadian Club and Can-

adian Society. About seven hundred were present, and ex-President Taft occupied the chair. The Prince entered the room on ex-President Taft's arm, and no little amusement was caused by the clever way in which he manoeuvred Mr. Taft into the large chair intended for himself. Here, among his own countrymen, gathered from all parts of the Empire, the Prince was much at his ease, and his reply to President Taft's address was most tactful and graceful. He said in part:

"In the presence of such distinguished orators I am not going to attempt to make a full dress speech, but I regard it as a great honor that ex-President Taft should have come to preside here to-night. Your hospitality is a pleasant episode in my delightful visit to New York, and I thank you sincerely. I can assure the St. George's Society that England is still very much herself. She is recovering rapidly from the great strain of the war and is continuing to do her best to rival the greatness of Scotland and Wales. I cannot, I regret to say, make any remarks to the St. Andrews men in Gaelic—I cannot without even more preparation quote Robbie Burns—but to Welshmen here to night I can say and I do say, 'Cymry am byth!' (Wales Forever)."

He referred to the delights of his Canadian tour, to the fact that he had bought a small ranch in Alberta, and that "this makes me feel like a Westerner, for the free, democratic spirit of the West appeals to me enormously." He concluded with:

"I am having such a fine time in the United States that I have only one complaint to make, but that is a very serious one. My visit is far too short and gives me no chance of seeing all that I should like to see in New York, to say nothing of many other distinguished American cities, the famous American universities and the great American West. But I console myself with the intention of paying another visit to the United States before long, and I hope then I shall be able to see much more of this great nation as a whole."

The other speakers of the evening were Charles E. Hughes, President Hibben of Princeton, and Hon. Alton B. Parker.

After the dinner, the Prince and his suite attended a ball given by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at her residence, 451 Madison avenue, the only private entertainment during his stay in the city. Mrs. Reid and her daughter, Lady Ward, received. As the wife of the late Whitelaw Reid, who was American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Mrs. Reid has given several bril-

liant entertainments for the parents of the Prince, King George and Queen Mary, and it was fitting that the honor of giving the ball should be hers.

AT WEST POINT

Thursday was spent at West Point, where the Prince reviewed the cadets and lunched with them in their mess hall. His words to the future officers of the United States Army, in responding to their insistence upon a speech at the close of the dinner, will be long remembered not alone by those who were privileged to hear them, but by all who have at heart democratic ideals.

"There are just two things which I always try to say to young sailors and soldiers who are kind enough to invite me to meet them. The first is about discipline. Free and willing discipline is the basis of all law and order, and is just as necessary for great nations in peace as in war. And discipline is not merely learning how to do your duty—that is only half the battle—it is learning how to do it in perfect comradeship with other men.

"Autocracies may trade on the unwilling discipline of slaves, but democracies live and must always live by the willing discipline of free men—discipline such as that of a well-trained football team.

"My other point is tradition. Remember what the splendid traditions of this college have done in the last two years. Value this tradition and this training now, for the more you value it the greater will be its worth not only to your own great nation but to all nations which have the same democratic purpose and ideals in the world.

"You cadets have a great example before you, and you can never go astray if you follow as closely as you can the men who fought and won in the great war."

Friday, November 21, was perhaps the busiest and most significant day of the Prince's sojourn in the metropolis. In the morning he planted an English elm in Central Park, near that planted by his grandfather fifty-nine years ago; motored to Oyster Bay, where he placed a wreath upon the grave of the late Theodore Roosevelt, and was entertained at luncheon by the Piping Rock Club. In the afternoon he received one thousand school children aboard the *Renown*, and in the evening attended the complimentary dinner of the Pilgrims, a gala performance at the Hippodrome, and a great public reception at the Seventh Regiment Armory, at which more than 4,500 were present on invitation.

THE PILGRIMS' DINNER

The Pilgrims' dinner, at the Plaza Hotel, was one of the most notable in the history of the organization, which has sat as host on many occasions of international import. About one thousand guests were present, representing all that is best in American citizenship. The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, President of the Pilgrims, presided, and in his address was at his best, personally recalling many incidents in connection with the visit of the late King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, in 1860. Messages were read from King George and Queen Alexandra, and upon motion of Mr. George T. Wilson, Chairman of the Executive Committee, the Prince was elected an honorary member of the society. Mr. Depew, in closing his address, said:

"This is the last night of his Royal Highness with us, and it closes his visit. His has been an epoch-making trip. He has added new links, human links, to the ties which unite Canada to the British Empire. Many more missions have come to us during the war than ever before. They have consisted of famous Generals, great statesmen and powerful financiers. None of them have appealed to us like the Prince. To quote a homely New England saying, 'He seems to be just among his own folks.' He has grasped and tactfully interpreted our American ways and habits of looking at things. He speaks the American language. He has won our hearts. He carries home our appreciation, our affection and lasting memory."

In the meantime, a large silver loving cup filled with roses had been set before the Prince, and Mr. Depew asked him to accept it as a token of the honorary membership in the society to which he had just been elected. In response the Prince said:

"Thank you. I like the flowers very much. It is a great pleasure and privilege for me to meet so many American Pilgrims here to-night, and I thank the society most sincerely for its hospitality and for membership in it and for the loving cup and the flowers—I can assure you I am very glad to be able to hide behind them."

When the laugh at that had died away, he went on:

"Now that I am a New Yorker in my own right I am happy that the first occasion on which I have had the pleasure of being a guest of the Pilgrim Society should be in this great city, and that I shall be meeting American pilgrims even before I have met their fellow-pilgrims in London.

"I am not going to make a long speech, but there are two things which I should like to say before leaving the United States, and

particularly to a gathering like this to-night. I have already alluded, when addressing other New York gatherings, to the important part played by the United States in the great war, but I have never properly expressed British admiration for the promptness with which the American Nation adopted compulsory enlistment for the emergency. That made the whole world feel that the weight of this great nation would be thrown into the balance with the utmost rapidity, as indeed it was.

"There is yet another form of your war service to which I have never alluded before—a very remarkable form, which made a deep impression upon the people of the British Empire. I refer to the wholehearted way in which the American nation accepted voluntary rationing in food and fuel. You all made a splendid response in this respect to the national appeal issued by Mr. Hoover, by whose devotion and organizing power so much suffering and want have been alleviated in the countries hardest hit by the war. That act alone shows with what spirit the American nation can throw itself into a great cause.

"There is one other thing to which I should like to refer to-night, not only because it has impressed me with new force during my travels on this continent, but also because it is an actual and visible example of the objects and aims which the Pilgrims' Society was formed to promote. I do not think anywhere else in the world, except on the North American continent, will you find a frontier between two nations 3,000 miles long, with no extensive physical barrier, no military defense, no other dividing line than a boundary determined and guaranteed by mutual confidence and good-will.

"As a Britisher and as a Canadian, I take a high pride in that boundary—the international frontier between Canada and the United States—for it seems to me to illustrate in a very striking and practical way the objects for which Americans and Britishers fought in the great war. Just think of it! The ideal which appears so difficult of attainment elsewhere has been an actual and positive reality in North America for over a hundred years.

"I have asked myself how that ideal has been attained here so much in advance of international conditions in other parts of the world, and I think the answer is quite clear. It has been attained because you on your side of the international boundary and we Britishers on ours have, under somewhat different forms, the same political faith, the same human aims, the same practical ideals. These two self-governing peoples, living side by side, each confident in the good-will of the other, have given this splendid example to the world."

With that, the Prince laid aside his formal speech which he had been struggling, as always, to follow, and, adverting to Mr. Depew's narration of the West Point tradition about his grandfather, ended:

"Well, I must say that grandfather did better than I have done. I haven't had a night off at West Point or anywhere else."

That brought laughter and cheers, which were stilled only long enough to listen to the concluding words of thanks and regret to New York ring out once more as the Prince departed.

THE PRINCE'S FAREWELL

Saturday morning was given over to conferring decorations upon American and British service men and nurses for services in the war; to farewells and final greetings. The *Renown* weighed anchor at two p. m. and steamed slowly down the harbor, escorted by seven U. S. destroyers. The Prince in his farewell message said:

"I wish to leave a message for the City of New York before I sail to-day, and I hope that you gentlemen of the New York press will publish it for me.

"The people of New York have welcomed me with such kindness that I cannot leave without saying two words of farewell. I refuse entirely to say good-bye, whether you like it or not. I am going to pay the United States another visit as soon as I can, because I like it so much and I wish to see more of the country and its people, including the great West.

"There is one thing which I should particularly like you to say for me in the press. I have had hundreds of charming letters since I came to the United States, and not a single disagreeable one. I wish that all these charming letters could have been answered. They have been too many to make this possible, but I hope their writers will let me thank them in this way for the many kind things which they have said.

"New York has been so kind to me that I can never forget this first visit. As I have said before, I am proud to be a New Yorker in my own right, and determined to see more of the great city as soon as I can. One can never have enough of such hospitality as yours, and I hope the people of the city will realize how grateful and appreciative I am.

"EDWARD P.

"New York, November 22, 1919."

The *Renown* arrived safely at Halifax, November 24. A state dinner was given the Prince in the evening at the Halifax Club, followed by a dance at Government House. The Prince's ship sailed for England November 25, and arrived at Plymouth December 1.

The corner stone of the new Salvation Army maternity hospital, Halifax, was laid by Lieutenant-Governor Grant recently. The hospital will have accommodation for one hundred beds.

Our Glasgow Letter

The scarcity of housing accommodation in Glasgow has become a very serious problem, and therefore the decision of the Housing Committee of the Glasgow Corporation to erect 500 temporary houses to meet the urgent requirements of the approaching winter is hailed with enthusiastic welcome. The houses will be built of wood, and will contain a living-room, two bedrooms and a scullery, bathroom and larder, with, of course, all modern conveniences. The estimated cost of erecting these will be about £325. In these days one has just to take what one can get, and during the war the getting has been too serious a problem to leave much room for grumbling; but when one begins to digest the rise in the price of everything, even to the building of a wooden house, it is not a pleasant process. We hope there are brighter times ahead, or otherwise wholesale emigration will result. We have just noticed a comparison of the price of things in Australia, and the comparison does not reconcile one to the home country. Taxation is practically nil in Australia, whereas in this country at the present time we are being pretty nearly ruined by taxation.

Many will remember the sad story of the late Dr. Brown, of Bellahouston Church, Glasgow, who lost four sons during the war, and then succumbed himself from sheer grief. After the death of his fourth son, he resigned from his charge, and at that time a movement was set on foot in the church to raise a fund in appreciation of his long and devoted services, and to meet the cost of a memorial tablet to his four sons. A sum of £845 was realized, but before arrangements were completed, Dr. Brown himself died. So the memorial tablet had the name of Dr. Brown added to those of his brave sons, and on Sunday, 26th October, it was unveiled and dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Professor Paterson, D. D., Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The balance of the fund has been handed to the widow, who has survived all these bitter experiences. Dr. Brown was a man of exceptional character, beloved by all with whom he came in contact.

On October 12th, commemoration services were held in St. John's Church, Glasgow, where Dr. Thomas Chalmers, the distinguished divine, came as minister in 1819. Dr. Chalmers was one of the founders of the Free Church of Scotland in 1843, and his centenary is worthy of special recognition. His work among the poor of his parish makes interesting reading, and he preferred to labor there to an appointment to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh, which he was offered. Professor Paterson, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, preached the sermon, in the course of which he spoke of the oratorical and spiritual gifts of the famous divine, and dealt with his championship at once of the Establishment principle and spiritual independence. Truly, "to live in hearts we leave behind us is not to die!"

An important deal in the shipping world is the acquiring of the Admiralty Controlled Shipyard at Warrenport, County Down, Ireland (recently abandoned), by a group of well known men from Belfast, Glasgow and Liverpool, the principals being Mr. John Sinclair, of Glasgow, and Mr. Alfred Rowland, of Liverpool. It may sound egotistical, but we have every confidence in the success of the combine when a Scotsman helps to run things, as the Scotsman certainly has the knack of getting there—anywhere!

We learn that the Berwick Naval Base is to be closed, and the people in the North are now exercising their minds as to the probable fate of the large war dockyard at Invergordon. This latter place—since the advent of the dockyard—has grown like a mushroom, with profit to the native traders, and it will be rather a calamity if the dockyard is closed, as it will mean reverting to the none too prosperous pre-war times. It will also cause a slump in property. Changed days for the war profiteer, although the breed is still in existence in many places.

It is perfectly amazing the number of large Scottish estates at present in the market. Truly, the Scottish landowner has taken fright with a vengeance. On Octo-

ber 23rd, no fewer than four large Scottish estates, aggregating 93,000 acres, came under the hammer in the Hanover Square Estate Room, London.

The largest is the Ross-shire estate of Kinlochewe, 60,000 acres, situated off Loch Maree, amid glorious Highland scenery.

The next is that of Pittfour, an Aberdeenshire estate, 19,000 acres, containing the beautiful ruins of the Abbey of Deer.

Then we have Anisdale, on the shores of Loch Hourn, Inverness-shire. This estate of 9,280 acres is famous for its deer forests.

Perthshire figures next on the list, with the estates of Drumtochty and Dellavaird, 5,000 acres.

Among the smaller estates are: The Dumfries-shire estate of Crofthead (1,500 acres); the Perthshire property of Derculich (1,200 acres), and two Selkirk estates.

It certainly looks as if we will shortly be "in the hands of the Philistines."

The Glasgow University election for the Lord Rectorship is over, and the honor falls to Bonar Law against Mr. Bertrand Russell, Liberal, and a Socialist candidate. Of course, it was a walk-over for the Conservative, although our 'varsity has before now chosen a Liberal to represent it in Parliament.

We are often these days astounded at our friends of the Labor Party, but surely the limit of presumption has been reached in the ultimatum issued by them to Lord Leverhulme. Apparently, he received a deputation from the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, who asked that the firm with which Lord Leverhulme is connected withdraw any profit-sharing or co-partnership benefit or employees' benefit, by which a man retires at the age of sixty-five, any benefit in living in a village with houses superior to other houses, and any benefit at all. Lord Leverhulme asked if this meant that an efficient workman might not be paid a penny an hour more. One-half of the deputation said that would not be allowed, and the other half said it would. The explanation the deputation gave was that the Government was urging that a bonus should be given for increased output of houses, and they would not have it. They

had therefore decided to prohibit any member receiving any of the benefits.

The district secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, when interviewed on the subject, admitted that the payment by results idea was altogether against their wishes.

At a special meeting of the directors of the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture, held in Edinburgh, many interesting topics came under discussion, not the least of these being a statement made by Mr. Crawford, who said that he has discovered on the best authority that the new executive officers to be appointed for the Agricultural Committees in Scotland were to receive a salary of £350, while in England they were to receive £500. If that was to go on, Scotland was to be left with the drones. For some years the College in Scotland had felt that they had not been fairly treated, and that the best men had been induced to go to England. If they were going to make these agricultural committees a success, the executive officer must be a tried, first-class man, or the thing would be a laughing stock to the whole public. They should protest seriously against this insult to Scotland. The Board of Agriculture had been doing their best to remedy the matter. He suggested the directors should bring this question before the Prime Minister and the Treasury, and this was agreed to.

This, of course, is only one of many similar grievances, and if everyone was as outspoken as Mr. Crawford, we might have less cause for complaint, as the matters would then probably be remedied. It is up to us then to see that they are, and that Scotland gets her just dues in this and other directions.

We notice the death of Mr. Alexander Orr, Edinburgh, the great carpet beating machinery inventor. He was fifty-nine years in business, and was eighty-two when he died. During his business career he was ever on the alert to improve and invest, and it was owing to his inventive genius and persistence that we have the carpet beating machinery now in use practically all over the world. Two of Mr. Orr's sons are in the business.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Canada---The Land of the Maple Leaf---and Its Scenic Wonders

BY AMELIA DAY CAMPBELL

(For *The Caledonian*)

Americans have always delighted in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "This is my own, my native land!" and agreed with him in an idealistic and general way, but not until this year, when they could not travel abroad, and the railroads and steamship lines advertising extensively, have so many people grown to know their own country so well, and because of knowing, now love it so much, for to the thousands who have traveled through our wonderful United States and Canada, it is like "a dream come true."

From New York, it is only a night's ride to Montreal, but already one is in a different—almost a foreign—country, due largely to the influence of the French settlers and their descendants. The streets, firms and buildings have French names, a good deal of French is spoken, and even English is pronounced with such a charming accent and manner that it all helps to create a European atmosphere to a very interesting city. The Catholic religion apparently predominates, judging from the many Notre-Dame churches, the cathedral, with heroic size figures of saints, the Gray Nunnery, the Universities, etc., but a Protestant may climb to the tiny chapel in the top of Notre-Dame-de-Bonsecours, so private, secluded and restful, and be benefited by an uplifting of spirit and a perfect peace from "the cares that infest the day."

OTTAWA, the next stopping place, has many reminders of Great Britain in the wonderful Parliament Buildings, the statues of Queen Victoria, and the famous "builders of Canada" of Scottish descent—Sir John MacDonald, "the persuasive," and Mackenzie, "the argumentative," who were the two first Premiers of Canada, and Lord Strathcona; also the greatly beloved Sir Wilfred Laurier, of French descent, who was the recent Premier for fifteen years. The summing up of a life history appears

in a few impressive words on the statue of Mackenzie—"Duty was his law and conscience his ruler." The beautiful parks, wide streets, palatial Chateau, and the panoramic view from Parliament Hill all invited one to linger, and one felt more inclined to tarry after a visit to the sessions of Parliament—so it was with reluctance the journey was continued.

WINNIPEG, a busy, thriving commercial city, midway between the Atlantic and Pacific, was only just recovering from the effects of a twelve weeks' street car strike, but from which many of the strikers would *never* recover their lost positions and prestige. A place of great interest was St. Stephens, the home church of "Ralph Connor," the author, though he is well known as Major Charles Gordon in almost every church in the United States and Canada, where he has preached, and to whose congregations he brought his war message direct from the battle fields, where no doubt he was inspired to create the character, Barry Dunbar, in his wonderfully tender and intense book, *The Sky Pilot of No Man's Land*.

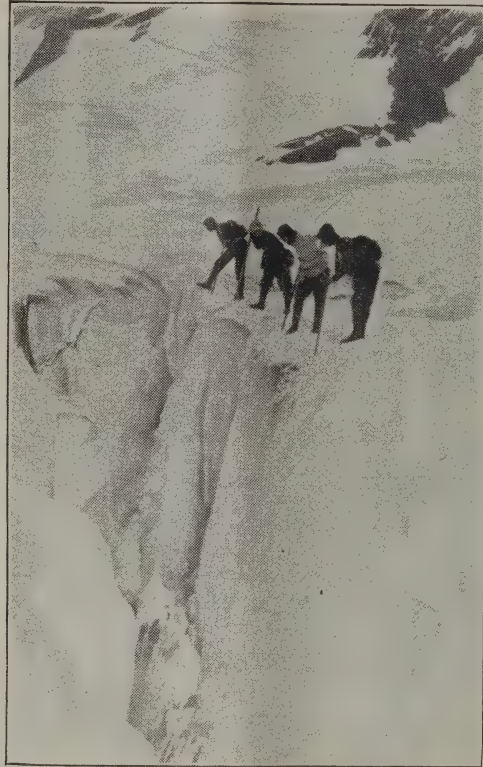
We now left cities built by man for the temples of Nature. The Trans-Canada Limited speeded its luxurious way towards the setting sun, passing through a country so large and vast and fertile that one began to realize the *bigness* of viewpoint and undertakings of our neighbors, as well as our own citizens of the *expansive West* and the *smallness* of our great cities of the East.

The extensive wheat fields of Manitoba gave promise of food in plenty for the necessities of the Europeans and prosperity for the growers, and the size and number of the grain elevators showed to what extent preparations for this vital crop are made. The Province of Alberta was not so fortunate. Wheat has been a poor crop there for the past five seasons, but the

farmers keep "gambling" on a better crop each year, and this year in particular on account of the generous price guaranteed by the government, but there had been no rain, and the crop had stunted and dried up. The land seems more suited to grazing than to wheat-growing.

location at the gateway of the Canadian Rockies, as well as being a great lumber center.

About ninety miles beyond Calgary, suddenly, like ghosts, the first of the mountain peaks appeared in the distance. They were a welcome sight after the long prairie



MOUNTAIN CLIMBING, CANADIAN ROCKIES

For almost an entire day we skirted the upper shores of Lake Superior, after traveling through mile after mile of "Christmas" trees. At first sight its unobstructed waters stretched out to the horizon, then scattered islands appeared, resembling lofty palisades and table lands. The timetables showed that we were to pass through towns with the unusual and interesting Indian names of Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat—also Regina, originally called "Pile o' Bones"—and there was great curiosity to see them, but they were just small prairie villages. Toward nightfall, after an entire day of prairie travel, we halted at Calgary, quite an important city on account of its

wilderness. We drew nearer and nearer until they towered on each side of the train, and with the Bow River between us and the mountains, and the moonlight turning it to a ribbon of gold, the sight was inspiring, especially when we reached the snow-clad peaks called Three Sisters, which were illuminated by the moonlight.

Like a castle on its mountain throne, the Banff Springs Hotel is one of the picturesque features of the country surrounding Banff, in the Province of Alberta. The wonderful Cascade mountains of great height, the tempestuous Falls of the Bow River and the "snows of summer" thrill one with their splendor, and the sight-

seeing auto and tallyho trips to the many points of interest are always crowded with tourists, who rush from trip to trip with true American spirit and perseverance. Banff is a restless place, with people coming and going daily and hourly—all satisfied that they are seeing the most wonderful of sights, but as one goes on the realization grows that it was only the beginning of scenic grandeur unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

Even though our watches have been set back two hours to agree with mountain time, the days are very long, and we almost enjoy the midnight sun, for at 10:30 p. m. in July, one can still read and write by daylight. In fact, a game of water polo in the luxurious swimming tank, between Australians and Canadians, did not begin until nine o'clock, in the open air. Spectators crowded the terrace, some in evening gowns and dinner coats, others in street clothes, while the majority were in crisp summer frocks. It was a good game, keenly contested and feverishly watched, but the Australians were large, strong men, with great powers of endurance, and—the race was “to the strong.”

After the activity of Banff, the shut-in, intimate splendor of Lake Louise was very restful. With keen anticipation, we got into the tramcar at the station, with its spacious seats and comfortable-looking red blanket robes, which contrasted brilliantly with the surroundings. The air is crisp and cool early and late in the day, and the robes proved very comfortable. On reaching the Chateau, the jewel-like Lake Louise, by its nearness, seemed to come to meet us. It nestles at the foot of Victoria Glacier, which slopes away to an altitude of a thousand feet or more above the lake, and along its snow-piled crest is the continental divide.

One lingers day after day watching the ever-changing surface of this little lake, where the reflections are so superb that one wants to see every phase of it. The walks along its borders are charming, the climbs to the surrounding lakes and mountains above the timber line and to the snow-line, either on foot (with or without the woman guide), or riding the mountain ponies, with a cowboy always in attendance as guide, are experiences which no “tender foot” wants to miss.



BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL, ALBERTA, CANADA

Some of these trails take one to Saddle-Back Mountain, where suddenly Mount Temple rises all alone, many thousand feet above the horizon, with its deep crevices and lofty spires of snow; to the Lakes-in-the-Clouds with a return by way of the Victoria Glacier, which gives one so many thrills—if on horseback—of joy at the beauty of the scenery twelve hundred and more feet above the Bow Valley, comfort and security on the patient pony coupled with fear lest he miss his footing and you be dashed to pieces either over the precipice on one side, or broken on the crags on the other. At Lookout Point one scarcely dares look at the view for fear the pony will look too, and become as frightened as its rider. However, this was a first experience; before the summer's journey was over a day lost interest that did not have an element of real (or fancied) danger with its accompanying thrills. The trip to Moraine Lake and the Valley-of-the-Ten-Peaks everybody loves, and everybody takes—in autos. At last the day for departure came, and with keen regret we left fair Lake Louise.

Fair Lake Louise, midst rocks and pines
In jade and opal dressed!
The sun reflects, in rose-pink glow
Victoria Glacier's riven snow
At Morn upon thy breast.

Then, when the new-born day at Noon
To man's estate has grown,
And set his crown—the sun—in place,
Thy rippling, silver-sparkling face
Proclaims his love thine own.

At Nightfall lengthened shadows creep
Across thy surface green,
While snow-capped mountains on each hand
Like sentinels determined stand—
Lefroy and Aberdeen.

At Midnight day doth loiter still
Loth his adieu to take,
'Till, peeping o'er Mt. Hector's crest,
The full moon drives him from the west
And thee, Oh! mountain lake.

Our imagination has not prepared us for the scenic beauties and wonders which are just ahead. After leaving Lake Louise six miles behind, we reach the *summit* of the Canadian Rockies, called the Great Divide. Here the waters separate, one stream flowing west to the Pacific Ocean, while the other eventually empties into Hudson Bay. A monument has been erected here to the memory of Sir James Hector, one of the first explorers of the Canadian Rockies in the Palliser Expedition of 1857 to 1860, by his grateful friends and admirers in Canada, England and the United States, in 1906.

From the Great Divide, an altitude of 5,296 feet, the descent begins amidst scenery of stupendous awe-inspiring grandeur



CHATEAU LAKE LOUISE

to the Kicking-Horse Canyon and River at Field, B. C., above which towers Mount Stephen 10,523 feet high. The railroad winds back and forth many times on the sides of different peaks, then through a spiral tunnel built to reduce the grade,

by stage to the far-famed Yoho Valley, and Emerald Lake beside of grim, rocky, pinnacled Mount Burgess. The Alpine Club of Banff, comprising eighty campers, more or less, was on its way to camp in the Yoho Valley, from whence they were to ascend



TWIN FALLS, BRITISH COLUMBIA

until now only two engines are required to haul passenger trains where four were required before, and to quote from the guide-book: "The tunnel is a perfect maze, the railroad doubling back on itself twice, tunneling under the mountains and crossing the river twice." In the Selkirk Range, a few miles farther on, the Connaught Tunnel goes through Mount McDonald. It is the longest tunnel in North America, being five miles, with double track, and cost \$5,500,000. "It shortens the distance by over four miles, reduces the elevation, and eliminates five miles of snow sheds, as well as curvature to the amount of seven complete circles.

Arriving at Field, a side-trip was made

one of the snow peaks. Some were seasoned climbers on their annual excursion, while others were making their first altitude climb to qualify for membership in the club. The girls wore khaki trousers and blouse, hob-nail shoes and soft felt hat. This, or a similar outfit, is very popular and sensible, and in fact advisable for riding and trail climbing in the mountain steeps and snows. They looked hot and tired, and as though they would like to go to a hotel and change to their "feminine selves." They stopped at Emerald Lake to rest and await their pack-train, which consisted of many horses, with backs heavily laden with provisions for a two weeks' camp and climb for eighty people.

Returning to Field, one takes the train for Glacier. Open-top observation cars are here attached to the train, so that passengers can have an unobstructed view of the further descent through the mountains. Stages meet the train at Glacier, and after a hard climb of about 500 feet, we arrive at the hotel, which is in a valley, on the side of a mountain, and at the same time at the foot, for one looks up and up at Mount Sir Donald, thousands of feet above, from which height it overlooks the Illecillewaet Glacier. The climb to this glacier is something never to be forgotten. The trail winds back and forth through beautiful trees, across glacier streams, and all the way along are brilliantly colored flowers. In fact, the whole Canadian Rockies is like a flower garden. Flowers of different species grow at the different elevations—some in the valleys, others above the timber line, while still others force their heads through the drifts and fields of snow. In Canada there is no law against picking them, but in the U. S. National Parks it is against the law to pick a single flower—a law which is strictly enforced.

From Glacier we continue the journey through Albert Canyon and Revelstoke, from which place tourists leave the train who are going through the Kootenay Lakes region, and on to Sicamous, where, as is the custom, we spend the night, in order to complete the journey to Vancouver by daylight. After leaving Sicamous, we follow Lake Shuswap for fifteen miles. Short stops are made at places with the queer names of Kamloops, Walhachin, Spatsum, Spuzzum and many others of Indian origin. We have gradually descended from the snow-clad mountains until they have receded into the distance, much to our regret; but to compensate, we are to enjoy something very different, for when Thompson Canyon is reached the peculiar formation of the sand hills and pinnacles is very interesting, but the barrenness gives one a desolate feeling which is entirely lacking among the snow-capped peaks and ranges. After several hours, we emerge from Thompson Canyon, cross the river, and making almost a loop turn, soon enter the Frazer Canyon. The rocky cliffs and turbulent water of the Frazer River, a complete contrast to the recent sandy coun-

try, finds its acme of power in the perilous Hell Gate current. Through this canyon the railroad clings to the side of the mountain, and seems dangerously near the edge, then crosses on a light but strong trestle bridge from one rugged crag to another, with the river hundreds of feet below.

On reaching Vancouver, we have a further treat in store in our visit to Stanley Park, with its gigantic cedar trees of tremendous height and girth, the trunks large enough to accommodate an automobile and many people, as is shown in the hollow space of one. Then there is Capilano Canyon, with its suspension bridge, which swings as one crosses it two hundred feet above the canyon below. We are glad indeed to get across, but dismayed to think that the crossing and swaying must be gone through with again on the return. When we arrive at our hotel in Vancouver, it seems as though the different aspects of Nature had all been unfolded to our appreciative and awed vision in our travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

JAMES SHAW, the poet, was born in Mull about the year 1758. He was poet to the Laird of Lochnell, and was known in Argyllshire as "Bard Loch-nan-eala." He died in 1828. His poetic works never were published in book form, but a number of them appear in "The Beauties of Gaelic poetry" and some in "Turner's Collection."

THE SCOTS.—"Albanach" asks what part of Ireland did the Scots of old come from. The last strong contingent of Scots came in 501 from Dalriata, now the Rout, in Down and Antrim, under the sons of Erc. Earlier colonies also came, seemingly, from the same place about 200 A.D., under Cairbre Riata. The Irish explain Cairbre's cognomen as *rig-fhota*, or "long armed," but the coalescence of the *igh-fho*—into *ia* is hardly possible so early as Bede's time (731), who calls Cairbre simply Reuda. The word seems a lost adjective from *reidh-ta*. Other colonies may have come during the time the Picts and Scots harassed the Romans and the Britons (360-450.)

Mr. John W. Chessier, who was elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh, on November 8, is eminently qualified for the position not only on account of his wide knowledge of civic affairs, fact, and popularity, but also for the excellent public service rendered by him for many years in the Scottish capital. Mr. Chessier succeeds Sir J. Lorne MacLeod, who during his term of office has been one of Edinburgh's most popular Lord Provosts. Former Lord Provost MacLeod bade farewell to the Council at a dinner given by his colleagues, October 28.

Celtic Notes

MACKECHNIE.—The Gaelic of this name is Echthigherna and means "son of the lord of horses." The usual form of the name is found in English as MacEchern. The family seat was originally in Killan, Kintyre, but the clan never came to very much, although they were pretty well scattered all over Argyllshire and the Isles.

MACVARISH.—A correspondent enquires about the name MacVarish. It is difficult to say what its origin is, but it is evident that it belongs to the Moidart district. In Mac Mhaighster Alasdair's famous poem, "Birlinn Chlann Raonuill" ten lines from the end of the poem we have mention of the name—

"Chuir sinn a mach raimh chaola bhaigean;
Dhaite, mhine,
De'n ghiuthas a bhuain MacBharraois
An Eilean Fhionan.

I observe that Ronald Macdonald (Raonull Dubh) son of the bard, writes the name "Mac-Bhairis" in his collection of 1776 in which the Birlinn first appeared. It is also interesting to note that among the surgeons connected with the Prince's army during the '45 was John M'Warish, from Drumley, Moidart.

MACDONALD OF ARDNAMURCHAN.—The chief of the MacDonalds of Ardnamurchan—who were called "Clann Iain," was patronymically styled "Mac Eoin Abraich." Macdonald of Glencoe was called simply Mac Iain.

BREADALBANE.—The patronymic of the House of Breadalbane is "Mac Chailein mhic-Donnachaigh." The motto of the Breadalbane Campbells is "Follow me," while that of the Campbells of Cawdor is "Bi cuimneachail," or "Be mindful."

M'ARTHUR.—A family of Macarthurs were for many generations hereditary pipers to the MacDonalds of Sleat, Skye. The most celebrated of the family was Charles, whose musical education was perfected by Patrick Og MacCrimmon.

MACINTYRES.—There was a strong colony of MacIntyres resident for many generations at the village of Cladich, Loch Awe, where they carried on an extensive weaving industry. A speciality with them was the production of very finely woven hose and garters, which were made in the various clan tartans. No Highland costume, however expensive, was complete at that period without a pair of Cladich garters.

"THE RED BOOK OF APPIN."—"Dearc" will get information regarding this wonderful Book in Campbells "West Highland Tales," Volume II, page 99. A.

THE 42ND REGIMENT.—This regiment was raised in 1725-1729 and was called "Am Freiceadan Dubh," or the Black Watch owing to the appearance of their dark tartan which contrasted strikingly with the scarlet uniforms of the "Saighdearan Dearg," or Red Soldiers. (see Frank Adam's Clan Scots and Regiments of the Scottish Highlands.)

Gaelic Proverbs

Aithne na bliadhna gu leir aig fear na he-aon oidhche.

The whole year's knowledge with the man of one night—the presumption of the inexperienced.

Aird na dalach is isle na h-airde.

The higher part of the dale, and the lowest part of the height—best lands.

Air ghnathuch na cuthaig.

On the gowk's errand. Scotch—On a foolish mission.

Air deireadh rug i'n toighre.

At last she bore the heir.

Air a mhagan roimh na casan.

Creep afore ye gang—Scotch.

Ainmeacheas ba air buachaille is 'ga toirt uaithe mu fheasgar.

Naming a cow of the herd, and taking it from him in the evening.

Ailleagan na luatha luathragan a' chlach-ain.

The fireside beauty, the slattern of the village. (Wise among fools, and vice versa.)

Adhaircean fada air a' chrodh a tha's a' cheo.

Long horns on the cows in the mist.

A Shabaid 's a' sheachdain.

Sunday and all the week—always.

A' phoit a tilgeadh air a choir, gu bheil a' has dubh.

The pot calling the kettle black.

A nadur fein a' tightin 's a' chullach.

His own nature showing itself in the boar—heredity.

A ghne a bhios sa' mhathair, is gnath leis a bhi 's an nighean.

The mother's nature is often in the daughter.

A' deanamh math an aghaidh an uile.

Recompensing good for evil.

A taomadh na mara le cliabh.

Bailing the ocean with a creel.—Doing a foolish thing.

A deanamh balg ri grein.

Sunning himself.

A deanamh teadhair do roine.

Making a tether of a hair.—Spinning yarns.

Ag itheadh na cruacha fo 'n t-sìoman.

Eating the stack beneath the straw-ropes.

A cur breid air toll.

Putting a rag on a hole—making up a deficiency.

Ceann cnodain, 's ceann sgadain, 's ceann goibhr' air bhroch fheannadh,—tri cinn nach fhiach itheadh.

A gurnet's head, a herring's head, and an ill-flayed goat's head—three heads not worth eating.

Cath taobh an teallaich.

The fireside battle.

(Continued on page 361)

Men Worth Remembering—XI

"The Ettrick Shepherd," the friend of Walter Scott, is still held in pleasant remembrance for the great service he has rendered in preserving old Scottish ballads. He is also remembered for his covenanting story of the "Brownie of Bodspeck," and his valuable contributions to the *Blackwood Magazine*. The following poems rank him among the best exponents of the poetry of fairyland, "The Bonnie Kilmeny," "Cam' ye by Atholl," "Flora MacDonald's Lament," and "When the Kye Comes Hame"

FOOTPRINTS OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD

Once more we are in the classic Border region. What a wonderful place it is! At every step you touch on places sacred and familiar, for it is a land beloved of the literateur. In every neuk and corner the pathos of old pastorals blends with supreme repose. The sweetest of atmospheres envelops the far-stretching, folding hills of green, while delightful to the ear come the whisperings of lonely waters meandering through their soft and tranquil holms. Old echoes of ballads come to the memory of the pilgrim in this fairest of retreats, and are taken up and echoed again and again. And from out the mists of years long passed away, you can hear those crooning melodies of cradle songs sung by vanished generations. Such sweet, delicate things well up in the imagination and awaken the pleasantest of recollections

Of fairy tales of ancient time.

How lovingly Scott, Thomson and Leyden eulogized those "old far off forgotten things"! How enchantingly they have visualized this neighborhood of wild nature and romance? The glamor of the Border held each in its spell, and caused them to sing of its beauty and poetry. But while these illustrious minstrels can be thought of apart from their homelands, one particular name stands out pre-eminently as being inseparably linked with this haunt of hauntings. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, can hardly be thought of apart from his native heath. The solitudes of Ettrickdale, with their quiet homesteads; the breezy uplands of the southern hills; the rushing flood; the echoing rock; the moaning wood; the bleat of the mountain goat were as the very breath to Hogg, and left within his heart

A feeling tongue can neer impart;
A wildered and unearthly flame,
A something that's without a name.*

On foot and alone, when the glare of summer sunshine is radiating the soft and rounded hills, it is good to wander in this solitary valley-land of the last laureate of the fairies. A pleasant place it is for the nurture of a Scottish bard. And here he who walks in quiet will come under the spell of these fine old memories which seem ever to linger in the byways of a poet's homeland.

In Ettrick and Yarrow were all Hogg's wanderings. Here he lived the free, open life of the uplands in the very heart of a romance-haunted region. Surrounded by the scenery he loved, and enveloped in those sweet solitudes which even yet steal down upon the wayfarer, the first glimmerings came to him of that inspiration which moulded his literary career, and placed him alongside Scott and Leyden, in the forefront of Border minstrels, and second only to Burns on the illustrious roll of Scottish bards. In the shadows of the green, immemorial hills he would oft-times linger, while time and again must the soft, rhythmic murmurings of the little streams have offered a pensive cadence for the fleeting lines with which he beguiled the passing hours. But to know the poet's homeland you must travel far and wide. Like Robert Louis Stevenson, though in a lesser degree, Hogg had the wandering instinct, yet whether by Elibank on the Tweed, pleasant Singlee, or Willanslea, where he first read "The Gentle Shepherd," and Blind Harry's "Wallace," or in the more familiar haunts around Blackhouse, Ettrick Hall, Altrive and Mount Benger, he was ever "among the wilds" beside the majesty of nature. The wilds were Hogg's true teachers, and right nobly did he harken to their lessons. With a sweep of solitary landscapes ever before you, you follow in his footsteps. In such environment you interpret his thoughts, for here it is easy to dream of yester years and listen to the voices of the past.

Through a far flung stretch of cultivated loneliness you pass to the silent vale in which Hogg first saw the light. It is a lone spot, a stranded backwater of retreat

upon whose peaceful slumbers scarce a sound breaks in. But we look in vain for the home of his birth. Alas! this ancient dwelling has vanished with the progress of the years, and all that remains to mark the spot is a picturesque old farm reposing serenely in the shadow of some overhanging trees. In the wall of the garden, near the roadway, you may read on a large blue sort of stone, bearing the initials J. H.—

Here first I saw the rising morn;
Here first my infant mind unfurled
To judge this spot where I was born,
The very centre of the world.

Close by stands the pleasant little God's acre round Ettrick Kirk, inalienably associated with the Rev. Thomas Boston, whose "Fourfold State" and "Crook in the Lot" were once powerful instruments in the religious life of Scotland, and which "haps" all that is mortal of him who

Found in youth a hap among the hills,
Dropt by the Elfin people.

Here also lies William Laidlaw, the grandfather of Hogg, the far-famed Will of Phaup. All around, the country is exceedingly quiet. A harmonious calm pervades the atmosphere with a strange sweetness. And from this last resting place of a vanished world, in the retirement of the green, folding hills, you may look out on the pleasant farm steading of Ramseycleuch in the valley below, where our bard met Sir Walter Scott for the first time, and where the intercourse proved so congenial that they talked on until three o'clock in the morning.

That meeting marks a gilded page in the life of Hogg, who tells us that they "were friends on the very first exchange of sentiments." It could scarcely have been otherwise, for the Wizard and the simple, warm-hearted Shepherd had much in common. One likes to dwell on the relationship which sprang up between them. Never had a man a greater friend than Hogg found in Scott, and the strong affection which each returned was broken only with the death of the latter in 1832. There are many pleasing examples of that great intimacy, but space does not permit going into details. Nevertheless it is pleasant to compare the kind and warm eulogies of Sir Walter with the condescending and somewhat galling remark of Carlyle:

"Hogg is a little red-skinned, st'ff-rack of a body, with quite the common air of an

Ettrick shepherd, except that he has a highish, though sloping brow, among his gizzled hair, and two clear little beads of blue or grey eyes that sparkle, if not with thought, yet with animation."

In another passage he refers to "this poor man." But to "the dearest spot on earth," where were reared "the flowers of the forest."

Round Altrive you meet with some of the most interesting associations in the whole realm of Scottish literature. A whole day might be spent lingering here, so many and attractive are they. Each footprint awakens some sweet, half-forgotten connection. Each vista makes a telling picture from the gallery of long past years, for when you saunter you are treading in the wake of a vanished day and generation. The house in which Hogg lived has completely disappeared, but there on the right bank of the Yarrow, where

"A silvery current flows,"

is the little farm of Eldinhope, in which is incorporated the kitchen and the study—the room in which Hogg died—of the old place. A step or two and you are on the spot where, according to Scott, Hogg greeted the painter, Wilkie, with the "finest compliment ever paid to man." "This is no the great Mr. Wilkie?" said Hogg, and on being assured in the affirmative, he grasped his hand and exclaimed, "Mr. Wilkie, I cannot tell you how proud I am to see you in my house, and how glad I am to see you are so young a man." Close by lie the classic springs of Yarrow, to whose pristine haunts Hogg acted as guide on more than one occasion to the author of "Yarrow Revisited." In the opening verses of his poem on the Shepherd's death, Wordsworth has the following graceful lines in remembrance:

When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick shepherd was my guide
When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

You pass to the last meeting place of Scott and Hogg some little distance below Altrive. The snug little inn, the Gordon Arms, marks the scene of this farewell parting. Scott's days were now drawing to a close, and there is a tender feeling in

Hogg's description of this final conversation. Slowly they walked down the road past Mount Benger, with its memories of misfortunes and the poet Wordsworth, Scott walking with difficulty and leaning heavily upon Hogg for support. They "talked of many things, past, present and to come," but the conversation was not of a very clear kind. "I cannot tell you what it was," wrote the Shepherd afterwards. "but there was something in his manner that distressed me. He often changed the subject very abruptly, and never laughed. He expressed the deepest concern for my welfare and success in life, more than I had ever heard him do before, and all mixed with sorrow for my worldly misfortunes. There is little doubt that his own were then preying on his vitals." Thus, twenty-nine years from their first meeting, at the farm of Ramseycleuch, the two poets parted for the last time. It is good to rest in the kindly shadow of this old-fashioned caravansary and muse on that momentous parting. A no more fitting spot could have been chosen, for situated between the dowie dens of Yarrow, beloved by both, it is the centre of a countryside every inch of which was stamped indelibly on their hearts. And as the eerie cry of the whaup, and the ceaseless murmur of running water come to the ear, they seem but echoes in soulful remembrance of that far-off, historic day.

With such thoughts tingling in the memory, it is a pleasant tramp across country to the neighborhood of Blackhouse. On every hand stretch miles and miles of moorland, with here and there, in the near distance, the hills silhouetted, huge and dark, against the sky-lines. One can linger undisturbed in the region for hours, for the only sound that breaks in upon your reverie is the pleasant tinkle of the Douglas Burn as it wends its way merrily between its lonely banks. The pathos of the old ballad of the "Douglas Tragedy" floats through its invigorating atmosphere, and all around rises a literary fragrance of the singers of songs who made the district their very own. At every turn we are treading with our feet in the old prints. The quiet little farmstead by the entrance to the Douglas Glen, a veritable shadow among the shades, stands a monument to William Laidlaw, the poet, for here it was that the

amanuensis and life-long friend of Sir Walter Scott, and author of that delightful Border lyric, "Lucy's Flittin'," was born. In the very heart of this sylvan glen, Scott, in company with John Leyden, met Laidlaw for the first time, and viewed, as he passed through the Hawkshaw Doors, that memorable sight of St. Mary's Loch. High above stretches Hawkshaw Rig, where Hogg, with his faithful "Hector," herded sheep, as he crooned to himself the old ballads taught him at his mother's knee.

It was there, too, there came awandering one summer's day, the half-witted Jock Scott, and as the shepherd watched his sheep he recited to him the witching episodes of "Tam o' Shanter." You can well imagine the scene as the master touch of Burns was revealed, and the reciter's words echoed and re-echoed along the quiet hillside. The effect was electrical. "I was delighted!" cries Hogg in his reminiscences; "I was more than delighted—I was ravished! I cannot describe my feelings." And thus casually was lighted the love which burned so brightly throughout his all too brief span of years.—*K. in Inverness Courier.*

Gaelic Proverbs

(Continued from page 359)

A'dol eadar thu 's do chadal.

Going between you and your sleep.

Piseach cuilean a mhadaidh ruaidh, mar a's sin' e 's ann a's mios' e.

The luck of the fox's whelp—the older the worse.

Cat a' chinn bhig, is bean a' chinn mhoir.

The small-headed cat and the big-headed woman.

Cas air creathaill, 's lamh an cuigeil, comharradh na deagh mhna-tighe.

Foot on cradle, hand to distaff, sign of the good housewife.

Carghus a' chion, an Carghas a's miosa th' ann.

Lent for want is the worst of Lents.—Compulsory fasting.

Car tuathal t' aimleis ort!

The left about unlucky turn to you.

Car an aghaidh cuir.—Turn against twist.

Caora luideagach a theid 's an dris, fagaidd i h-olann 's an dos.

The ragged sheep that goes into the briers will leave her wool there.

Camshronaich bhog an ime.

The soft buttery Camerons.

Edinburgh Castle Must Go!

The committee appointed by the Secretary for Scotland, without the authority of Parliament or the approval of any representative body in Scotland, to report on the possibility of utilizing Edinburgh Castle as the site of a Scottish National War Memorial, has arrived at the conclusion that the proposal should be adopted. The Committee of Ghouls which came to this extraordinary decision is composed of a unique representation of official and other duds some of whom have no title to sit in authority over the destiny of the Castle. The report is signed by Vice-Admiral Heath, Lieutenant General Sir F. W. N. McCracken and Lieutenant-General Sir J. S. Ewart, who, though highly respected officers, have no business on such a committee. Nor is it right that the Lord Provosts of Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen and Perth should have an opportunity to dispose of a castle which is outwith their jurisdiction. Nor is it obvious why the Labor M.P. for West Fife, Lord Glenconner, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Principal George Adam Smith, and other variegated vandals should be asked to pronounce on the future of Edinburgh Castle. The only Edinburgh residents on the committee are the Lord Provost, whose approval of the scheme does not, of course, commit his Council; Sir John R. Findlay, a proprietor of a Tory paper, whose political views have been repudiated by a whole generation of Scotsmen; The Very Rev. Dr. Wallace Williamson, the dignified ceremonial ecclesiastic of St. Giles; and Mr. J. Lawton Wingate, P.R.S.A., who regards the War Memorial as "too exclusively a glorification of militarism." With the exception of the Lord Provost not a single member of the committee represents the citizens. This staggering fact has not been fully grasped by the people of Edinburgh, who probably now see that the proposal to lay violent hands on one of Scotland's most sacred possessions was hatched in London.

The details of the structural and smogification of the surface of the rock are of secondary importance. The outstanding question is whether it is the national interest that the memorial should be on the Castle Rock. The committee under remit was not allowed to consider other sites.

There are some who doubt the sanity of spending large sums on stone and lime, while tens of thousands of soldiers' widows are facing the task of bringing up their families on so many shillings a day. The women and children who have suffered and who daily feel the pinch will see little glory in commemorating their dead with shrines and museums of this sort. The great gentlemen who signed the report do not understand what it is for mothers, who stand in nearly all the clothing they possess, to find clothes and boots and food for the little ones out of the slender pensions which have been literally wrung out of the government. It is no reply to retort that the scale of pensions has recently been increased, for each increase

but demonstrates the inadequacy of its predecessor. Scotland has been bled for war relief funds which were, unfortunately, necessary to supplement the scandalous pittances awarded by our £400 legislators at Westminster, and yet with State and voluntary relief the situation has not been met.

A War Memorial for Scotland may be desirable, but Scotland should decide as to its form. The twenty-seven nominees of a London Department have a Tooley street glamour about their composition. The women of Scotland have been wantonly ignored. Not a single woman, not a single soldier's widow has been considered worthy to sit beside the Peers. Nor is there a working man among the crowd which includes titled quidnuncs and profiteers. Nor is there so far as we know a single soldier who has served abroad during the war. Yet this ramshackle committee, recruited from the upper ten, without giving a moment's consideration to other probable sites and schemes solemnly announces the doom of our most treasured possession.

Surely the people of Edinburgh are not going to stand nonsense of this sort? If Scotland had been consulted she would unquestionably desire a memorial which would be of practical value to the dependents of her fallen heroes. It ought to minister to flesh and blood rather than to the excess profits of architects and builders. The vandals who seek to build shrines to enshrine the memory of the illustrious dead while their dear ones are huddled with their little ones in one-roomed hovels deserve to be execrated by all who appreciate the fitness of things. Lord Rosebery, as the true interpreter of the higher instinct of Scotland, has put upon this project the mark of Cain, for it sacrifices the spiritual to the spectacular.

We have remarked that the details of the scheme are of secondary consideration. The central feature is an empty building called a shrine, which is so alien to Scotland that it may be defined as a sacred place. This involves a vast amount of hideous masonry unrelieved by sculpture. Sixteen rooms are to be slapped out of the hospital to hold relics of all the Scottish regiments. The old Governor's house is to be untouched externally but reconstructed internally. The hideous Barracks which disfigure the rock are actually to be retained in all their existing ugliness. These and other incidentals are estimated to cost a quarter of a million pounds. Alas! for the Economy campaign. For this modest sum the committee will put new wine into old bottles, and at the end of the day the visitor to the castle will be confronted with a maddening maze of masonry some of it dating from the Reformation period, some of it from the Deformation period.

Are the people of Scotland to allow this hair-brained scheme to proceed? Edinburgh Castle is the Shrine of Scotland, the Scotland of all time, the Mecca of a great race.

The MacDonalds of Keppoch

Clan Badge: Common Heath (*Fraoch gorm*).

The Septs and Dependents entitled to use the Keppoch Tartan are: MacGillivantie, MacGill, Macglasrich, MacKillop, MacPhilip, Philipson, Ronald, Ronaldson.

The Arms of the Clan is: Gold, a red eagle displayed surmounted by a black galleon with sails furled, in the dexter chief a red right hand couped in fess and in the sinister chief a black cross crosslet fitchy. Crest: A black raven standing on a blue rock.

Motto: *Per mare per terras.*

An interesting subject for the pen of the Scottish historical student would be the mass of evil consequences, extending for centuries afterwards, which flowed from the moral indiscretion of Robert II, first of the Stewart kings. As a warrior and a statesman the Stewart was in every way worthy of his grandfather, King Robert the Bruce. It was his private conduct in the matter of his conjugal relationships, which entailed such endless woes upon his descendants and upon Scotland. Though legitimated by a Papal dispensation in 1347, eight years before his second marriage, there can be no question that the Stewart's early connection with Elizabeth Mure of Rowallan was irregular. Out of this fact arose the claim of the children of his later marriage with Euphemia Ross, the Earls of Strathearn and Atholl, to be the proper heirs of the Crown, a claim which brought about the assassination of James I and the terrible Douglas Wars against James II. At the same time, by their own acts, the children of Elizabeth Mure brought a heritage of woe on Scotland. The eldest son, John, ascended the throne as Robert III, but the third son, the ambitious, able Robert, Duke of Albany, ruled the country, secured the death of Robert III's elder son by starvation at Falkland, and the capture and long imprisonment of the king's second son, afterwards James I, by the English, for which betrayal a fearful nemesis was suffered by his own son and grandsons, on Stirling heading hill. Elizabeth Mure's fourth son was the savage Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan, better known as the Wolf of Badenoch, whose defiance of the laws of God and

man kept the northern half of Scotland in fire and bloodshed for more than twenty years. To mention only one other of the twenty-one children of Robert II, his eldest daughter, Margaret, who was married to John, Lord of the Isles, in 1350, carried with her what seems to have been nothing less than a curse. To make way for her, the Lord of the Isles set aside his first wife, Amy MacRuari, with her children. From that day the misfortunes of the great House of the Isles began, and the downfall of the whole race of Macdonald. It was Margaret Stewart's son, Donald of the Isles, who married a sister of the Earl of Ross, and on that Earl's death claimed the Earldom. This was claimed also by his uncle, Robert, Duke of Albany, for his own younger son. To assert his claim, Donald, in 1411, marched across Scotland and fought the bloody battle of Harlaw, where he was defeated by his cousin, Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, eldest natural son of the Wolf of Badenoch. It is true that in 1431 the tables were turned, when the same Earl of Mar was defeated by the Islesmen, under Donald Balloch, in the fierce battle of Inverlochy; but the victory merely brought down upon Alexander, the next Lord of the Isles, Margaret Stewart's grandson, condign punishment at the hands of his other cousin, King James I, and the misfortunes of the house went from less to more, till in 1498 John, "fourth and last," Lord of the Isles, died a forfeited and landless man in Paisley Abbey or Dundee.

In these matters, the Macdonalds of Keppoch shared the misfortunes of the great House of the Isles from which they had sprung. Their ancestors were Alastair, third son of John, Lord of the Isles, and Margaret Stewart, daughter of King Robert II. Angus Og, the father of John of the Isles, who figures as the hero in Scott's poem, had received from King Robert the Bruce, as a reward for loyal support, the lands of Morven, Ardnamurchan and Lochaber, forfeited by his kinsmen, the Macdougals of Lorne, and John of the Isles made his third son Lord of Lochaber. In a deed of 1398, Alastair is termed "*Magnificus vir et potens*," and for three hundred

years his descendants were known as the race of Alastair Carraich. It was not till the end of the seventeenth century that the Keppoch Chief, Colla MacGillieaspuig, on the persuasion of his kinsmen, the Gleggarry Chief, Lord MacDonell and Aros, resumed the family name of MacDonald. The stronghold of the Macdonalds of Keppoch stood on high ground at the meeting of the Roy and the Spean, where, within the last hundred years, the trees of their old garden continued to blossom and bear fruit.

Meanwhile much water had flowed past the walls of that Lochaber fortress. Notably in 1431, while Alexander, Lord of the Isles, lay a prisoner in Tantallon, and his mother, the Countess of Ross, was immured on Inchcolm, Alastair Carraich joined the formidable invasion of the Islesmen under his cousin, Donald Balloch, Chief of Clanranald, which routed the royal forces under Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, and the Earl of Caithness at Inverlochy. For this the lordship of Lochaber was forfeited and bestowed by James I on his loyal supporter, the Mackintosh Chief, Captain of Clan Chattan. This grant proved a cause of trouble for several centuries. Like the MacGregors further south, the Macdonalds resisted the Mackintosh's "parchment tenure," and continued for the most part to hold their lands by the ancient *coir a glaive*, or right of the sword.

Alastair Carraich's son, Angus, second Keppoch Chief, had two sons, Donald and Alastair. Of these, Donald was slain in 1498, in a battle with the first Appin Chief, Dougal Stewart, and his son, John, earned the enmity of his clan by an act which the Highlanders invariably regarded as unpardonable. One of his tribe, having committed some offence, fled to him for protection. John, however, weakly handed the man over to the Mackintosh Chief, as Steward of Lochaber. By this act he sealed his own fate. The clan deposed him from the chiefship, and made his cousin and heir-male presumptive, Donald Glas, chief in his place. Ronald, the son of Donald Glas, met a still more tragic fate. Along with the Captain of Clan Cameron, he took part in 1544, in supporting the stout and capable John Moydertach, natural son of the late Chief of Clanranald,

in his claim to the chiefship which had been conferred upon him by his clan, in despite of the weak and unpopular legitimate heir, Ranald Gallda. For a time, while Moydertach was imprisoned by James V, Ranald was placed in possession of the Moidart estates by his mother's people, the Frasers; but on James's death and Moydertach's return, Gallda fled, and his rival, helped by Keppoch and the Camerons, carried fire and sword through the Fraser country. These disorders brought into action the Earl of Huntly, as King's Lieutenant in the North. With a force of the Frasers, Grants and Mackintoshes, he drove out Moydertach and his raiders, and replaced Ranald Gallda in possession of his estates. On their way back, Huntly's forces separated in Glen Spean, and Lovat with four hundred men went homewards by the Great Glen. There, at the head of Loch Lochy, he was intercepted by the Macdonalds, and in the terrible battle of Kin-Loch-Lochy, or Blar-na-leine, had his force completely cut to pieces, and was slain himself, with his eldest son and the luckless Ranald Gallda. It was in the following year that the Earl of Lennox invaded the West of Scotland in the interest of Henry VIII, and he found it easy to gain over John Moydertach and his allies. These transactions proved disastrous to Keppoch. In 1546, along with the Captain of Clan Cameron, he was secured by Mackintosh as Deputy Lieutenant, and handed over to Huntly, who first imprisoned the two at Perth, and afterwards carried them to Elgin, where they were tried and beheaded in 1547.

Ranald's son and successor, Alastair of Keppoch, was mixed up with the affairs of that turbulent chief, Sir James Macdonald of Islay and Kintyre, chief of Clan Ian Vor, and last representative of the second son of John of the Isles and the daughter of King Robert II. When Sir James, after trying to burn his father and mother in their house of Askomull in Kintyre, was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, he made several attempts to escape. After the first of these he was confined in irons, and in the second attempt the irons severely injured his ankle as he leapt from the wall. At last, however, in 1615, by the help of Alastair of Keppoch, and his eldest son, he succeeded in getting away. His estates in

Islay had by this time been feued to Sir John Campbell of Cawdor, brother of the Earl of Argyll, and Sir James proceeded to raise his forces to make a last stand against the usurpations of the Campbells, who for centuries had been ousting the ancient House of the Isles from its heritage. In the struggle he was vigorously helped by Keppoch, and the affair caused an immense commotion in the Western Isles. In the end, however, the Earl of Argyll himself was brought from England, whither he had fled, it is said, to escape his creditors. Armed with the King's commission, he gathered his forces at Duntroon on Loch Crinan, drove Sir James and his supporters from Islay, and Kintyre, and finally secured these territories as Campbell possessions. Keppoch seems to have followed his leader to Spain, and when they were recalled to London and pardoned by King James VI, in 1620, he received a pension of 200 merks, while Sir James got one of 1,000.

Twenty-five years later, during the Civil Wars, the House of Keppoch was very active on the side of King Charles. When the King's general, the Marquess of Montrose, made his astonishing march in the snows of winter to overthrow the pusillanimous Marquess of Argyll at Inverlochy, it was a member of the clan, John Macdonald, the famous Iain Lom, the poet, who guided Montrose's army through the difficult mountain passes. After the death of Montrose the bard of Keppoch composed a lament in his honor.

At a still later day, Iain Lom played a dramatic part in another tragic episode in the history of his clan. The tradition runs that a Keppoch Chief, Donald Glas, sent his two sons to France to be educated, and died during their absence. On the return of the lads, Alastair and his brother, Randal, they were barbarously murdered, in September, 1663, by certain members of the clan, who took possession of their land. No one seemed disposed or powerful enough to avenge the crime: only the poet seemed to feel the outrage, and he exerted himself unceasingly to induce some chief to take the matter up. At last he managed to enlist the interest of Glengarry, who had recently been raised to the peerage as Lord MacDonell and Aros. By this chief a body of men were sent to Brae Lochaber,

and the murderers were attacked in their dwellings and slain. The sequel is told in the inscription on a curious monument with an apex representing seven human heads, which stands near the southwest end of Loch Oich. The inscription runs: "As a memorial of the ample and summary vengeance which, in the swift course of feudal justice, inflicted by the orders of the Lord McDonell and Aross, overtook the perpetrators of the foul murder of the Keppoch family, a branch of the powerful and illustrious clan of which his lordship was the Chief, this monument is erected by Colonel McDonell of Glengarry, XVII MacMhic-Alaister, his successor and representative, in the year of our Lord 1812. The heads of the seven murderers were presented at the feet of the noble chief in Glengarry Castle, after having been washed in this spring, and ever since that event, which took place early in the sixteenth century, it has been known by the name of 'Tobar-nan-ceann,' or 'The Well of the Heads'."

In its chronology the inscription is somewhat astray, as Iain Lom was not born till about 1620. At the restoration in 1660 he received a pension, and he is sometimes referred to as the poet laureate of Charles II. He was present with the Jacobite army under Dundee at Killiecrankie, in 1689, and celebrated the victory of the Highland army on that occasion in a poem, "Rinrory."

Meanwhile the Macdonalds of Keppoch had been making history vigorously in their own way. In 1682 Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch died and was succeeded by his son, Coll, then a youth at St. Andrews. After his father's funeral, Coll went to Inverness and tried to arrange terms to settle the old difficulties with the Mackintosh Chief. The latter, however, replied by throwing Keppoch into prison, and it took an order from the Privy Council to set him free. After this treatment, Keppoch naturally refused to have dealings with Mackintosh, and in the end the latter procured a commission of fire and sword against him. It was in July, 1688, that the Mackintosh Chief, irritated by Keppoch's refusal to pay rent and admit his authority, at last raised his clan, and accompanied by a body of Government troops under Captain Mackenzie of Suddie, descended upon Brae

Lochaber and encamped on the height of Maol rua', near Keppoch's stronghold. The upshot, however, was far different from what he expected. His force numbered about a thousand men, while Keppoch had his own force increased by the Macdonalds of Glengarry and Glencoe, and some Camerons. At dawn on the 4th of August, Mackintosh beheld the Macdonalds descending upon him from the ridge above. They charged without shoes, stockings or bonnets, and did dreadful execution with their swords and Lochaber axes. Suddie was killed, and Mackintosh himself taken prisoner, while his banner only escaped by its bearer leaping a chasm over which no one could follow him. This Battle of Mulroy, which was the last clan battle in the Highlands, was celebrated with characteristic vigor by Ian Lom.

Mackintosh complained to the Privy Council, which sent two companies of foot and a troop of dragoons into Lochaber to destroy the Macdonalds, "man, woman and child," and burn their houses and corn. The Macdonalds, however, managed to escape to the hills, from which they witnessed the destruction of their homes and crops. In the following year, Mackintosh, having refused to join the Jacobite forces under Dundee, Macdonald had the satisfaction of driving off his cattle, and burning his new mansion of Dunachton. For his activity in cattle-raiding for the Jacobite army, Dundee nicknamed Keppoch as "Coll of the Cows."

In the interest of King James, Coll threatened Inverness with a force of eight hundred men, but was drawn off by Dundee; and he led a thousand Highlanders to the Battle of Killiecrankie. He remained loyal to the Jacobite cause, and at the rising of 1715 he joined the Earl of Mar and fought at Sheriffmuir.

It was the son of Coll of the Cows, Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch, who played a very notable part in the rising under Prince Charles Edward in 1745. At the Prince's landing, he was one of the first of the Highland Chiefs to declare for him, and it was in his country, at the bridge over the Spean, that the first shots of the rising were fired and two companies of Government soldiers taken prisoners. Keppoch himself led three hundred clansmen to the raising of the Prince's standard at

Glenfinnan, and, having been an officer in the French service, he proved of very great value throughout the campaign, till the last onset at Culloden. Since Bannockburn the Macdonalds had claimed the place of honor on the right of the Scottish armies. At Culloden this was denied them, and from their assigned place on the left they refused in consequence to charge. As the critical moment was passing, Keppoch, who was their colonel, uttered the cry, "Have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" and rushing forward himself, sword and pistol in hand, received a bullet through the breast and fell dead.

Following the battle, Lochaber was burned, houses, corn-stacks and woods, with ruthless barbarity, by the red soldiers under the Duke of Cumberland, and two of the clansmen who went to Fort William to deliver up their arms and avail themselves of the proffered pardon, were immediately hanged at a spot still pointed out near the mill. In 1752, however, Keppoch's son, Ranald Og, petitioned for the restoration of his property on the ground that his father had fallen before the passing of attainder. He served in the Fraser Fencibles, each company of which was commanded by a chief, and he distinguished himself very highly at the siege of Quebec. The chiefs remained tenants of the lands of Keppoch till Major Alexander Macdonald had to leave, in consequence of quarrels with Sir Aeneas Mackintosh. The representative of the ancient chiefs was afterwards lost sight of in America.

Only less celebrated than Ian Lom was a poetess of the clan, Sheila Macdonald, daughter of Gillespie MacAlastair Buidhe, sixteenth chief, who became the wife of Gordon of Baldornie in Aberdeenshire. In addition to her poetry, she was a noted performer on the harp, and is said to have had the gift of improvisation.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

"Hither repair and try your skill
With rod and line these fish to kill,
'Twill banish care and will impart
Fresh vigour to an aching heart.
The rippling waters as they flow
Will drive away dull care or woe,
Will soothe the nerves and will repair,
The feeling caused by cankering care."

The Unknown Jesus Recognized

Mark 5:1-20.

BY REV. ROBERT WATSON, D.D.

Second (Scotch) Presbyterian Church, New York

"Who then is this?" exclaimed the disciples. This question was asked after a demonstration of authority by Jesus over wind and wave and was asked by those who were devoted followers of Jesus. They had left family and friends, fortunes and future, to follow Him. He was to them a man. Of that they had no doubt. He looked, acted, talked, ate, rested, walked, worked, worshipped, suffered, prayed and lived like a man, but at times He disappointed them, at times He more than satisfied them and again He amazed them. He had just demonstrated that He possessed a knowledge and understanding, a power the like of which no man before had possessed. They had used wind to direct their boats and doubtless could boast of an astute use of the waves to make a good landing. That is they had made both wind and wave their servants, but always by obedience to the laws of nature and by accommodating themselves to the whims of both waves and wind. Here was one who personifies these forces of nature and calls them to do his bidding and like well trained servants they obey Him. The wind that has been shrieking as if it never would be still, without even a sigh, ceases and the waves which have lashed their boat like a million whiplashes and broken over it until it was nearly filled, retires and sinks to silence like an active child that has gone sound asleep.

"Who then is this?" No one in that boat of familiars can answer. They can only marvel and fear greatly. Will the question ever be answered? It takes little imagination to see these men fall into groups of twos and threes and even those caring for the now easily handled boat would continue to discuss the question eagerly and intensely. How they must have looked at Jesus. How they must have wanted to ask Him of Himself, yet they didn't. They were too much overawed by this experience. The reaction, the fear, the astonishment would all silence them. Recently I saw a little girl walk up the steps to the platform when Thurston was performing. She wanted a bunny, but so excited was she that neither brain nor tongue could operate. Later I saw a man have practically the same experience except that he was also afraid. This was evidently the condition of the disciples. They would keep furtively looking at Him and thinking and talking and questioning according to their different temperaments.

I can see them as they look at Jesus, who is now silent, but not sleeping, yet quiet as one who is in deep thought, shake their

heads and agree and then disagree. "No" one would say, "we'll never really know who then is this." "O yes we will," another would reply and a third would say, "No. I don't believe we will." "He must be a prophet." And they would recall the wonders of God through Moses in Egypt, in the Red Sea, in the wilderness, the power of God revealed through Joshua at Ajalon and Jordan and Jericho. But these called on the name of Jehovah and by the definite direction of Jehovah did certain things. This man on the other hand just awoke and commands and is obeyed. Never anything like this in Israel's former history. Andrew might say to Peter, "He is the Messiah, as we first thought." John would recall his first impression, and Matthew would say, "What I first believed must be true." "Perhaps, but we don't know." "It is mysterious."

Why didn't Jesus tell them? Their minds were too much perturbed. They couldn't grasp the idea. Truth has to be discovered slowly through the limited, sin-twisted brain of man. Isn't that so? We do not give a five year old a dictionary of ten large volumes at once, or introduce him to the intricacies of calculus in the kindergarten, or start him off-hand studying the irregular verbs in French. It can't be done. So the truth regarding Jesus even to the extent the human mind can grasp it can't be told by a sentence nor made clear by the answer to a question even when the answer is given by Jesus Himself. No, Jesus answered nothing.

There were times when He answered their unspoken questions or their whispered inquiries to each other, but not now. He wants them to recover from their anxiety, excitement, fear and astonishment. They couldn't, even if normally able to receive the answer, grasp the answer now. A home out in the country caught fire in the early morning. It was blazing when the father awoke. The time had passed for trying to save the house. The only thing now to do was to see that all the family were safely out of the flaming building and save whatever of the goods was possible. This was good work for the father, but others had to do it for the father was so excited that he ran hither and yon crying, "Where is the ladder? O where is the ladder?" That was the state of mind of these men. They were not ready for the answer. They needed first to be quieted and the answer will come soon enough.

Have we difficult questions to be answered? Is the truth obscure? Let us seek faithfully, wait patiently and keep close to our Lord and work conscientiously. He will teach us.

See how He taught these disciples. He will do as much for us as He did for them. He answered them in a remarkable way. It was not alone for the demoniac of Gadara He crossed the sea of Galilee that day. He was also thinking of His disciples. They needed to hear the demoniac cry, "What have I to do with Thee Jesus Thou Son of the Most High God?" Who then is this? There is your answer. But can that be the correct answer? "Come and see." Listen Jesus speaks, "Come out of him, thou unclean spirit." "Ah but we are not one, we are Legion." It makes no difference. The command must be obeyed. Who then is this? Now we know Him. He is the Lord of Life. He is the Master of the universe. He is the Deliverer of man. He is the First and the Last. He is the "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

The Indwelling Word

"Let the word of Christ *dwell* in you richly." Let it make its home in you. Let it settle down there as an integral, vital, constant, busy member in the household in your soul. "Let the word of Christ *dwell* in you richly." You ask me which room in the house you shall give to the word. You say there are so many rooms in your being, which shall you reserve for the word? Let me hear what you have got. "Well, I have a nice little room just inside the door of my life where I keep my opinions; what about that?" What other rooms have you? "There is the chamber of affection where I keep my loves and my hatreds." Any other? "There is the chamber of hope where I house my aspirations, my ambitions and my dreams." Any other? "There is the chamber of merriment where I keep my jests, and my jokes, and my laughter, and where I exercise the powers of wit and humor." Yes, any other? "There is a very solemn room, somewhat dark and awe-inspiring into which I do not often go. It is a sort of oratory, like a private chapel in the house. It is the realm of conscience." Yes, any other? "There is a room where I keep my appetites." Yes, where is that? "Well, it is not exactly a public room, it is down in the basement." Any other, "I think that is the lot." Well, what is that very busy room on the first floor? "Oh, that is the room of enterprise. I am so much in that room that I had almost forgotten it. That is where I do all my planning. It is the constructive department in my life. It is the room in which my schemes are conceived and born." You seem to have a pretty big-roomed house. "Yes, indeed it is, and I want to know where in all the house I shall offer a room to the word of Christ to dwell. What room shall I set apart for it?" Every room! "Every room?" Every room! That is the meaning of Christianity. That is the very genius of Christian piety. That is the very secret of Christian devotion. A Christian life has no other significance. We are to take the Word of Christ into every room in our lives, and it is to dwell there,

not as an inferior lodger, or as a privileged visitor, but as a presence which has more right to be there than anything else. It is to rule and settle everything.

REV. DR. J. H. JOWETT.

Dr. John Kelman Installed

On November 10, the Presbytery of New York met in the Brick Church and received the Rev. Dr. John Kelman, late pastor of St. George's Church, Edinburgh, Scotland, from the Presbytery of Edinburgh, who had accepted a call to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, at a salary of \$12,000 and residence. Dr. Kelman was installed as pastor of the church on the evening of November 19.

The Rev. William P. Merrill preached the sermon, the Rev. Dr. Henry G. Coffin charged the new pastor, and the Rev. Dr. George Alexander delivered the charge to the congregation. Dr. H. G. Mendenhall presided and propounded the constitutional questions to the new pastor.

Dr. Kelman has preached during November to large congregations, the church being crowded, and the Fifth Avenue Church is rejoicing at their choice of a successor to Rev. Dr. Jowett. Dr. Kelman has a magnificent voice, and his sermons are marked by careful study and a deep appeal to conscience and intellect.

Conference of New York Presbyteries

After the business meeting of the New York Presbytery, November 10, a joint meeting of the seven Presbyteries of the metropolitan district (New York and New Jersey), was held in the Brick Church to discuss ways and means for solving present-day problems, such as industrial unrest. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Edgar B. Hill, the Rev. Dr. John McDowell, the Rev. Dr. Robert E. Speer, and the Rev. Dr. William H. Foulkes.

After the joint meeting more than 300 Presbyterian clergymen and laymen attended a dinner at the Aldine Club, 200 Fifth avenue. The speakers were the Rev. Maitland Bartlett, Vice Moderator of the New York Presbytery; Nolan R. Best, of Montclair; the Rev. William P. Merrill, D.D., New York; the Rev. J. J. Moment, Plainfield; William E. Knox, New Rochelle; the Rev. Daniel Russell, D. D., New York; Dr. F. C. Wells, Bloomfield; the Rev. S. Edward Young, D.D., Brooklyn.

President Poincare of France and Madame Poincare were the guests of Glasgow, November 12-13. The President was installed as Lord Rector of Glasgow University on the 13th and afterward presented with the Freedom of the City.

Ten cases of sleeping sickness, in four instances fatal, were reported from Winnipeg, November 12. The medical authorities are at a loss to account for the appearance of the disease.



Scottish and British Societies



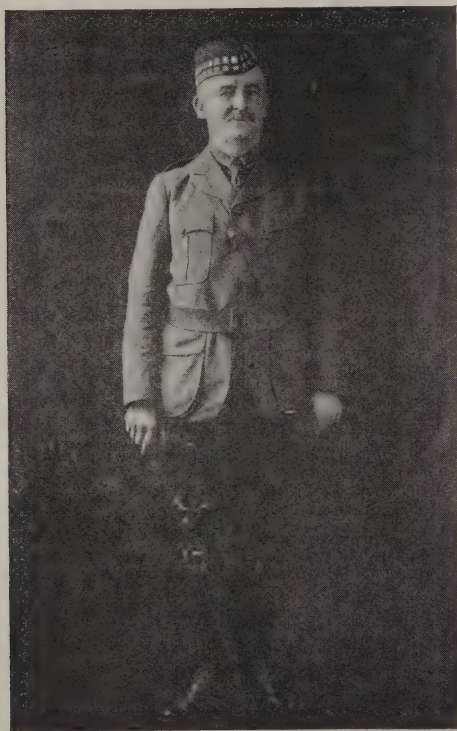
"New York Scottish" Festival

Thanksgiving eve, 1919, long will be remembered by thousands who were privileged to gain admittance to the Armory of the 71st Regiment at 34th street and 4th avenue, New York, and to attend the Festival of the New York Scottish, for it turned out to be an unique and never-to-be forgotten

York Caledonian Club and paraded through the streets to the Armory. Its progress had the effect of electrifying the onlookers, as well it might; for such a spectacle was never seen before even in the city of wonderful spectacles. Greeted by cheers which increased as they marched and drawing, as by a magnet, an immense crowd in their wake the hundred pipers arrived at the Armory where their advent stirred up a furor of enthusiasm. Around the Armory floor they marched and at last stood fully displayed upon the stage; truly an inspiring sight which made a prodigious appeal to the emotions of an audience of some 6,000 people. There were men and women in that audience who seemed "too full for utterance," and there were many others who shouted in a veritable ecstasy. The drums tapped and the "Cock of the North" was skirled with a perfect harmony of sound, as if played by one master hand.

Then Florence Mulholland scored the triumph of her life. Appearing before the band in Highland garb, she sang Lady Nairn's immortal song, "Wi' a Hundred Pipers an' a' an' a'." The voice of Florence Mulholland has delighted Scottish audiences almost without number and, with her genial and charming personality, has made her a prime favorite. She never appeared to better advantage. As if realizing a rare opportunity, she rendered the song in a manner which left no chance for criticism; her contralto voice is one of power and quality and in a quite unstrained and natural pitch it filled the immense Armory with melody sweet, and clear and deep. The audience resounded with a great ovation.

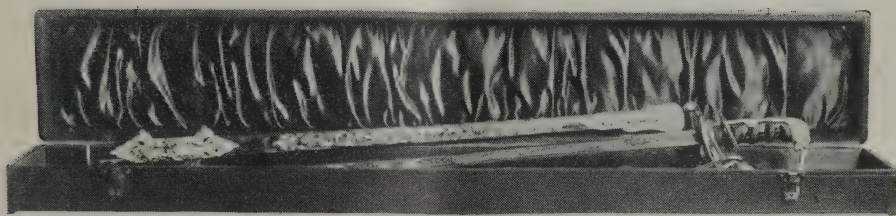
There were other features on the program however, which, by themselves, would have made a splendid entertainment. Who that was there will soon forget the singing of "The MacGregor's Gathering," by Craig Campbell? This familiar old song was delivered with an astonishing force and capacity which brought the audience to its feet. Hardly less stunning were his renditions of "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," "Bird of the Wilderness" and "My Ain Folks." Craig Campbell is a consummate artist both as an interpreter and in the use of his voice. When he sings the most exquisite pianissimo one need care to hear, it would be difficult to conceive that he has such a powerful, ringing, sonorous, full tone and when he is singing full



COLONEL WALTER SCOTT

affair. "A hundred pipers an' a' an' a'" became more than a dream. There they were in the flesh, a full hundred of them, led by Colonel Walter Scott and by a drummajor who doubtless looked to many as if he had stepped out of a picture—the magnificent towering figure of Major John Rowe—wielding the big shining baton as only he can wield it.

This great band had gathered at the New



THE SWORD PRESENTED TO COLONEL WAITER SCOTT BY THE "NEW YORK SCOTTISH"

voice it would be equally impossible to suspect the wonderful delicacy, purity and distinctness of his pianissimo. It was a revelation and one could sense the effect upon the audience.

Is it not time for the Scots in America to awaken to the fact that one of their own is a master-singer; by natural gifts and years of painstaking study endowed to take his place beside the greatest living singers? The Irish people in America in their warm-hearted and impulsive fashion greatly accelerated the development of John McCormick's career. Let us take heed of the example and do likewise by Craig Campbell—a young man of character and parts of whom all Scots may well feel proud.

Edith Scott Magna was most warmly received. Her rendering of "Coming Through the Rye" and "Annie Laurie," were marked by intelligence, feeling and musical understanding, and her sweet soprano voice was heard easily in every part of the great hall. She has a most pleasing personality, which wins the hearts of her hearers and she was rewarded with prolonged applause and received a large floral tribute.

James H. Heron, the humorist, author of the classic, "To a Cootie," gave a good account of himself and with his ready wit struck the keynote of the occasion, though he was evidently bothered by the size of the hall. The appearance of the Princeton University Glee Club revealed the presence of many Princeton men in the audience. The boys were in capital form and put over a half-hour's entertainment of exceptional merit, deservedly drawing a big round of applause.

Let us not forget the little dancers, seven in number, who drew a tumult of cheers by their beautiful art in the Highland Fling and the Sword Dance. Seldom if ever has more perfect dancing by children been witnessed, certainly not in New York. The spectacle was a "thing of beauty." By the almost automatic simultaneous regularity of the movements one could perceive much and careful preparatory group training. Pipe-Major James Hoey also danced. He was in his championship form and was given warm approbation.

The performance of the Police Department Quartet; the singing of popular songs by the audience, led by Francis J. Tyler, song leader of the New York Community Service, and the

selections of the 71st Regiment Band were features which pleased the audience immensely.

But—let the truth be proudly told, in all this galaxy of splendid talent, the hundred pipers easily scored first honors. At their every appearance on the stage the usually well-concealed emotions of the Scot broke loose and the girders rang. Shades of Rob Roy and Rhoderick Dhu and all the brave men who have made the Highland garb synonymous with romance, courage and devotion—we are in the sophisticated Twentieth Century, but you are not forgotten, and the spirit of the hielans still lives. Great praise is due to Pipe-Major James Hoey through whose efforts the difficult task of assembling the band was made possible.

As a fitting climax to the entertainment a surprise was in store for Colonel Walter Scott and—the audience. Called to the stage in front of the hundred pipers and faced by Colonel J. Holles Wells of the 71st Regiment, and by the membership of the New York Scottish, Colonel Scott was presented a handsome sword, specially cast, embellished with significant designs and appropriately inscribed, testifying to the high regard and affection in which he is held by the regiment. Actually every man in the New York Scottish contributed to the purchase of this gift. Colonel Wells was another surprised man, for until about an hour beforehand he had not known of the part he was to play. It had been arranged that Colonel Percy A. Guthrie of the MacLean Kilties would make the presentation, but a late telegram announced his inability to be present on account of illness. Colonel Wells rose splendidly to the occasion and was happy and eloquent and forceful in his speech. He paid a soldier's tribute to Colonel Guthrie and to the MacLeans, with whom many of the New York Scottish had gone to the war. He referred to the 71st Regiment Armory as a place of rendezvous for the Allies on every occasion, "the Scots being the first to find a welcome here." Glowingly he spoke of them as comrades and paid eloquent tribute to their conduct in the war. He then spoke of the task which had been imposed upon him and in the happiest way imaginable gave expression to the sentiments of the men of the New York Scottish for their Colonel; he then saluted Colonel Scott and made the pre-

sensation with military precision and etiquette, the shining symbol of rank being gracefully accepted by its recipient.

Colonel Scott saluting Colonel Wells, thanked him in equally felicitous terms and made a spirited, patriotic speech. He was most happy—if one might judge from the applause—in his interpretation of the ideals and sentiments of the Scots in America.

The program of entertainment was followed by a dance. The vast Armory floor was quickly cleared for the grand march, which was another spectacle of stunning proportions. In the lead were Colonel Walter Scott and Edith Scott Magna, followed immediately by Captain William Taylor and Miss Isabel Taylor; Captain and Mrs. Daniel Sinclair, and Lt. George Barlow and Mrs. Bain. Dancing was maintained merrily until a late hour.

(The following letter appeared in the *New York World* of November 29, and is worthy of attention, for it is notable that the New York newspapers, almost without exception, took no notice of this great event. A similar gathering of Irishmen would have received several columns in all the papers.)

THE SCOTS AS AN EXAMPLE

To the Editor of *The World*:

I am prompted to write this letter by the realization of a remarkable fact. A great and significant meeting took place in the 71st Regiment Armory, Wednesday evening, but so far as I can discover, not a word appeared in the newspapers to record the event. Verily, how little do New Yorkers know what is going on in this big town.

I refer to the festival of the New York Scottish. There is no trace of Scottish blood in me, but as I surveyed an audience of some 6,000 or 7,000 people, representative by either birth or descent of that little nation with the enviable history; as I listened to the stirring music of the pipes and drums and to the glorious old Scottish songs rendered by such artists as Craig Campbell, Florence Mulholland and Edith Scott Magna; as I gazed upon the unique, picturesque and never-to-be-forgotten spectacle of "a hundred pipers an' a' an' a'," and as I absorbed the patriotic speeches of Colonel Wells of the 71st Regiment and Colonel Walter Scott of the New York Scottish, my somewhat calloused old New York heart experienced a rare thrill and I gained a new appreciation of an admirable element in our citizenship.

It dawned upon me that quietly, calmly and with no thought of public recognition these worthy people did their generously full share in all the tasks imposed by the war—in contributing men, money, work and spirit—and that they do present such a perfectly natural and unstrained attitude of single-hearted loyalty to the country of their adoption as to command the deep respect of all Americans. Let the loud-mouthed hyphenates consider the Scots and emulate the high example of good citizenship which they have set.

W. A. B.

New York, November 27.



Captain William Taylor

Captain William Taylor was born in Paisley, forty-five years ago, and came to New York in 1896. After spending some years in New York, he went west to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, where he was engaged in the oil industry for eight years.

In his successful business career, Mr. Taylor has always taken a great interest in matters relating to advertising and publicity. He was for three years president of the Oklahoma City Advertising Club, and was a member of the Educational Committee of the Advertising Clubs of the World. Since returning to New York, five years ago, Mr. Taylor has been connected with a prominent house in the dental supply industry.

Mr. Taylor displays unusual ability as an organizer. He is a tireless worker and by his genial nature and confidence and sincerity of manner has the rare gift of inspiring others with his own enthusiasm.

Captain William Taylor, chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, personally, to whose untiring efforts the success of the great gathering was largely due, deserves the thanks of American Scots for making this great affair possible. Also to Pipe Major James Hoey, and the excellent committees in charge of the festival.

St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York

The annual meeting of the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York, was held Thursday evening, November 6, at the Waldorf-Astoria. The president, Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, presided, about seventy-five were present. The secretary, Mr. Alexander B. Halliday, read the minutes of the last meeting; and his report of the activities of the society for the past year was most complete and interesting, and was received with appreciation. Mr. Halliday also read the report of the treasurer, Mr. Walter E. Frew, who was unavoidably absent, and that of the Almoner, Miss E. B. Dalzell. Mr. William MacBean read his historical report.

Great regret was expressed at the resignation of Mr. Halliday as secretary of the society, owing to pressure of business. Ex-President R. Frater Munro offered resolutions, expressing appreciation of the grand work that Mr. Halliday had done for the society, which were unanimously adopted and put on record.

The following officers were elected for the year 1920: President, Alexander C. Humphreys; first vice president, James Marwick; second vice president, Alexander Walker; treasurer, Walter E. Frew; historian, William M. MacBean (*all re-elected*); secretary, Henry Moir; managers (Terms ending December 31, 1922), Robert Olyphant, William W. Peake, John C. Thomson; (Term ending December 31, 1921), James H. McIntosh; (Term ending December 31, 1920), Walter Scott; chaplains, Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, D.D., Rev. John D. Adam, D.D.; Rev. George Alexander, D.D.; physicians, W. Bruce MacBean, M.D., John J. MacPhee, M.D., Peter Scott, M.D.

The business meeting was followed by a supper.

In his report, Mr. Halliday said in part: "The world is everywhere endeavoring to adjust itself and to re-establish normal conditions, and this society must lend its aid toward that end and carry on its work as in the pre-war days.

"There has been paid to the society the bequest of \$5,000 by the late Robert Gordon, ex-president, and notice has been received of the bequest of \$100,000 by the late Andrew Carnegie. These further gifts by those who have been so generous to the society in the past will enable it to broaden its work and increase its usefulness to the needy. Miss Mary Lenox Kennedy, daughter and granddaughter of presidents of the society, added another \$100 to her previous gifts."

Reporting for the Almoner, Mr. Halliday called attention to the faithful and conscientious work of Miss Dalzell. The amounts paid out by the society for relief during the past year were: Pensioners, \$12,874.09; residents, \$1,455.42; transients \$618.97; funerals, \$42.00; transportation \$346.75; office and stock, \$203.77 (refunds, \$433.04; receipts, \$678.56).

Since the last annual meeting the follow-



ALEXANDER BROWN HALLIDAY

ing have died: Honorary member—Sir Percy Sanderson (July 14, 1919). Life members—Joseph Campbell Thompson (March 27, 1919); William Proctor Douglas (June 3, 1919); Andrew Carnegie (August 11, 1919). Resident members—Francis Bannerman (November 27, 1918); William Agnew Paton (December 10, 1918); Angus Sinclair (January 1, 1919); Thomas Bruce Boyd (February 22, 1919); Robert Henderson Robertson (June 2, 1919); Alexander McCallum (October 3, 1919); James Noyes Wallace (October 11, 1919); James Hardie (October 23, 1919). There were added to the roll, one honorary member, Viscount Finlay, G. C. M. G.; one life member, Charles Lewis Fraser; and 42 resident members.

The statement of membership for the year was: Honorary members, 11; life members, 65; resident members, 594; total, 660—an increase of 29 in the membership of the society.

In closing his report, Mr. Halliday urged the importance of increasing the membership of the society. He said: "The work of the society can be broadened and its influence be kept strong only by educating the coming generation in its ideals and traditions. We have a larger work to do in the community than simply the relief of the distressed. In these days, when the spirit of the world is upset, when man strives to take from man what he has earned by hard toil and years of saving, when the seeds of anarchy are being spread about by the enemies of mankind, every Scotchman and every man of Scottish

blood is a bulwark for liberty, for justice and for peace. The burden of holding the lawless element in check falls upon conservative and thoughtful men and our membership must be increased so we may do our part in insuring a fair measure of justice to all kinds and conditions of men.

"The war is won, but the dangers lurking in peace are more insidious and harder to overcome than the Hunnish hordes. They cannot be fought with weapon of war; they must be met in the spirit of that great Commandment, 'Do unto others as you would have done unto you.' Who, if not Scotsmen, born in a land of frugal living and high thoughts, and their children imbued with their traditions, can lead in such a crisis as this?"

The St. Andrew's Day Banquet

The St. Andrew's Society of New York held its St. Andrew's Day banquet, Saturday evening, November 29. Places were set for 420. The president, Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, presided. The toast, "The Land of Cakes," was responded to by Rev. Dr. John Kelman. His speech was witty, but he closed with a tender and eloquent tribute to Scotland, which made a deep impression on the audience. Coningsby Dawson responded to "The New World." It meant, he said, the world in which millions of young men found themselves during the war. He paid an eloquent tribute to the devoted bravery of the Scottish troops. Rev. John Williams, president of the British Schools and Universities Club, also spoke, relating the history of Rev. Samuel Seabury, the first bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States. At the beginning, there was no Episcopal bishop in the American Colonies; and, when Seabury asked that a bishop be sent from England and an answer to his request was delayed for more than a year, he went to Aberdeen, Scotland, and was himself ordained as bishop and returned to New York. The singers were Craig Campbell, who made a wonderful hit, and Theodore Martin.

New York Caledonian Club

A quarterly meeting of the club was held on Tuesday evening November 11, Chief Alexander Caldwell presiding. Alexander M. Patterson, Edward Groves, Harry Morrison, Alexander Lamb, James Kirk, J. Gear and James McGilvary were elected to membership. Three propositions were received. Nominations for officers and committees for 1920 resulted as follows: Chief, James R. Donaldson; First Chieftain, Robert M. Bernard; Second Chieftain, Samuel S. Marshall; Third Chieftain, Samuel B. Nixon; Fourth Chieftain, Thomas McNab, Jr.; Fifth Chieftain, John Coyle; Piper, Murdoch Mackenzie. Finance Committee, J. Darrell Nicol, George Murray, Ex-Chief John MacLean. Property Committee, John H. Whiteford, James Brawley, Robert Cameron. Board of Trustees, Alexander Rettie, Alexander McCraw, Thomas Aitken, Chief Alexander Caldwell, Ex-

Chief William G. Reid and Ex-Chief James W. Taylor. Owing to the demands of his business, Chief Caldwell was unable to accept the tender of a unanimous nomination for re-election. It was announced that the grand concert and sixty-third annual ball would be held in the Central Opera House, Sixty seventh street and Third avenue, Friday evening, March 12, 1920.

Ladies of the New York Caledonians

For months the ladies worked on the details connected with their welcome home for the club members and members' sons who saw service during the World War in the army or navy of the United States or its Allies, and as a result when the date set for the event came around, all arrangements were complete and the gathering a great success. The particular features of the gathering, which was held in the club house, Monday evening, November 3rd, were a banquet and dance. The veterans assembled in the library and escorted by the club officers with Piper Murdoch Mackenzie playing "Highland Laddie," marched upstairs to the main hall, where they were officially welcomed by Chief Caldwell and the president of the ladies' organization, Mrs. Margaret Stark. Honorary Clansman Colonel Walter Scott, in a short speech, expressed the pleasure it gave him to be present on such an occasion and assist in the welcome home tendered to the men who never stopped to think of what might happen, but went to the front when the call to arms came. Singing of Scottish songs followed, after which dancing took up the attention of young and old alike. About eleven o'clock Chief Caldwell announced that the ladies were ready in the dining hall and invited the veterans and their ladies to sit at the first table. Although the New York ladies have a reputation second to none in receiving guests, they fairly outdid themselves this time. The menu was so varied and served in such quantities that all present wanted to know how the ladies did it. As an invitation had been sent to every member of the club and lady as well as the veterans, the clubhouse was filled with an enthusiastic and happy party anxious to do honor to the former service men. It was after one o'clock Tuesday morning before the last guest left the table and the dancing stopped, but it was two hours later before the tired, but happy ladies had cleaned up and left for home.

The regular monthly meeting of the ladies was held in the club parlors, Monday evening, November 10. Mrs. John Stark presiding. Routine business took up a good part of the evening. The winners in the monthly bowling tournament were Mrs. Peter F. Gray, Mrs. John Stark and Miss Fanny Murray.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Reader: Bring THE CALEDONIAN to the attention of your friends who are not subscribers. If you are not a subscriber, SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO-DAY.

Caledonian Hospital Bazaar

The Scottish Bazaar for the benefit of the Caledonian Hospital, held at the Apollo Studios, Carlton and Greene avenues, Brooklyn, on Friday and Saturday, November 21 and 22, under the auspices of the Women's Society, was a pronounced success in every respect, artistically, socially and financially.

The bazaar was formally opened by General George A. Wingate, who made a short but wonderfully interesting address. He said that anyone who had served "over there" could never refuse to speak in aid of a hospital. It was indeed a stirring scene as one entered, the room lined with white booths trimmed with green Southern smilax, American flags decorating the walls, and over the stage the Scotch flag displayed. The auditorium was crowded. Mingling in the throng were pretty girls selling their wares; members of the New York Scottish in their Highland uniforms; and little fish-wives in quaint costumes.

I would like here to express the thanks and appreciation of the Women's Society of the Hospital for the presence of Company D, New York Scottish, who, led by Major Rowe, attended in a body on both evenings of the fair, and added materially to the attractiveness of the scene.

We are also indebted to those who contributed to the excellent entertainment that was given each evening. This was in charge of Mrs. William Ewing. The soloists were Miss Nissenson, soprano; Mr. Hector Smith, baritone; Miss Dorothy Glen, Highland dancer, and a chorus of fifteen diminutive fish-wives with miniature creels strapped on their shoulders, and wearing the fish-wife costume, who sang "Caller Herrin'," with Mrs. William Ewing as soloist. This feature of the program was a great hit. Mrs. Ewing trained the children, and their singing was remarkably delightful.

Downstairs, in the grill room, named for the occasion "Cozy Nuik," Mrs. James Lambert and Mrs. Blake W. Carrier served a turkey dinner, remarkable for its excellent quality.

Each of the fourteen booths report larger returns than usual. Every table was generously stocked with unusually attractive goods, and for which there was a ready sale. We cannot at this time make a complete report, as all returns have not yet been made, but we can safely state that the net proceeds will be more than three thousand dollars.

We wish to express our gratitude to all those who helped by their donations, work or influence, to make this bazaar such a splendid success.

To our friends, and they were many, we extend our sincere thanks, and also to the public who patronized the bazaar.

THEODORIA R. GARLICH,
President Women's Society.



Mrs. James Bruce

Mrs. James Bruce, ex-President and Trustee of the Women's Society of the New York Caledonian Hospital, Brooklyn, one of the most active workers in connection with organizing and building the hospital, recently collected personally \$1,000 toward the building fund. Mrs. Bruce is greatly esteemed by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. She had charge of the Fancy and Utility Booth at the successful bazaar, November 21 and 22.

Society For Pure English

A Society for Pure English, taking the initials S. P. E., was started at Oxford University before the war, the leading spirit being Dr. Robert Bridges, the poet laureate, who is now residing in the suburbs of that city. Both in his poetry—of which he has been so sparing during these troublous war and reconstruction times—and in his prose he is insistent on the need of keeping to the sonorous traditions of our Elizabethan forefathers, based on a due attention to the quantity of syllables. He fears a letting-down of propriety in the language; hence the society. Among the hundred or more of his collaborators are the Right Honorable Arthur Balfour, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and, on this side of the Atlantic, Professor James Main Dixon of the University of Southern California, whose *Manual of Modern Scots* is now in the press (Cambridge University Press). The first publication of the S. P. E. is just out, a pamphlet entitled *English Homonyms*, from the Clarendon Press of Oxford.

Boston Letter

CLAN MACKENZIE

Over six hundred loyal sons and daughters of Scotland were present at the presentation of medals by Clan MacKenzie, O. S. C. to the members of the clan who had served in the late war. The Hon. Guy Ham presented medals to forty-six of the surviving clansmen who were present. The four medals for the men who had made the supreme sacrifice were pinned on the gold stars on the clan's service flag, the orchestra playing "Dear Old Pall of Mine." A handsome souvenir program of 56 pages with the pictures of the men who served and a brief notice of each was given out. A feature of the evening was a moving picture entitled, "White Heather."

CALEDONIAN CLUB

The Boston Caledonian Club held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, November 4, in Deacon Hall, 1651 Washington street, Chief William A. Riggs presiding. Clansman Peter Reid received his life membership certificate. After the transaction of the regular order of business, optical views of the war were shown by Mr. John W. Owens. The Burns Anniversary Committee has practically completed arrangements for the Annual Burns Concert and Ball, which will take place on Friday evening, January 23rd in the grand hall of the Mechanics' Building, on Huntington avenue. The following artists have been engaged to appear: Edith Scott Magna, soprano; Jeanie Fletcher, soprano; Florence Mullholland, contralto; Theodore Martin, tenor, and W. L. Cockburn, bass. The music will be supplied by Ives' Band and Orchestra, and the Pipe and Drum Band of the Highland Dress Association. Scottish dancing will be given by a group of four young ladies. One of the pleasing features will be a reception and presentation to the members of the club who served in the World War. The Burns' Memorial Committee were pleased to announce that the foundation for the Burns' statue in the Fenway was well nigh completed and that the statue would be set up for unveiling in the very near future.

HIGHLAND DRESS ASSOCIATION

The Highland Dress Association of Massachusetts, met at the William Parkman Hall, 3 Boylston Place, on Tuesday evening, November 11, President W. C. Stewart in the chair. One new member was initiated. The association and the Ladies' Auxiliary will give a whist party at the same place on Tuesday evening, November 25. The Annual Concert and Ball on New Year's night, January 1, 1920, will be given in Odd Fellows' Hall, Berkeley and Tremont streets. This is the popular New Year's Day event in Scottish circles, and a jolly good time is always assured. Already indications point to an even larger gathering than usual, and the committee is prepared to make the event even more enjoyable for the guests of the association.

SCOTS' CHARITABLE SOCIETY—WOMAN'S
AUXILIARY

The Woman's Auxiliary Board of the Scots' Charitable Society held a Scottish Charity Concert and Ball, Friday evening, November 14, at Paul Revere Hall, Huntington avenue, which was a success in every particular. Considerably more than 1,000 were present, and the manner in which the entertainment was handled reflected great credit on the committee of arrangements, consisting of Miss Agnes Thomson, chairman; Mrs. F. L. McKenzie, vice-chairman; Mrs. C. B. Lamont, treasurer; Miss Lena MacKenzie, secretary; Mrs. James E. Dick, floor director, and Mrs. D. B. Nevison, assistant floor director, and their aids.

The program was opened by an address of welcome by the president, Mrs. P. H. Lawson, introducing President A. B. Sutherland, of the Scots' Charitable Society as chairman during the concert. The artists were the Boston Scottish Singers: Margaret K. Daniels, soprano; Jeanne H. Tanner, contralto; John E. Daniels, tenor; James Snger, baritone; Mrs. Alice Pillsbury Gilbert, accompanist; Pipe Major George B. Smith, piper, and Miss Nellie Ferguson and her pupils, dancers.

A special feature of the program was the demobilization of the service flag, under the direction of Nurse Letitia Kelly, a member of the society and the first woman to be decorated by King George V for overseas service. The music for dancing was supplied by Ives' Band and Orchestra.

W. LAWSON REID,
71 Simpson Avenue,
Somerville, Mass. Representative.

The Passing Away of James Henderson, Author of "Thistledown"

The many friends and acquaintances of James Henderson will learn with sorrow of his death, or as he himself would have expressed it, "passing away," which occurred on Wednesday, September 17, at the Peter Brent Brigham Hospital, in Boston.

He had been in failing health for some considerable time, and had spent the last two winters in Florida with his brother, the state of his health not being equal to the rigors of a New England winter. He returned to Boston about the latter end of spring, not greatly improved in health however, nor did he gain in strength during the summer. About three weeks ago he entered the hospital, and though his friends knew that he was far from being a well man, yet the news of his death was somewhat of a surprise.

James Henderson was born in Blantyre, Scotland, and worked there while a young man as a hoisting engineer at the mines. His schooling was limited, yet he was a better educated man than many who have enjoyed greater opportunities, by reason of his remarkable natural endowments. He read much, and assimilated what he read, thus acquiring a knowledge of many subjects on which he could converse intelligently. His favorite study was poetry. He revelled in

the poets, especially Burns, whose works he could recite *ad libitum*. Like many of his race he possessed the faculty of expressing his thoughts in rhyme, and took much enjoyment in it. It was his hobby. About four years ago he published a number of his rhymes and reminiscences under the title of "Thistledown," which found its way into many Scottish homes, both here and abroad. His reminiscences show that he took a deep interest in matters Scottish. He was a Past Royal Chief of the American Order of Scottish Clans, Past Secretary of the Boston Scottish Society, and a very active and interested member of the Scots' Charitable Society, concerning which much is to be found in his book.

James Henderson had many fine traits of character with the noble qualities and characteristics of a gentleman. Anything that savored of vulgarity he could not countenance, much less tolerate. By nature sociable, nothing delighted him more than to sit down with two or three kindred spirits, and swap stories, or verses, and quote his favorite poets. His wonderfully retentive memory combined with a facility and felicity of expression made of him a most fascinating entertainer in that respect.

He was discriminating in his friendships. To him honest worth meant infinitely more than wealth or position, and no man enjoyed the company of his friends more than did he.

And we can well say of him what he himself so aptly said of one of his departed friends:

"Tae him auld Nature had been kind,
Endowed him rich in heart and mind,
With manners soothing as the wind,
Wi' balmy breath,
We lost a gem of human kind
In Jamie's death.

"Mourn every son of Scotia true,
Mourn, he will sing nae mair tae you;
Mourn him wha did oor hearts imbue
Wi' patriot fire;
Jamie has gone and left us noo,
And mute's his lyre."
W. L. R.

Quincy, Mass.

Clan McGregor, O. S. C., of Quincy, Mass., will erect a memorial tablet bearing the names of those members of the clan who served in the world war, and has appointed a committee to consider the entire matter and prepare a list of names entitled to mention on this roll of honor.

The Clan has secured quarters in the new building erected by Councillor William A. Bradford, on Maple place, and will take possession December 1. The members will march in a body from the old headquarters in the Doble building at South Quincy to the new, headed by a pipe band. Dedictory exercises will take place. Invitations have been extended to Governor Coolidge, Congressman Richard Olney, Mayor Joseph L. Whiton and other city officials.

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The New York Caledonian Club

(Founded 1856)

Club House, 846 Seventh Avenue,
New York

The second oldest Scottish organization in New York city, and the oldest athletic club in America, has an interesting history. On its roll of membership are found the leading Scottish-Americans of New York, etc. The Club House is well arranged, with large halls for social purposes: the library and reading room has thousands of volumes, the best selection of Scottish books in the country, with the privilege of taking books home. The privileges are unrivalled. Every man of Scottish blood should affiliate with this club. Address the Secretary, John Coyle, 846 Seventh Avenue, New York

it has continually grown, and to-day 800 names are on the membership roll.

W. L. R.

The Scottish-American in existence over sixty years, has discontinued publication, claiming lack of support. This is regrettable, and cannot be said concerning THE CALEDONIAN, which is increasing in circulation and popularity every day. Its agents are doing good work throughout the country.

Amang "Ooor Ain" in Detroit

Friday evening, October 31, St. Andrew's Society held its annual Hallowe'en concert. A large number turned out to enjoy some of the best talent we have ever secured outside of "Burn's Nicht."

Bessie Brockway Brown, contralto, and Roy Parsons, baritone, teachers of voice culture in the High Schools of Detroit, sang some very fine Scotch songs.

Pauline Johnston, accompanist, also favored us with Scotch selections that won her the cheers of all. The Macleod girls, dressed in the tartans of their clan, danced the Highland Fling and Shean Trews to the playing of the pipes by Pipe Major Blair.

It was a grand nicht, and Dr. Fowler and his committee deserve great credit for their labor.

November 1, was Clan Campbell's "Nicht" in St. Andrew's Hall. They celebrated Hallowe'en with a masquerade ball at which there was a very large attendance, many Highland costumes being seen, mingling with the comic and ridiculous imitations of past and present day celebrities.

November 6, St. Andrew's Highlanders held their annual ball. Everyone wore the tartans of their clan. They also report a "big nicht."

Monday evening, November 3, being a regular meeting of St. Andrew's Society, the following officers were elected for the coming year: Dr. William Fowler, president; Donald McLeod, first vice president, and William Blair, second vice president; James Smith, trustee for seven years; David Rodger, corresponding secretary; William Stewart, financial secretary, and Angus McKay, treasurer.

The society will have a banquet "St. Andrew's Nicht," with church services at the Trumbull Congregational Church, the Rev. Mac. H. Wallace, pastor. Reports of of Alexander Watson, treasurer of the trustees, showed a good financial year.

St. Andrew's building now is the home of all Scotch societies in Detroit, a benefit both to them as well as the society. The big hall, that holds over a thousand people, is rented every night, including Sundays, that is, leased to the Rev. Marcus Scott, who holds religious services three times every Sunday.

The Ladies' Auxiliaries of every society are seen in lodge rooms and parlors in the day time, while the lovers of indoor curling, billiards, etc., are seen at the tables in the basement at night; while you find the reading room occupied by our book worms gleaning the news o' their "Hameland" and touching up their memories from Scotland's many authors. Alexander Watson says if the building was twice as big he could rent attic to basement every night in the week, and he kens, for he is both the keeper of finances as well as the "lessor of the building."

It is with regret that many of us see John Cameron, that sturdy, honest Scot, retire from the president's chair. But, owing to the large increase in his building operations, it was necessary for him to refuse kindly to

accept the honors of St. Andrew's Society at this time, but the glamour o' the tartan will aye haud him in oor midst.

The promised contribution of \$500 from that generous Scot, Walter Scott, of New York, has acted like spurs on the members of the Burns Club, for that statue for our beloved Bard, and we are now sure of it.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD,
36 Marquette Avenue, Representative.
Detroit, Mich.

San Francisco, California

The St. Andrew's Society held its annual banquet on the evening of November 25, at the Palace Hotel, at 6:30 o'clock. Sir Harry and Lady Lauder were among the guests. The speakers were Mayor James Rolph, Jr., "San Francisco"; Galvin McNab, "The Land We Left"; Rev. James L. Gordon, "St. Andrew"; Justice Henry L. Melvin, "The Land We Live In." Thomas W. Forsyth was toastmaster. Sir Harry was introduced and presented with a check for \$1,000 for the Harry Lauder Fund.

Following are the officers elected by the St. Andrew's Society of San Francisco for the coming year: President, Thomas W. Forsyth; first vice president, William Barr; second vice president, Andrew Caldwell; treasurer, James S. Webster; recording secretary, George St. J. Bremner; assistant recording secretary, P. M. Adam; financial secretary, R. D. Colquhoun; assistant financial secretary, Andrew Falconer; librarian, Donald Mowat; trustees, John McLaren, James S. Webster, John Reid, Andrew McNair and Andrew Wilkie; Board of Relief, John Reid, James S. Webster and Thomas M. Mark; physician, Dr. William F. McNutt; chaplain, Rev. William K. Guthrie.

The Thistle Club Soccer Football team is doing some great work this season and bids fair to capture the laurels when it is ended. The game is more popular in these parts now than ever before.

Owing to the existing strikes in the iron trades, many of the Scottish residents of this city, Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda are idle.

Mr. Hugh Fraser, one of the o'dest Scotchmen on this coast, is convalescing after a very severe attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Angus McLeod and wife just returned from a trip to Prince Edward Island, where they celebrated the 50th anniversary of their wedding in the same house wherein they were married.

The annual election of officers of the various Scottish Societies will take place next month.

James A. Macdonald, past chief of the Caledonian Club, died last week in Santa Cruz, Cal., where he had gone in the hope of recovering his health.

George C. Paterson, son of Past Royal Chief of the Scottish Thistle Club, recently

suffered from a nervous collapse. He has been compelled to take a trip to Honolulu, H. I., to recover his wonted health. He left on the *Maui*, which left this port on the 15th inst. He will be away until the beginning of next February.

Sir Harry Lauder opened a week's successful engagement at the Curran Theatre, commencing November 24.

The Caledonian Club Pipe Band, under the leadership of James C. Bennet, promises to make great strides in efficiency during 1920.

GEORGE W. PATERSON,
2126 Fifteenth Street, Representative.
San Francisco, California.

Mrs. Robert Christie

It is with regret that we learn of the death of Mrs. Robert Christie who passed away at her home in New York, on Friday, September 5th. The funeral was held the following Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, at the Central Church of Disciples of which she had been a member for sixty-two years. She had known no other church home. Her quiet, unselfish life was best known to those who were nearest her. During all of her long illness she was concerned about the trouble she was making others. The sweet graces of her life were a benediction to all who ever came within the atmosphere of her home. We sincerely sympathize with Mr. Christie, who has been her devoted companion for more than fifty-seven years.

Mrs. Christie was born in New York city, the daughter of Thomas Dykes, a native of Hamilton, Scotland, and Jeanette Lowrie, born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Mr. Christie, who has also served continuously in some official capacity in the church since 1854, has been a member of the New York St. Andrew's Society since 1892.

Albany, New York

At the 116th annual meeting of St. Andrew's Society, November 13, these officers were elected: President, David M. Kinnear; first vice president; Geo. Welsh; second vice president, Dr. John Giffen; treasurer, John S. McEwain; physician, Dr. Harold D. Cochran; chaplain, the Rev. Roelif H. Brooks; secretary Ewen MacIntyre; assistant secretary, Ronald Kinnear; corresponding secretary the Rev. David Hutchinson; managers, William Reid, chairman, William S. Mitchell, Robert M. Chalmers, Alexander R. McKenzie, Jr., MacNaughton Miller.

As St. Andrew's day this year, November 30, falls on Sunday, the society will attend the night services in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Lancaster street, at which time the chaplain, the Rev. Roelif H. Brooks will preach a special sermon.

On the evening of December 1, there will be a Scotch concert and entertainment in St. Andrew's hall in Howard street. The committee arranging for this event consists of John W. MacHarg, chairman; William Reid, John Dick, B. S. Bronson and the Rev. David

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Hutchinson. The new officers will also be installed by the retiring president, William A. Glenn.

Subscribe to THE CALEDONIAN

Clan Mackenzie, New York

Clan Mackenzie, New York, held a "welcome home" reception Wednesday evening, November 12, for its members who have returned from the army. The hall was crowded with Clansmen and their friends, and the Lady Mackenzies. On the platform with Chief Skinner were Royal Tanist Colonel Walter Scott, Royal Deputy Charles Turnbull, Mr. MacDougall, editor of THE CALEDONIAN, Chief Daughter Mrs. Stirling and P. C. D. Mrs. Wallace of the D. of S.

Colonel Scott spoke on patriotism, and carried everyone away with his talk on the doings of the Scots in the war.

Eleven of our twenty-one service men answered roll call—Thomas Anderson, Howard Ivory, Hector Mackay, Donald Mackay, David Bremner, J. E. MacNab, James S. Bain, Alexander M. G. MacLeod, Hugh MacIntosh, Wallace Carrie, B. M. Morgan. Medals were presented, and at the request of Colonel Scott, silent tribute was paid to the memory of Malcolm Johnstone, killed in France, June 3, 1918.

A splendid program of song and music was provided by W. Patterson Campbell, Miss Louise Knox, Miss Jean Dodds, Miss Littlejohn and Miss Moncreif. There was Highland dancing by a member of the Elder Troupe and recitations by Mrs. Keller. One of the surprises of the evening came when Mrs. Stirling, on behalf of the Lady Mackenzie, presented the Clan with a check for \$100. Mr. MacDougall made a few remarks, which were much appreciated. The committee in charge of the arrangements were: P. Chiefs John MacLean, Donald Wilkie and William S. Boyle and William Lees Loudon.

This is one of the biggest nights Clan Mackenzie has had for some time, and it is hoped that the social spirit will be awakened, and that the casuals, and the stay-at-homes will come again and encourage others to do likewise.

JOHN GALBRAITH,

Recording Sec'y.

The Lewis and Skye Associations

The seventh annual entertainment of these societies was held in the Amsterdam Opera House, New York, on Friday evening, November 14th. There was a large and appreciative audience, and the program was excellent. Mr. John MacLean, ex-Chief of New York Caledonian Club, and also of Clan Mackenzie, presided, and introduced the singers in his own inimitable way.

Nearly all who took part were new to the audience, and made a very favorable impression. Mr. J. MacLean Johnstone, tenor, sang with great feeling, "Lass o' Ballochmyle," and gave as encore, "Highlander's Shoulder to Shoulder"; in the second part his rendering of "March of the Cameron Men" thrilled his hearers. The soprano solo, "Scottish Blue Bells," by Miss Elizabeth Allardyce, was received with applause, also Jock of Hazeldean" in part two. Mr. Alfred de Manby, baritone, sang "Captain Mack," and "MacGregor's Farewell," with great animation and

appreciation by the audience. Mr. John Macpherson gave a humorous rendering of "A Wee Deoch and Doris." Miss Mary Keit, contralto, sang "Lochnagar," "Bonnie Briar Bush," and "My Love She's But a Lassie Yet," in a very pleasing manner. Mr. Murdoch MacKenzie, Pipe Major, led the "Lovat Pipe and Drum Band" in several inspiring selections, and there was an exhibition of Highland dancing by the Elder Troupe.

The Lewis and Skye Associations are to be congratulated for providing such a fine program, and also for bringing forward new singers. These societies are very patriotic and are doing a good work in helping the needy. During the World War they sent over \$4,000 to Scotland for the relief of the soldiers at the front and their families. They have a fine staff of officers, Mr. Farquhar MacLeod is president of the Skye Association, and Mr. Walter F. Hunter is president of the Lewis Society.

Halifax, Nova Scotia

The North British Society held its annual meeting at Government House, November 6. The president of the society, Lieutenant-Governor Grant, was in the chair, and all the various reports presented of the society's work were most encouraging. Foremost among these was the report covering the completion of the Robert Burns monument, submitted by Past President D. Macgillivray, and to whose untiring efforts they owed much for the magnificent figure that now stands in Victoria Park—a credit to the society and to the city of Halifax. In the carrying out of that movement, Mr. Macgillivray had been assisted by a splendid committee, and they all received the hearty appreciation and thanks of the society.

Twenty new members were elected, and the society placed on record its regrets at the death during the quarter of three active members: D. MacD. Campbell, Hon. S. H. Holmes and Dr. M. S. Dickson.

The festival of St. Andrew will be observed Monday, December 1st. The members will also attend service in St. Matthew's Church, Sunday evening, November 30 (St. Andrew's Day). Election of officers for next year followed with this result: President, J. S. McL. Fraser; vice president, Dr. Eben Mackay; senior assistant vice president, Alfred Dickie; junior assistant vice president, James MacGregor, C.E.; treasurer, F. G. Taylor; secretary, J. J. Bryden; assistant secretary, H. H. Marshall; committee of charity, Alexander Stephen, James Halliday, Rev. Dr. Forrest, John Strachan, James Farquhar; chaplains, Rev. J. A. Clark, Rev. Donald MacOdum; historian, Dr. Howard Murray; au'thrs, S. Y. Wilson, A. D. Morris; marshal, George Anderson. The meeting before adjournment recorded its appreciation of the many courtesies extended by the lieutenant-governor during his term of office, a period characterized by genial fellowship and marked progress for the society, which to-day is in a sound, flourishing condition.

Order of Scottish Clans Greet the Prince

The Executive Council of the Order of Scottish Clans (20,000 members in the United States), sent greetings to the Prince of Wales before his departure, engrossed on fine bond paper. The memorial, which was engrossed by a member who served in a Highland Battalion in the British Army in the World War, follows:

"To His Royal Highness, Edward, Prince of Wales and Duke of Rothesay, K. G.; K. T., etc.

"Sir—The members of the Order of Scottish Clans, the largest organization of Scotsmen in the world, the greater number of whom are citizens of the United States, join their fellow-citizens of this adopted land in bidding you a hearty welcome. This greeting is accompanied by the fervent wish that the results of your visit will be of lasting benefit to civilization by bringing the great English-speaking nations closer together in affection and respect, with the still further hope that these friendly ties may last forever. In keeping alive, as we do, the traditions of the motherland, we know we are better citizens of this great country that we love so devotedly.

"May God keep a watchful eye over you on your travels, and return you safely to the land that is ever dear to our hearts. We have the honor to remain, most respectfully yours,

"Alexander G. Findlay, Royal Chief; John Hill, Past Royal Chief; Thomas R. P. Gibb, Royal Secretary; Walter Scott, Royal Tanist; Thomas W. Forsyth, Royal Counselor; George A. Johnson, M. D., Royal Physician; Duncan MacInnes, Royal Treasurer.

"New York, November 18, 1919.

Cleveland, Ohio

The homecoming reception to the returned soldier-members of Clan Grant and St. Andrew Scottish Benevolent Society, Cleveland, was held in the Chamber of Commerce auditorium, Wednesday, October 29. Chairman Allan Macdougall welcomed the members and friends of the two societies. He introduced several other splendid speakers: The Rev. G. I. Foster, who thrilled the audience with an address on "The Boys Who Came Back"; the Rev. R. B. Blythe, who spoke eloquently on "The Boys Who Will Never Return"; and Benjamin Karr, who enthused his hearers with a talk on "The Scots in the War."

The speaking was interspersed with a musical program of rare excellence.

Drum Major Clink and the Pipe Band led the Clan and society parade from the lodge hall to the meeting place. The committee on arrangements: Thomas Scott, chairman; Alexander Dorward, secretary; Phil Barker, chief Clan Grant; Allan Macdougall, president St. Andrew's; Robert Bowie, John J. MacEwan, Frank Crockett, David Bremner. Floor managers: Robert Bowie, Alexander Dorward.

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Rhode Island Letter

The Ladies' Auxiliary of Clan Fraser, Pawtucket, not to be outdone by their big brothers in welcoming the soldier and sailor boys, added to their usual anniversary a celebration of Armistice Day, and also that of welcoming the return of the fifty-four service men connected in one form or another with members of their society, the Daughters of the Heather. A turkey supper was provided in their meeting room on Armistice Day, to which some 300 persons did ample justice. The president, Mrs. Harriet Dixon, extended a hearty welcome to all, after which the past president, Mrs. Margaret Lind, addressed the returned ones and furled the service flag in token that it had served its purpose and was no longer necessary. The boys had proved their valour and she hoped would be as ready to defend the flag she then unfurled, a handsome Stars and Stripes, which took the place of the one she had folded up. The chief of the Frasers, John Richardson acknowledged the powerful aid given by the Daughters of the Heather to the Clan, not only during the war, but on all occasions when their services were called upon. The remainder of the evening was given over to social enjoyment.

The Camerons of Providence also provided a welcome home to the twelve members who had been in the service. All were present but one, who is in the merchant service. The parents of the boys were also invited, and each of the boys received a small gift in the shape of gold cuff buttons. The boys were "welcomed" by the Rev. J. A. R. Dickson. The Auxiliary, the Daughters of Argyle, provided an amusing entertainment in addition to songs and readings. That the Camerons are striving to swell their ranks may be taken from the fact that they have formed a football team and already challenges have been issued to other clans to meet them in battle. That the clan is able to furnish such a team and also to engage the largest hall in Providence for a concert on St. Andrew's night, proves its activity and courage.

It was a revelation to many persons in Pawtucket to see what a large number of their fellows had seen service in the Canadian army during the war as was evidenced when the Canadian Veterans held their church parade to St. Luke's Episcopal Church. Headed by a large Pipe Band, they marched through the city. Chaplain Watson delivered an impressive address, in which he remembered those that lie in Flanders Fields in recognition of which taps was sounded.

The Tannahill Choir of Pawtucket were entertained at a social in Hutcheson Hall by Clan Fraser as a reward for their services during the summer.

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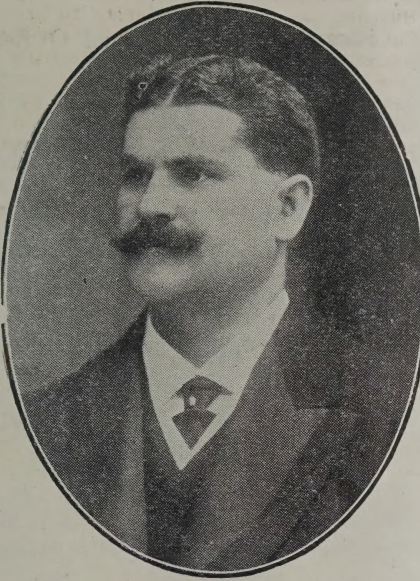
Mr. Anderson Nicol's American Tour

For a number of years Mr. William Campbell, manager of the Canadian Musical Bureau, has been endeavoring to arrange a Canadian and United States tour for Mr. Anderson Nicol, the famous Scottish tenor (see page 383). Mr. Nicol was eager and anxious to make such a tour but, up to the time when the war broke out, his other engagements, at home and abroad, prevented him. He would not have been a true Scot had he not at once responded to the call to arms, and for the last four years he has been fighting the battles of the Empire. He returned home in June and was demobilized near the close of that month. Having been busy soldiering, Mr. Nicol had no opportunity to make arrangements for the coming season, and so he decided to make his long talked of tour in Canada and the United States. From the fact that he is one of the most popular Scottish tenors before the public to-day, and also the other fact that he is a war veteran, he should receive an enthusiastic welcome on this side of the Atlantic.

Kirkcaldy Association

The private dining room of the Roma, 6th avenue and 50th street, was filled on Thanksgiving Eve, Wednesday, November 27, with Lang Tooners and their friends, who had come to attend the eighth annual dinner of Kirkcaldy's Sons in New York. A large number in the party were natives of Fife, but still there were many from less favored counties. Much sympathy was expressed for President John Wilson, who could not be present as he had recently undergone a surgical operation, and was still in the hospital. Vice President Brown called the gathering to order, and in a few well chosen words extended a hearty welcome to all. Grace was said by Hugh R. Westwood, after which strict attention was paid to the various courses on the menu. The Roma has always been noted for the excellence of its service, and did not lose a jot on this occasion. It is quite possible that in their earlier years the Kirkcaldy men imagined they would lose their appetites that were sharpened by the colder air of the Forth, but up to date the winds from the Hudson seemed to have no depressing effects as far as ability to do justice to a capital dinner was concerned.

When cigars were lit the singing of Scottish songs, telling of stories and short talks made the evening pass only too quickly. Of course speakers generally saw to it that Kirkcaldy and its virtues were not overlooked. Among the speakers were Captain William G. Reid, Highland Guard; Ex-Chiefs Foulis and Gray, New York Caledonian Club; Chief Thomson and Chieftain Huggan, Newark Caledonian Club; President Malcolm McNeill, St. Andrew's Curling Club, and Harry Stanley, while songs were rendered by Hugh R. Westwood, Edward Currie, William Dowie, Tom Shields, Alexander Thain, James Birrell, James Whyte, Alexander Wilson, John



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Walker, James Flynn, William Cooper, James Kilgour and J. Grant. Auld Lang Syne shortly after one o'clock, Thanksgiving morning, brought a very happy evening to a close.

Chicago Letter

The 74th Annual Banquet of the Illinois St. Andrew's Society was held at Hotel La Salle, Saturday evening, November 29, the attendance being in excess of the best in previous years. The diners were welcomed by the President, Dr. John A. McGill; the toastmaster being Prof. John A. Scott, of Northwestern University. The speakers were D. C. Coleman, of Winnipeg, vice president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who spoke on "Our Sister Dominion"; Prof. Lynn Harold Hough, President Northwestern University, who spoke on "The Land We Live In"; The Rev. Dr. William R. Wedderspoon, pastor of St. James' Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, who responded to the toast, "The Land We Left." The musical program was unusually fine.

The United Scottish Societies of Illinois, held their annual church service on Sabbath evening, November 30 (St. Andrew's Day), in the new 8th Presbyterian Church, Warren avenue and Sacramento blvd. The services were conducted by the Rev. James MacLagan, pastor of Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, chaplain Illinois St. Andrew Society.

The Canadian Club held a grand military ball on Armistice night, November 11, which brought out one of the largest crowds in recent years, including many notables from Canada and the United States.

The Daughters of the British Empire held a successful bazaar in the Auditorium Hotel, November 20, 21 and 22, the receipts of which are for a building fund for a Home for Aged British Men and Women in Illinois.

Crippled Children Celebrate

The 20th anniversary party of the Free Industrial School for Crippled Children, 471 West Fifty-seventh street, together with the Lulu Thorley Lyons Home of Claverack, N. Y., of which Colonel Walter Scott is president, was celebrated at the school on Tuesday. Colonel Walter Scott, who is president of both institutions, was the principal speaker. The entertainment, by the scholars under the direction of the superintendent, Mrs. M. E. Bullard, reflected great credit on the efficiency of the school.

The Northern Chronicle, Inverness, Scotland, is publishing a series of articles on "Lochaber and Its Evangelical Traditions." The series, which has now reached its sixth installment shows a large amount of historical research and abounds in anecdote, much of which is here printed for the first time.

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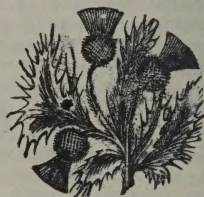
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San Bernardino, Cal.	Nov. 5	Edmonton, Alberta	Dec. 17
San Diego, Cal.	Nov. 6 and 7	Calgary, Alberta	Dec. 18, 19, 20
Santa Barbara, Cal.	Nov. 8	Winnipeg, Manitoba	Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25
Los Angeles, Cal.	Week Nov. 10	Duluth, Minn.	Dec. 26, 27
Pasadena, Cal.	Nov. 17	Chicago, Ill.	Week Dec. 29
Bakersfield, Cal.	Nov. 18	St. Paul, Minn.	Jan. 5
Fresno, Cal.	Nov. 19	Minneapolis, Minn.	Jan. 6
San Jose, Cal.	Nov. 20	Madison, Wis.	Jan. 7
Oakland, Cal.	Nov. 21 and 22	Milwaukee, Wis.	Jan. 8
San Francisco, Cal.	Week Nov. 24	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Jan. 9, 10
Sacramento, Cal.	Dec. 1	Detroit, Mich.	Week Jan. 12
Portland, Ore.	Dec. 3	Cleveland, Ohio	Week Jan. 19
Seattle, Wash.	Dec. 4, 5, 6	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Week Jan. 26
Tacoma Wash.	Dec. 8	Toronto, Ontario	Week Feb. 2
Spokane, Wash.	Dec. 9, 10	Boston, Mass.	Week Feb. 9
Butte, Mont.	Dec. 11, 12	Philadelphia, Pa.	Week Feb. 16
		New York City	Week Feb. 23